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THE RIGHT REV'D. HANDLEY CARR GLYN MOULE, D.D.
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Presentation portrait. 1914. (At Auckland Castle).
By Hugh G. Rivière.

HANDLEY CARR GLYN MOULE

BISHOP OF DURHAM

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

JOHN BATTERSBY HARFORD

AND

FREDERICK CHARLES MACDONALD

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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PREFACE

THE writers of this Biography were closely associated with the late Bishop, at different periods. To the one has fallen the task of recording the story of the first sixty years, to the other the nineteen years of the Episcopate.

Though the two periods are treated quite separately, each writer being responsible for his own part, the two are necessarily bound together, since the life in Auckland Castle can only be rightly understood by a careful study of the life at Fordington and Cambridge.

Writers and Readers alike are indebted to a large number of friends who sent cherished letters : Mr. G. T. Moule of Hang-chow sent some hundreds of letters addressed to his father the late Bishop George Moule and to himself, over a period of forty-three years ; and the Rev. Arthur Sinker sent almost as many, addressed to his father, the fruit of a friendship begun in College days, and ended only with the death of Dr. Sinker. Mr. C. W. Moule and Mrs. De Vere gave most valuable aid, the one in respect of the earlier years and the other of the later. In Part II His Majesty's approval has been graciously given for the Coronation Chapter, and the reference to the Bishop's last visit to Windsor. Other help is acknowledged in the course of the book.

The Revs. E. M. Maish and A. C. McNutt have given unwearied work in preparing Part I for the press ; the Rev. G. A. Schneider and Canon David Walker have helped in the Ridley Chapter, and the Rev. J. Rankin has done the same with regard to the Bishop's published books. But the greatest assistance of all has come from Dr. Eugene Stock. His knowledge and strength and

time have been constantly given, and without his aid Part II could never have appeared.

To the Durham writer it has been a special privilege to be allowed to share in recording the loving kindness of the Bishop, with whom it was his misfortune at times to have differences of opinion.

But while acknowledging abundance of help, the writers end their task with a sense of its incompleteness. Such wealth of material might have produced a better book. But they leave it, with the humble prayer that, such as it is, it may perpetuate the memory and the inspiring example of one who was in very deed a Man sent from GOD.

*St. Matthew's Day,
September 21, 1922.*

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PART I
FORDINGTON AND CAMBRIDGE
(1841-1901)

BY
JOHN BATTERSBY HARFORD, M.A.
CANON OF RIPON

CHAPTER I

FORDINGTON VICARAGE AND ITS INMATES (1841-1859)

IN a small quarto volume the Rev. Henry Moule, Vicar of Fordington, now a suburb of Dorchester, kept a journal, in which he recorded the sermons he preached and the parochial activities which filled his days. But occasionally other events were given a place in the record, and in December 1841 we come across the following brief entry : " Thursday 23rd, Birth of little H. C. G. M. In evening, though tired, took the rest of Isa. xlivi."¹ Seven weeks later we find this entry : " Thursday 10th (of February), Hospital. Baptism of my little Handley."² After service I preached on ' For as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death.' In the evening Bible Society meeting. . . ." Thus in briefest possible words were recorded the birth and baptism of the eighth and youngest son, who was one day to be the eighty-fifth Bishop of Durham.³

He was to see a wonderful change come over the world during the nearly seventy-nine years of his earthly life, and was destined, in the providence of God, to play a not unimportant part in leading the English people safely over the transition from the old world to the new.

For it certainly was an old world upon which the child's eyes looked in the 'forties. The railway was

¹ The Vicar was preaching a course of sermons on Isaiah xl. and following chapters in church on Thursday evenings.

² The full name was Handley Carr Glyn, after two of his father's clerical friends (see Chap. V., p. 53).

³ Seventy years later the Bishop wrote a charming account of his old home, which he published under the title *Memories of a Vicarage*. To this we are indebted for a large part of the material used in this chapter.

unknown in Dorset when the Bishop was born. The sound of the Emerald stage-coach coming in from Hampshire, as it passed the Vicarage door with a blast from the guard's bugle, was a daily note of time. As late as 1852 he travelled with his mother by coach from Bath to Dorchester. As a young child he watched the cutting of the South-Western line through the fields on the border of Fordington and the building of Dorchester station. Then came the opening of the line in 1847, with excited crowds gathered to gaze at "the coaches that ran with never a horse." His first railway journey was with his mother to Cambridge in 1850.

In the midst of these primitive surroundings stood the ancient Vicarage of Fordington, close to the main road from the east into Dorchester. It was a rather low and long building, with a lawn in front and with garden and playing-field behind. Near by, on a gentle hilltop, where for at least fifteen centuries the dead have been buried, the fine Perpendicular tower of the parish church looked down upon the water-meadows of the Frome and the trembling blue line beyond of the Purbeck Hills. Fordington had been a purely agricultural parish, separated from Dorchester by green fields, but early in the nineteenth century it had begun to be linked to Dorchester by a continuous line of habitations, and this process continued until the village became legally incorporated in the town. The densely populated and undrained lanes of the town end of the village harboured much vice and misery, and formed a natural breeding ground for political disaffection, showing itself in those days in riots and rick-burnings and worse. To this parish came, as Vicar, in 1829, "a tall, noble-looking young man"—such was the description given of him long afterwards by one who remembered the old days, Mrs. Hardy, mother of Mr. Thomas Hardy of literary fame, O.M. and F.B.A.

Henry Moule was of French ancestry and was born in 1801. He went up with a Scholarship from the old

Grammar School at Marlborough to St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1821. A travelling tutorship took him abroad for two or three years. Returning home in 1824 he married and was ordained. In the following year he was given sole charge of the large parish of Gillingham in northern Dorset, and so well did he acquitted himself that he was presented by his Vicar to Fordington. Here in 1829 he took up his abode, and here he laboured for over fifty years for the well-being of his people. It was very soon seen that he was a force to be reckoned with in many directions. Great contempt for religion was common in Fordington. And when the new Vicar was found to be the preacher of a gospel of definite and personal change of heart and consequent devotion of life, he had much to bear in the way of opposition and even of personal insult. Careless groups at the churchyard gates reviled the worshippers as they went in. Nor was the other side of society much more favourable. At a meet of the hounds Mr. Moule was discussed and pronounced to be a "Methodist"; as such he was a person to whom normal courtesies were scarcely due. But the Vicar was not a man to be daunted. A group of earnest workers soon gathered round him and his wife. Two school houses were built and a large Sunday School was organized. West Fordington was erected into a separate parish and its church built in 1846. For many years he acted as chaplain to the soldiers in the barracks. Twice he fought the cholera, once in 1849, and again in 1854. With great courage and resource he "stood between the living and the dead," and so dealt with the position that no case of infection occurred in the adjoining town. His youngest son never forgot those solemn and memorable days. Fordington churchyard was peopled with dreadful rapidity—there were six funerals in one day. On the hot Sunday afternoons Mr. Moule gave up his Church service and called the people out into the fields for prayers, hymns and preachings under the trees. The sight of the distant

crowd, as seen from the churchyard, was indelibly imprinted on the mind of the boy of twelve. When at last the plague ceased, the people of Dorchester held a crowded meeting in the town hall and the Mayor presented handsome testimonial gifts with a warm tribute of thanks and honour. Among the Bishop's papers were found preserved some pathetic relics of these terrible days—a list of thirty-nine parishioners who died during the two months, September and October, 1854; lists of monies subscribed, and of how the money was spent, partly on food, stimulants, rushlights, and other necessaries, partly in payments for the burning by order of infected bedding and clothing.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in a letter to the Bishop in 1919, refers to this time of visitation in the following terms :

“ I well remember the cholera years in Fordington ; you might have added many details. For instance, every morning a man used to wheel the clothing and bed-linen of those who had died in the night out into the mead, where the Vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there and some was burnt. He also had large fires kindled in Mill Street to carry off the infection.”

But it was not enough to fight the actual visitation of cholera. The shockingly insanitary state of many of the dwellings of the poor summoned him to action. He invented new and effective methods of sanitation, still in use throughout the world. He addressed to Prince Albert as President of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, on whose property these undrained houses were built, eight carefully reasoned letters in which he set forth the plain facts and called for immediate reform. Like another Charles Kingsley, he stood forth (to quote his son's description) “ a great messenger and prophet of righteousness, fearing not the face of man, while all the while infinitely removed from the murderous impulse to fan the fire of class hatred in the course of a struggle for right.” At an earlier date he had shown no less courage in facing ill-doing at the opposite end of the



FORDINGTON VICARAGE, DORCHESTER.

From a sketch in 1864 by H. C. G. Moulc.



FORDINGTON, DORCHESTER, FROM
THE MEADOWS.

From a water-colour sketch by H. J. Moulc.

social scale. In the formidable time of the rick-burnings in 1831 he organized patrols and served with them, and meanwhile retained the good word of the poor.

This courage showed itself just as ready to fight moral evil. With characteristic directness he spoke to Lady Mary Frampton, the great lady of Dorchester, about the vice brought to the parish by the annual races. "Is that true, Mr. Moule?" she said; "then I can never go again to what I have always regarded as only a fine English sport." She kept her word and, wonderful to say, Dorchester races went at once out of fashion and soon out of being.

His activities took so wide a range that they cannot all be even alluded to: anything that promised to be of service for the well-being of his people was to him of deep interest.

"I can only look back upon him," writes his son, "thankful that such a personality embodies to me the great word Father; a man so full of energy and capacity, so absolutely simple, so entirely fearless, so free from the seeking of his own glory, so ready both to bear and do, a gentleman so true, a Christian so strong, so spiritual, so deep, such a pastor, such a parent, such a grandfather, such a friend."

Side by side with this noble father lived and laboured a no less beloved and honoured mother. Of her the Vicar does not hesitate to say: "I have often expressed the opinion that my sons owe under God far more to her than to myself, both of attainment and piety." Mary Evans was the daughter of a City merchant. She, too, was born in 1801, and her early years were spent in a large pleasant house in Staining Lane, close to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Evans came of an old stock from Brecon, of which another branch went to Ireland and founded the house of Carbery. Her father numbered among his friends Crabb Robinson and other literary men of his time. Her eldest brother was articled to a solicitor along with Benjamin Disraeli; and the

future Lord Beaconsfield, travelling on the Continent in 1824, was the bearer to friends of her family in Heidelberg of the news of Miss Evans' marriage to the Rev. H. Moule. Her photograph in old age reveals decided character, which manifested itself as a schoolgirl when she definitely left Unitarianism, in which she had been brought up, and when she joined the Church of England before her marriage. In her way Mrs. Moule was as remarkable as her husband in the variety and constant activity of her life. She had to look after a household that generally included some fifteen growing boys (sons and pupils). At the same time she superintended the Girls' Sunday School and was the friend of every scholar and every teacher. Above all, she laid the foundation of the education of each of her sons in turn, before they were passed into the study with the pupils; and when grandchildren came in their turn to the old home they were cared for and cherished with equal devotion.

“Wonderful and beautiful,” wrote her son long afterwards, “as I look back upon it, is the picture presented by that home life of hers, with its union of unswerving fidelity to the minutest duty, self-sacrificing diligence in all things, complete unworldliness of aim and habits and a deep fulness of secret devotion; all suffused with a bright and animated cheerfulness, and a vivid power of enjoying literature and art and nature; above all with a wealth and warmth of human love, which was always strong and beautiful in its constant flow that knew no fall.”

To the Vicar and his wife were born eight sons. Their record is as follows :

Henry, the firstborn : graduated at Cambridge; private tutor and secretary to Earl Fitzwilliam and to the Duke of Abercorn; estate-manager in Galloway; finally, the honoured Curator of the County Museum at Dorchester. A clever wood-carver and water-colour sketcher.

George Evans : scholar of Corpus Christi, Cambridge; Senior Optime and Third Class Classical Tripos; curate

of Fordington; chaplain of the Dorset Cottage Hospital; missionary in mid-China, 1857-1911; Bishop, 1880-1906; a learned scholar of classical Chinese, and published parts of the Prayer-Book and two Gospels in Chinese; Hon. Fellow of Corpus, 1906.

Frederick: graduated at Cambridge in 1855; curate of Fordington; chaplain to Dorset County Asylum; vicar of Yaxley; rector of St. Lawrence, Norwich; took a great interest in mechanics, in architecture and in the science and art of bell-ringing.

Horace: won an Open Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford; migrated to Cambridge; won the Hulsean University Prize with an essay on Christian oratory in the first five centuries; Master at Marlborough; coach for the Indian Civil Service in London; assistant-inspector under the Local Government Board.

Charles Walter: Corpus Christi, Cambridge, 1853; bracketed First in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1857, together with Sir John Seeley and two others; Master at Marlborough, 1858-1864; for over forty years Classical Lecturer for his own and other Colleges; frequently University Examiner; Tutor, later Librarian, and finally Senior Fellow and President of Corpus Christi College; Author of *Musa Domestica*.

Arthur Evans: C.M.S. College at Islington in 1857; Missionary in China for almost fifty years; Archdeacon of Mid-China; Lambeth B.D. degree in 1878; Rector of Burwarton in Shropshire, 1909-16; a master of colloquial Chinese; author of *A Commentary on the Articles*, in Chinese, *The Opium Question*, *Songs of Heaven and Home*, etc.

Christopher, the seventh son, died in infancy.

Handley Carr Glyn—the subject of this Memoir.

Few families can show such a record in one generation.

But the circle in the midst of which he lived and grew up was not confined to his parents and his brothers. Until he went to College, the Vicarage for a large part of each year was the home not of the family only, but of eight or nine sons of gentry whom the Vicar received

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into his house that they might share with his sons in the benefit of the education which he gave them. He "was gifted with no common mental and physical activity, with an abundant capacity for teaching and management." In this work of education he was ably seconded by a succession of curates, notably the Rev. J. A. Leakey, to whom especially Charles and Horace Moule owed much. Not a few of these pupils made their mark in after life, both at home and in overseas mission-fields.¹ The pupils came in February, stayed till near midsummer, and returned in August to work till near Christmas. The education received was thorough and was strict.

The following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. Henry Moule, gives an insight into the principles and ideals cherished by his wife and himself and put into practice in the education of their sons :

" . . . We both agreed in the determination not to force learning to read at an early age. Many a child acquires from such forcing a dislike to reading. But unwilling to leave the children to themselves, she would read to them as they were able to listen with interest, especially from the Scriptures and Scripture hymns. And bricks or a pencil or something to keep them employed were always within their reach. Singing to and with them was a daily practice. And to this and to the pencil may be traced, I think, a taste for drawing and music in all of them. Story-books as much as possible and novels, whether in religious periodicals or not, as long as we had control over them, we have kept from our sons. One very important point with us has been never to leave them to servants, and not to visit in any worldly family. The Sunday we tried to make as little gloomy as possible without any play. And I am inclined to think that none of my sons, and few, if any, of my pupils, would look back on our Sabbaths as days of gloom. . . ."

Such a regime would be called strict and puritanical to-day, but if we may judge from the men it turned

¹ See p. 31.

out, we may reasonably question whether it was not better calculated to develop steady fidelity to duty and willingness to suffer hardships than the more easy-going and tolerant licence of most modern homes. History and travels and popular science and an abundance of good literature suitable for boys—such as Milton, Scott, Longfellow, Carey's *Dante*, etc.—provided ample reading and developed the taste for serious literature.

In his early years Handley was weakly and delicate, and from time to time was sent to the seaside for change and bracing air. But from the first he was favoured by the stirring and active life which surrounded him. His elder brothers and their schoolfellows would visit him in the nursery and amuse him by dropping melted lead into water and exhibiting the freaks of shape which would result. A little later Horace and Charles would come up to sit by the fire and read aloud the then recent *Lays of Ancient Rome*. In the pages of *Memories of a Vicarage* we may read how the little fellow, put to bed early and left in the dark, mitigated only by a rushlight ensconced in a pierced tin cylinder on the floor, was terrified with the dread that some weird creature, beast or bird, would come out of the dark and overwhelm him; and how, many a time, when down-stairs family prayers were proceeding at half-past nine, he crept from bed and stole into the passage, eagerly waiting for the murmur of voices in the Lord's Prayer, the signal that the house would soon be alive again and the dreaded solitude be over. Even at that early period he learnt one of the greatest of life's lessons. Times without number, morning and evening, he watched his mother kneeling in long communion with her Lord in prayer, and insensibly drew deep into his soul "the thought, as a primary fact of existence, that prayer was a work most real, most momentous." Often beside his bed she would read him the fourth Psalm and teach him how to "lay me down and sleep," with the certainty that the Lord was watching. In the years before he

was old enough to join the pupils in the study his mother was his devoted teacher.

From the first books were sweet to the growing boy, though he also revelled in outdoor exercise and play. But for four or five years of his boyhood reading was seriously hindered by ulceration of the cornea of one eye, and during these years he had an unwearied reader in his mother, who hour on hour, while his eyes were darkened, would pour beautiful or instructive literature into his ears. He remembered in after years how, in the summer-house of a friend's garden, she read to him the child's edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, when that wonderful book in 1851 took the world by storm. The Bishop always thought that he gained in the end in the way of mental freshness by that comparatively fallow time. And when he came under his father's tuition, although it was a loss in some ways to miss the experience of a Public School, he "had this, among other compensating gains, that the strain of incessant school competition and the excessive use of text-books was spared him."

Not only his parents and official tutors gave themselves to the boy's education.

"Even in nursery days," writes the Bishop, "the mental influence of my brothers was strong upon me. When a little later my weak sight hindered me for several years, they kept the scholar's feeling alive in their young pupil. Horace had a hundred charming ways of interesting and teaching me, alike in scholarship and in classical history. He would walk through the standing corn, translating Hesiod to me. He would draw a plan of ancient Rome with lines of pebbles on the lawn. He made the Philoctetes a perfectly human story to me. He had a wonderful faculty for imparting grammatical precision and a living interest in the subject matter and shedding an indefinable glamour over all we read."

George, when his father's curate and his tutor in the study, prepared Handley for Confirmation, and greatly

stimulated his interest in English literature. Now in his rooms at the hospital, now by some clear and eddying pool in the meadows, he would read with him Dryden and Milton and Macaulay. For him also the future Bishop, when about sixteen, committed to memory, in Greek, the Epistles to Ephesus and Philippi, as well as large pieces of English poetry by Cowper and other writers.

Other boyish interests were not forgotten. Frederick taught him the art of bell-ringing and the use of tools. He could take part in ringing a simple peal, and at an old lathe he turned many cups and boxes. Charles and Arthur were devoted to fly-fishing in the beautiful Frome, which threaded with its many branches the level water meadows. Handley never learnt their art, but, when twelve or thirteen, he was often out with them on summer evenings to watch their sport and land their prey. In the same delicious reaches of the river he also learned to swim and derived endless enjoyment from plunging into "its transparent, living, friendly depths." In the field behind the house he joined in games of cricket, football and hockey, "the last two in a pre-scientific form," and at other times, going further afield, he hunted for nests in the adjoining woods. "What have I not owed," wrote Bishop Handley Moule in 1913, "to my brothers?"

From early days he was fascinated by astronomy. At the age of twelve, by dint of much saving and begging, he acquired a small astronomical telescope of his own, and later he obtained a larger and yet a larger instrument, the latest being an excellent three-inch achromatic, which in Durham days occupied an honoured position on the hall table at Auckland Castle. He erected a stand for his telescope on the roof and often climbed to it on fine nights to gaze at the stars.

Moreover, in considering the educative influences which shaped and moulded the boy's mind we must not forget the influence of his native town and country.

From the Vicarage garden at the back could be seen to the right the ancient town of Dorchester, with its tessellated pavements and other relics of the Roman occupation, while in front ran "The Walls," charming boulevard-avenues, planted two centuries ago along the lines of the vanished Roman walls. From the Ridgeway, five miles off on the left, could be seen "a glorious view of land and sea, Portland and the roads in front, the Isle of Wight gleaming phantom-like in the east, the Start in Devon just visible in the west. It was something uplifting, an influence which entered early into thought and fancy, to know that yonder far-reaching line, dotted with prehistoric funeral barrows, commanded such a view into the ample world." To these stimulating influences near at hand were added the joy and wonder of visits to the sea. "Within twelve miles of the Vicarage door rises from the waters one of the noblest coastlines in England, the sea-face of the Isle of Purbeck. A charm of infinite mystery and pleasure dwelt here to the child's eyes. What rapture it was, on some June or September day, to hear a whole holiday announced and an expedition to Lulworth Cove." A large party—parents, sons, pupils—would climb upon a stage-coach and make their way to "the white, seagull-peopled cliffs and far-foamed sands of the glorious Channel." Everything around him was calculated to rouse the imagination of a thoughtful boy.

Delightful as are these reminiscences of the lighter side of the life at Fordington Vicarage during the years of childhood and youth, they must not blind us to the steady months upon months of application, when once the eyesight was fully restored, to the stern business of education. Notebooks, full of exercises in English, Latin and Greek, in geometry and other studies, survive to testify to the excellence of the education he received at home and to exhibit the first beginnings of that future mastery of his own and of classical tongues which was to be so eminent in after



MARY M. MOULE, M.A.,
née Evans,
1801-1877.



HENRY MOULE, M.A.,
1801-1880.
(Vicar of Fordington, Dorset.)

time. How well he used his time was seen, when, as a lad of sixteen, he went up to Oxford for one of the first held Oxford Local Examinations and won a good place both in Classics and in English.

Remarkable men at times came to the Vicarage, who would influence the mind of the budding scholar. Professor Conington was a friend of the brothers, and "I still hear," says the Bishop, "the great scholar's voice and some of his phrases, specimens of his rendering of Virgil's *Eclogues*." Another day the Vicar found the world-famed comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, in the Museum examining its treasures, and brought him home. "Well do I recall the grey-green light in his eyes and the kindly brilliance of his talk."

In April 1856, when Handley was fourteen, there was founded the Fordington Times Society. This Society consisted of the Vicar and his wife, their sons and pupils, the curate and clerk. Meetings were held weekly during term-time. Some half-dozen original contributions in prose or verse were read at each sitting. When it came to an end in December 1859, fifty-five of these contributions were collected and printed for private circulation in a slim volume entitled *Tempora Mutantur*. "H. C. G. M." was the author of seven of them, all but one being in verse. Already may be seen in these juvenile essays something of the literary power which was to manifest itself afterwards in so many different forms.

At a still earlier date we can trace the first beginnings of that love for foreign missions, and especially for the C.M.S., which became so inwrought into the very fibres of the Bishop of Durham's being. When he was just ten years old, he and other small people joined together to form a Children's Missionary Association, Handley was elected Treasurer and Secretary. His minutes of the proceedings still survive. At the first meeting he explained the objects of the Association, viz., to send out parcels of clothing and Testaments

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to various mission stations in Africa and India. At another he occupied the chair, and, "after a short address, read an account of Dr. Krapf's Mission in East Africa out of the *Juvenile Instructor*." H. C. G. M. was the largest juvenile subscriber. In an account-book, begun in 1851, alongside of purchases of a crossbow, battledore and shuttlecocks, magic-lantern slides, *Travels of Marco Polo*, etc., there is entered week by week "C.M.S. $\frac{1}{2}d.$ " and occasionally larger gifts at meetings of the Association. His missionary box in 1851 and 1852 brought in 16s. 3d. and £1 2s.

Nor did the boy forget that charity begins at home. At an early age he became a proud and very juvenile teacher in the Sunday School.

One other mighty influence on the mind of the growing boy, of which he would speak with enthusiasm to the end of his life, was the Revival of 1859. This spiritual movement, which spread like a great tidal wave across the United States and the West Indies and touched even ships in the Atlantic, profoundly influenced the North of Ireland. Here and there in England it was the same, and Fordington was one of the scenes of Divine awakening. The boy of seventeen saw the church thronged to overflowing and the large schoolroom packed night after night. No great preacher was there. The very simplest means carried with them a heavenly power. The mere reading of a chapter was enough. Hundreds before his very eyes were "awakened, awed and made conscious of eternal realities." The Revival passed, but the results remained. A great social uplifting followed the Revival; a vigorous movement for temperance and thrift arose spontaneously among the people, and it was fostered and organized by the Vicar and his friends. These scenes could not fail to stamp themselves indelibly on the impressionable heart and mind of the Vicar's youngest son.

In October of the same year he went up to Cambridge, a clever lad, with but little knowledge of the world and its ways, but with a mind well trained and stored with

classic lore, and eager to take his chance in the race for learning and its rewards. But, above all, he carried with him the memory and traditions of a home where he had seen lived out before his eyes day by day by his parents a life of devoted service to God and man.

CHAPTER II

CAMBRIDGE IN THE 'SIXTIES

HANDLEY's father was a graduate of Cambridge, and several of the sons had already followed their father there. It was therefore natural that when the help of his brother Charles made a college course possible for the youngest son it was to Cambridge that he too went.

It must have been a somewhat strange experience for the lad who had never been away to school, when, in October, 1859, his father brought him up from the Dorset village, and lodged him in the solitude and independence of rooms at 11, Free School Lane (now demolished). He was not quite eighteen, and came up for a year's preliminary coaching before matriculation.

Lecturing in 1913 on "My Cambridge Classical Teachers," before the Durham and Northumberland Classical Association, of which he was in that year elected first President, the Bishop thus described the period of classical work at Cambridge into which he now found himself introduced :

"I contemplate that period now from the clear elevation of half a century. And I do not hesitate to call it, from the viewpoint of classical culture, a period distinguished by a fine character of its own. . . . I found myself the pupil of men who were as vigilant of the sacred letter of Homer or Horace, as ever a Bentley or a Porson could be, but who also saw the immortal authors . . . as *men* who felt and who thought. . . . Their admirable scholarship was warmed with a genial humanism. And as yet it was not overweighted by the more recent great development of specialization.

Is it too bold a thing to say that there was more room fifty years ago than now for a certain wholeness and perfection of personal culture? Certainly not a few of the Cambridge scholars of the 'fifties and 'sixties, in my grateful and reverent memory, appear as men who very nearly approached the ideal of the *ναλονάγαθός*, complete in the essentials of a culture, elevated, strong, of a singular harmony, and consonant absolutely with a personal character as pure, true, friendly, as could be."

All this could hardly be realized by the young student at the time, but it is easy to see how half unconsciously his ideals of scholarship would be moulded and formed by the admirable exponents of the classics under whom he studied. In his lecture the Bishop dwells upon the memory of ten such men. He begins with Henry Sidgwick,

"my first private tutor. When he first taught me, in his pleasant oak-panelled room in Neville's stately court, he looked, and indeed still almost was, a boy. The face was round and ruddy. There was a wonderful light in his large and rather prominent grey eyes, and the slightly stammering voice never spoke but to the purpose. Senior Classic and Wrangler that year (1859), he was an excellent teacher, and I owe much to his minute and thorough reading of selected authors with me and to his clever and careful correction of my compositions. . . .

"The private teacher," he continues, "to whom, for a year before my degree, I owed more in the way of classical progress was Sidgwick's brilliant rival, Arthur Holmes, second in the list when Sidgwick was first. He had the indefinable power of complete sympathy with his subject, and a contact with his pupil's mind which enabled him to teach with the least possible show of teaching, working as it were along the lines of my mind as much as of his own. . . .

"My one other private tutor, Frederick Paley (a great-nephew of the Archdeacon), was deeply learned, an ardent literary student, a most stimulating converser on scholarship and antiquities. He would sometimes, in his kindness, walk with me in the fields,

and then how freely he would pour out his literary thought and knowledge !

“ October, 1860, the October of an almost sunless year, saw me entered at Trinity. What grand personalities Trinity then contained ! The Master was William Whewell, who had been Senior Wrangler in 1816. Son of a carpenter at Lancaster, . . . in 1841 he sat in that seat of singular dignity, the Master’s Stall in Trinity Chapel. His grand presence, his mighty brow, his large voice and his manner of unaffected but inevitable authority made him an impressive figure. His knowledge was vast. His heart all the while was deep and true.

“ The Vice-Master of my first days was Adam Sedgwick. He took his B.A. degree in 1808, so that his memory went easily back to Trafalgar (1805). Sedgwick was one of the fathers of English geology, and had been Geological Professor since 1818. His deep-cut, animated face, with the light on it of a mind immortally young and growing, seemed to carry a geological grandeur in it. In 1873, when I was Dean of the College, he sank away to rest, at eighty-eight, rejoicing in his Saviour.

“ My College tutor and first College lecturer was Joseph Barber Lightfoot, afterwards Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and yet later Bishop of Durham ; mighty master of Apostolic and sub-Apostolic literature, strong defender of the faith, shepherd of the people, illuminating teacher of his young pupils in those distant Cambridge days. In 1860 he was young for a college tutor, not more than thirty-two years old. In June, 1860, I called upon him in his rooms, the rooms which had been Isaac Newton’s nearly two centuries before, and asked to be entered on his list of freshmen. Desperately shy was I ; and he, if I do not mistake, felt a little shy too, for it was his nature so to be. He exercised from the first a very powerful influence on me, by the magnetism of the great goodness of his personality and the true-hearted kindness which looked always through his reserve. His was a life of unswerving diligence. No man ever loitered so late in the Great Court that he did not see Lightfoot’s lamp burning in his study window ; and the most regular worshipper in morning chapel at seven o’clock always found Lightfoot there with him. But to us he was not the divine,

but the tutor and the lecturer. His strong points were unfailing thoroughness of knowledge and unsurpassable clearness of exposition and instruction. Great was my sense of loss when, in 1861, he resigned his tutorship to become Hulsean Professor of Divinity. But his place was supplied by two noble-minded scholars and men, Robert Burn and James Lempriere Hammond. Burn, author of *Rome and the Campagna*, was a very kind friend to me, and when in 1905 he passed away, whispering with his last breath his unshaken faith in Christ, I felt a personal bereavement. Hammond also deserves and has my affectionate *ave atque vale*. He gave us a course of lectures on Livy, to which all his pupils in those strict old days were obliged to go; and one of the happiest moments of my life was when he had called me to stand up in my blue gown and construe the *Proœmium*, and then, when the nervous performance was over . . . said, 'I don't think I can improve much on that.' I record this just to emphasize the power for help that lies in the hands of the teacher who knows how to encourage. Then, further, Hammond helped me in a way more personal by doing what in those days was rare—offering me occasionally free private teaching. I was poor and was glad to have for the time so excellent and uncostly a substitute for the 'coach.' I can never forget his generous care.

"The one University Professor whose lectures I attended was William Hepworth Thompson, friend of the Tennysons, Professor of Greek, and for twenty years (from 1866) Master of Trinity.

"He was a consummate lecturer. His lecture-room adjoined his own rooms and could be entered from them; it was part of a certain mystery, which in those days seemed to us young folk to surround the Professor, that he usually appeared at his desk, pale and stately, before any one happened to observe that he had come in. He always had a large audience, willing and expectant. . . . His lectures were illuminated by the somewhat caustic wit which was one of his many gifts."

Such were some of the great lights in the firmament of scholarship which shone upon the young undergraduate of Trinity; but there were other and more

numerous lesser lights, his college friends and contemporaries, of whom mention must be made.

“I was fortunate,” he says, “in the friends whom I made at college, solitary as I was on my arrival, with no school connection to help me—a group of undergraduate comrades from such great schools as Rugby, Harrow, Marlborough and Birmingham. Those who hailed from Harrow had been pupils of Vaughan. They all did me good by their mental, moral and physical healthfulness and genial force. Several of them were eminently gifted intellectually; but not one of them was spoiled by cynicism or conceit. In our rooms, in Hall, on the river—which to me is full of happy memories—they were in the largest sense good company indeed.”

Of three of these friends Handley Moule left vivid pictures in lecture and preface, which will show us what manner of men they were with whom he associated during these formative years.

“Of those who are departed I may name Duncan Tovey, known to-day as the accomplished editor of Gray’s *Letters*; excellent classical scholar, admirable English scholar, charming and loving friend. Just before his death he published his last volume of Gray, a volume which I find, with much emotion, inscribed to myself along with three other Trinity classical friends.

“Let me name also Frederick Myers.¹ His intimacy I cannot precisely claim; yet we knew each other in a degree always delightful to me to recall. He possessed genius; he might have been a great English poet. And his vast memory was stored with both Greek and Latin gold; Virgil, I believe, he had nearly by heart, and Pindar, too. He invited me for a long walk down the river the day before our Tripos, when we were to do battle. And imagine my uneasy feelings when, as we talked of literary matters, he began to pour out Pindar, in a quantity which most surely I could not hope to rival.”

W. P. Turnbull was a third friend. He was Second Wrangler and Smith’s Prizeman in 1864, was elected a

¹ F. W. H. Myers (1843–1901), author of *St. Paul*, and other poems; *Essays, Classical and Modern*, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, and other writings.

major Scholar in 1862 and a Fellow in 1865, alongside Moule, and from 1871 to 1906 was an Inspector of Schools. He was a brilliant, many-gifted and earnest man. The Bishop's reminiscences of Turnbull throw a good deal of light on his own life at Trinity.

"In May, 1862," he writes, "I had the surprise and happiness of finding myself elected one of the Foundation Scholars of that year. It was our first opportunity in those days. There were only four of us second-year men in the list. W. P. Turnbull, afterwards Second Wrangler, F. W. H. Myers, Second Classic, and H. J. Purkiss, Senior Wrangler, were the three with whom, to my delight, I found myself elected; the gladness of that old morning is present now to my heart. Next day we were admitted in the Chapel, placing our hands in feudal fashion within the hands of our mighty Master, William Whewell. That afternoon I was strolling towards the Backs, down 'that long walk of limes' which Tennyson has made immortal, when suddenly two hands gripped my shoulders from behind and their owner said, 'Come along, I want to know you.' So off Turnbull and I walked into the then rural world of field and hedge beyond the high-road. Thenceforth we lived constantly in the sort of life-neighbourhood which a pure and healthy college friendship so delightfully makes possible. We often walked together; I especially remember one walk when we 'capped verses' against each other, and his intimate knowledge of Wordsworth astonished me. We were always meeting at the boats, which we both loved. In June, 1863, we, with three others, went by train to Oxford. There we hired a perfect 'tub-four,' and in four or five days, including a quiet Sunday at Pangbourne (how quiet the Sundays were then!), we traversed that most beautiful waterway of the Thames from Oxford to Putney, and laid up innumerable memories."

The two were members of the Second Trinity Boat Club, to which many of the scholars and reading men belonged. The love of rowing remained with Moule to the end.

The noble Commemoration Sermon, entitled "Wise Men and Scribes," preached by the Bishop in Trinity Chapel in 1907, gives us an insight into the effect upon

his sensitive mind and spirit of the stimulating environment in which he found himself. He recalls,

“ This college, this chapel; the whole life of Trinity, including its worship; the entire educative power working here upon mind and soul. So deep and ample is the debt which as an old alumnus I owe to this great house, that I can believe that no son of its vast family owes more to its influence than I do. Thought goes back to the remote moment when, a child, in 1850 I first entered this Chapel, while Walmisley’s hands traversed the organ-keys in the opening voluntary; and then it passes to another October, ten years later, when first I worshipped here, a wearer of the blue gown; and to yet another, five years later, when, kneeling in the Master’s stall after election as Fellow, I placed my hands within Whewell’s hands, the last man ever admitted into Fellowship by him.

“ Well may a man feel, in face of such years past, that the place and its life has entered into his very being, and has so acted upon it that he cannot easily think that Trinity ever told much more powerfully upon any of its members.”

In another autobiographical fragment, also written in Durham days, Dr. Moule says :

“ How my memories of those old college days live and glow within me! I see again and again in silent hours the ‘old familiar faces.’ How vividly I recall my pleasant attic rooms, spacious, low, raftered, at the top of ‘Letter K. Old Court.’ The windows of the sitting-room look out south, across Trinity Lane, upon the roofs of Caius College, and north, across the Great Court to the Chapel. From the latter window I saw, one morning in May, 1862, two friends (one has for a long while been a M.P., the other a deeply learned D.D.) run across the grass from the Chapel door to tell me I was elected Scholar. Dear rooms, from which I could hear the fountain plashing at night, and where in the longer evenings the fire lit up the books and pictures as I read for private tutor or for lecture or for the joy of reading; while true friends ‘kept’ close to me, beside me and below.¹ In like

¹ See also the Epilogue to *Apollo at Pherae*, quoted on page 29. The two friends were James Stuart and Robert Sinker.

manner, looking back, I see the noble Chapel, then severely unadorned, but thronged as, under altered conditions, it is not thronged now. I see the great Dining Hall, which also looked sterner and barer than it does to-day, for only the older (and mostly poorer) portraits of the present large collection then hung there, and the only light in the winter afternoons came from candles set in sconces round the walls, and the only seats, even for the most illustrious Fellows at the High Table, were backless benches, except the chair of the Vice-Master. The only artificial heating in cold weather was given out by a huge, low, open brazier in the middle of the vast floor. And in those days we Foundation Scholars had, every day, to be in waiting, two at a time, to read responsively the Latin Grace (*Tibi laus, tibi gloria*—I can almost say it through still) for the Fellows when they rose. It was not for us to know when that rising should be; so we used to sit about, talking low, in the kindly glow of the brazier, till the hall butler summoned us to duty.

"That was an age of discipline, and I like to recall that it was so. Perhaps the sternest instance of this in my case occurred in the September of 1862, when I, so recently elected a Scholar, was junior on the list. At that period, even to the end of September, though the college was nearly empty, Chapel services were kept up, and there was dinner in Hall with its grace. I was peacefully at home in Dorset, when I received a sudden summons from the Dean of that day. His short letter told me that I must come to read the lessons in Chapel and the grace in Hall for my allotted week; and precisely so I had to do, sorely against my will. I was the last Scholar so disciplined; but I am not at all sorry now that I had that experience of being 'under authority' in a very genuine sense.

"Of the public events of my time at Cambridge none is more vivid in my memory than the death of Prince Albert, so long our Chancellor, whom I had seen, for the one time in my life, when in the summer of 1861 he, with his young son, afterwards King Edward, attended a lecture by Professor Willis in the Senate House. That November the Prince Consort came again to Cambridge, to visit his son at Madingley Hall, and caught a chill on the four miles' drive from

the town to the hall, and so the end began. On Sunday, December 14, as we sat at dinner in Hall, just before the vacation, it got about that the Prince was gone. The hush and shadow that fell on us was as if each man severally had received bad news from home.

“Next summer the new Chancellor, William, Duke of Devonshire, Second Wrangler and a high Classic in his day at Cambridge, was installed with great ceremony in the Senate House. A noble ode was written for the occasion by Charles Kingsley, then Professor of History (I remember him once walking up our Hall, as guest, to the high table, with his strongly-marked, eager features). Sterndale Bennett set the ode to music, and himself conducted it, standing in the east gallery of the Senate House, with his calm, intellectual, beautiful face and robed in the musical doctor’s splendid gown.”

The University sermon was well attended in Moule’s undergraduate days, and indeed for many years after that.

“Many a great preacher,” he writes, “I heard as an undergraduate. Never to be forgotten is my first listening in the University church to C. J. Vaughan, then recently moved from Harrow to Doncaster. The magic of his literary and speaking power, with its matchless simplicity of noble art, the charm of his face, of his voice, of the faith and wisdom which in him were blent into one living force, all was to me a memorable revelation. In that church, too (but not at strictly University services, at which only Cambridge men then preached), I heard Pusey, with his mournful earnestness of voice and soul, and Wilberforce of Oxford, in a sermon on the awful theme of future punishment; a wonderful achievement of argument and appeal. Once, too, I listened to Henry Melville, the mighty master of a rhetoric which now probably would be thought too studied, but which was indeed a living force in his delivery. As each magnificent paragraph rolled to its close there came an audible sigh from the dense congregation, a sigh of tension relieved and attention renewed.”

A somewhat similar reminiscence concerns Moule's year of preliminary studies (1859-1860).

"One public incident of that year abides vividly with me—a great missionary meeting, held in the Senate House, called in support of the then recently founded Universities Mission to Central Africa, and presided over by the Vice-Chancellor. The two chief speakers were eminent enough—W. E. Gladstone, then in the mature fulness of his splendid powers, and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. I see and hear them speaking now, a wonderful pair and a striking contrast. Gladstone, erect and dignified, was restrained and elevated in style and manner, while giving a grand impression of force in reserve. Wilberforce was life and fire personified. I hear still the thunder of applause he called down by a noble panegyric on Henry Martyn, the missionary Senior Wrangler of 1801—genius, saint, burning lover of God and man, dying alone on a journey homeward at thirty-one, but a living influence still."

CHAPTER III

UNDERGRADUATE DAYS (1860-1864)

IN the previous chapter we have seen the Cambridge University of sixty years ago, of which Moule became a member by matriculation in 1860. Incidentally we have also seen something of the way in which he entered into its varied interests and activities.

In this chapter we shall further trace his course during his three years and a half as an undergraduate.

A letter written in August 1864, four years after his matriculation, to his friend E. M. Oakeley, who, like himself, came up to Cambridge in 1859 for private study before he entered the University, reveals the greatness of the change which took place when he became a fully fledged member of Trinity. Oakeley had gone out to Barbados as tutor of Codrington College, and had written from his far-off island home to congratulate his friend on his success in the Classical Tripos. Moule writes :

“ . . . Your congratulations gave me so much pleasure; for you have little known how much I value the remembrance of our intercourse, which has been scarce interrupted since (in 1859) we first met over Tacitus in Henry Sidgwick’s back room in the first melancholy, solitary days of my pre-existence here. I begin indeed to believe in metempsychosis: surely it was another state of being then from that which I so thoroughly enjoy at present. A hundred things have combined to make the change; none more than the acquisition of some five or six friends here in Trinity.”

Under the tutors and lecturers, of whom he has written so graphically, the young undergraduate made

rapid and steady progress. At the earliest possible opportunity then afforded he became, as we have seen, a Foundation Scholar. And from that time he never looked back. He had already won, in 1861, a college prize with a set of Latin hexameters, entitled “*Muri Lignei*” (Wooden Walls). In November 1862 he won the Carus Greek Testament Prize. His brother Horace writes from London :

“ MY DEAR ‘ CARUS,’ ”

“ I have just seen *The Times*, and lo ! your name as ‘ Carus University Prizeman.’ I hardly knew which way to look, and almost thought of taking the waiter into confidence and explaining that I was brother to that distinguished gentleman ! I have only time to say, God bless you and keep you ever, and give you many more laurels yet. This is *par excellence* the prize for one of our family. Father will be overjoyed.

“ Ever most affectionately,

“ H. M. M.”

In 1863 he won two of Sir William Browne’s Medals, one for Greek and Latin Epigrams, one for a Latin Ode. The Ode and the Greek Epigram were printed in *Imitations and Translations* (1905), a book which gives us a valuable insight into the mind of the young scholar of Trinity. It contains the Latin Hexameters mentioned above (“*Muri Lignei*”), which the writer reprinted verbatim “as a sort of historical curiosity. It shows that in 1861, at least in Trinity College, no suspicion existed that the advent of the ironclad was on the point of closing for ever the long age of the ‘ Wooden Walls.’ The *Cumberland* and the *Merrimac* had not yet fought their memorable duel, wood with iron, March 8th, 1862.” Near the close of this poem allusion is made to the enthusiasm attending the Rifle Corps movement in England in 1859 and onwards. How much interested Moule was in this movement is shown by the references in the letters of his brothers to the drillings and marchings which took place in Fordington and Dorchester about this time.

But the greater part of the volume is taken up by a dramatic poem called “Apollo at Pherae,” “written at many intervals during my undergraduate years, and at length printed privately.” The Prologue, dated from Fordington Vicarage, July 27th, 1865, explains that the poem is an attempt to imitate the Greek masters, with a constant regard to the style of our own greater writers who most resemble them. It is based on a classic legend of the banishment of Apollo by his father for ten years to earth, and how Apollo spent those years at Pherae, concealing his godhead in the guise of a shepherd. The poem describes his last day on earth and his return to heaven. There is a maturity in style and diction which shows how deeply he had drunk at Greek fountains and how already the poetic gift within him was seeking expression in verse.

Mr. Warde Fowler, the well-known Oxford scholar and writer, wrote to the Bishop :

“ I have read your little book all through more than once, and I shall often return to ‘Apollo at Pherae’ which delighted me; it has all the staid beauty of a Greek play, and all its language engages my ear and heart. I hear Miltonic echoes everywhere. At one point it rises to what seems to me very high poetic feeling and expression—in Apollo’s speech, pp. 31–32. No one not fed on Greek pastures could have written those lines and stopped at the ninth line—exactly enough and no more. They moved me deeply, for I thought of my long thirty-five years of college work at Oxford, and the quiet years since they came to an end, in which I have been ‘following the silent Shepherd’s downward steps.’ Those lines will be always dear to me; and the music of them is delicious.”

Let us recall those nine lines which awoke such warm feeling in the heart of the Oxford scholar, as he read them in his quiet retreat at Kingham in the Cotswolds.

Hercules asks Apollo who he is :

“ By feature and by form
Thou seem’st no menial of a common strain,”

To him Apollo makes reply :

“ Why ask my name, most Mighty ? It is hid ;
 Our servile fortunes are a nameless tale.
 We labour day and month ; the seasons bring
 Their task ; the years conclude them. Not for power
 We strive, nor dearer glory’s recompense.
 Enough it is for us to watch these flocks
 From youth to age ; to yield them up at length
 In turn to our successors ; and ourselves
 Follow the silent Shepherd’s downward steps.”

In 1904 the author added to his short drama an Epilogue, in which he reveals the spirit and surroundings of its first composition. Of this Epilogue Mr. Austin Dobson wrote to the author in 1910 : “ I greatly admire the perfect Epilogue, and especially the picture of the poplars.”

It runs thus :

Thus in old years, in memory’s flowery June,
 Touch’d to the soul by the Attic Muse’s charm,
 I sung the Power conceal’d, and pleas’d me well
 With dreams of pastoral Thessaly. They rose,
 Filling the silent fancy, now in scenes
 Of summer leisure, where Dorcestrian meads,
 Well water’d by thy wimpling lapse, bright Frome,
 Wind their delicious length, and poplars tall
 Ride like a scatter’d fleet with shadowy sails
 Above the waves of mowing grass ; and now
 In thee, O College of my heart’s long love,
 In that old upstairs chamber, wide and low,
 A nest of pleasant corners, where the hearth
 Glow’d on the book-lined wall, and a clear chime
 Of plashing waters through my casement came,
 Play’d by the courtyard fountain.

Fast and far

Since that remember’d golden time the hours
 Have fleeted down with me. Yet now, as then,
 Full oft I feel the Attic Muse’s charm,
 Caring, amidst a world of later thoughts,
 To dream the old dreams once more, and ev’n presume
 To spread them out for kindly eyes to see,
 As in that other age. Nor less, methinks,
 Such interlude in consecrated toil
 Pleases to-day the spirit, that a Light
 Now suns me, from the sky above this blue,
 Sacred, benign,—the assurance of a Love,
 No fable but supernal Truth ; the Name
 Of Him who, once a Shepherd on our hills,
 His radiant Godhead for a while disguising,
 Here for His flock death-wounded, for His flock
 Pass’d hence, ascending to His Heaven again.

The following pen-portrait of Moule in his undergraduate days, written sixty years after by his friend and contemporary, E. T. Lecke, Sub-Dean of Lincoln from 1898, reveals the young scholar in another aspect :

“ I had been a year at Trinity, when H. C. G. Moule came up as a Freshman. He came from home, as my brothers and I also did, so we were naturally drawn together in a place where the great majority of the men were from Public Schools. He was very simple and retiring, very affectionate, always the same quiet, earnest Christian, exerting his unseen but widely felt influence far beyond the circle of his friends : one of those men to whom other men owe it (under God) that they have been held fast from falling into careless and wicked ways.

“ He was full of fun, like the rest of us, and ready to join, in his quiet amused way, in any piece of fun that was harmless and not in bad taste. Where he could help best was in his wonderful power of imitating handwriting. So well did he do this, that on more than one occasion some of his friends were able to put on the College screens notices written out by him in the round-hand of the Chapel Clerk and, in some cases, signed by the Master. I have rough copies of two of these notices : one, a list brought out two or three days before the Mathematical Tripos List of 1863, which obtained some notoriety, men from other Colleges coming eagerly to study the proposed positions of their friends or themselves in the Tripos ; and the other, a simple bit of fun, a notice supposed to be issued by one of the most unlikely Senior Assistant Tutors of the College on an eclipse of the moon in the early morning. This last notice attracted quite a nice audience for a lecture which, of course, never came off. These harmless jokes came to an end, so far as Moule was concerned, with his Ordination, and I well remember sending to him at Fordington a letter supposed to come from the Master to one of the Fellows. He wrote it out and signed and returned it beautifully done, with a note saying it was the last time, for he had come to doubt if it was quite right to do these things.

“ None of us realized in those early days what he was to be—a scholar and a poet and a leader amongst

men. But some knew, and, as time went on, urged him to undertake one piece of work after another; they brought him back to Trinity from Fordington, where he had gone to help his father, to fill the post of Dean, and in 1880 they made him Principal of Ridley Hall. To whatever work he was summoned, he always rose to meet and overcome its difficulties, the secret of his life being his simple trust in God."

It was in the natural order of things that the young man who in his boyhood had been Treasurer and Secretary of the Children's Missionary Association at Fordington should in his first year at Trinity become a member of the Church Missionary Union at Cambridge. This Union had been inaugurated two years before his matriculation, the prime mover being John Barton, an undergraduate member of Christ's College, whom we shall meet again in these pages. By 1870 it had grown so large that it moved to Carpenter's rooms in All Saints' Passage, and at the beginning of the October Term, 1887, it "exchanged the narrow lodgings of the past for a home in the new Henry Martyn Hall.¹

"In my first year," said Mr. Moule in his opening address to the Union on this occasion, "I joined the Union, and for some time (alas that after a time my interest sorrowfully declined !) I regularly attended its meetings. Behind what is now a Post Office, but was then Hutt's Bookshop, in Trinity Street, near the great Gate of my College, there exists, or existed, a tiny room, certainly smaller than our committee room here, which was the C.M.U. room. There—I still see it all before me—a little group of gowns-men met week by week for the reading of Scripture, for prayer very specially, and for missionary information—very often in the form of letters from missionaries to the Union. Two dear friends of my own I see in the little dimly lighted chamber still, though in fact their blessed spirits have been now long years with the Lord. Both were Trinity men a little senior to me. One was Maxwell Gordon, once my father's pupil in our old country home, and at length missionary in India, whose course closed

¹ See Chapter X, p. 123.

amidst the roar of battle at the gate of Kandahar in 1880. He was volunteer Chaplain to our troops, because that was his one way of entering Afghanistan for Christ at all; and he fell by an Afghan bullet in a last effort to carry in a wounded soldier. The other was Charles Vines, my friend and adviser when I was new to Cambridge and he was in his third year. He became Principal of St. John's College, Agra, and laboured there till health finally failed."

It may seem strange that the then Principal of Ridley Hall should have confessed that there was a time when his interest "sorrowfully declined." How he appeared to a friend and contemporary may be seen from the following passage from a letter written by Mr. E. M. Oakeley in 1920 :

" It is impossible to think of any one of his generation of whom it could be more aptly said that the child was ' father of the man,' his days ' bound each to each by natural piety.' The word ' piety ' comes less readily to the lips nowadays than a few generations ago, but no one can grudge it here; for him the eye of faith could never for a moment have been clouded by those ' muscae volitantes ' of doubt which, about 1860, had begun to trouble the mental outlook of so many of our contemporaries at Cambridge and elsewhere. Moreover in him child-like faith was sheltered and served by Hellenic grace of intellect and fine scholarship and literary taste; a combination which in after years secured for him, as a public teacher, a far wider confidence than any mere party could give, and in private the love of many devoted friends."

No doubt to outward seeming he was always a Christian man, maintaining his hold upon the verities of the Faith; but yet there was reason for that interpolated sentence.

One cause of this "sorrowful decline" in his interest in Missions was probably his absorption in classical studies. In F. W. H. Myers' *Fragments of Inner Life* occur these words : " From the age of sixteen to twenty-three there was no influence in my life comparable to

Hellenism in the fullest sense of the word." Did Hellenism exert its fascinating sway in like manner over Myers' contemporary and fellow scholar? We know that from the year 1859 to 1864 Moule's mind was steeped in the Classics. It is more than possible that in the ardour of his pursuit of classic excellence and beauty his earlier interest in religion and missions suffered temporary diminution. But there was deeper cause than that. Beneath his apparent calm there was going on an inner conflict of which his contemporaries saw little or nothing. In a letter written to his father from Marlborough¹ he tells how, "under the continual droppings of the controversies and questions of the present day," he had become painfully full of doubts and questionings. He was emphatically a man who thought; he lived constantly in the society of men who thought; he came into contact with the keenest intellects of his day; he could not possibly remain unaffected by them. Moreover the "'sixties" were "years of storm and stress as regards religious convictions" for very many young men of his time. John Stuart Mill had at this time attained the full height of that remarkable influence which he occupied over youthful thought for a period of some years. Strauss's *Leben Jesu* had been translated by George Eliot in 1846; Renan was attracting much attention by his *Vie de Jésu* and other works; Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species* in 1859, and controversy raged long over the bearing of the new theory of Evolution upon the doctrine of Creation.

Henry Sidgwick thus describes the attitude which he and many of his contemporaries took up towards Christianity in the early 'sixties :

"As regards theology, those with whom I sympathized had no close agreement in conclusions: their views varied from pure positivism to the 'neo-Christianity' of the *Essayists* and *Reviewers*: and my own

¹ See the letter, quoted in Chapter IV, p. 48.

opinions were for many years unsettled and widely fluctuating. What was fixed and unalterable and accepted by us all was the necessity and duty of examining the evidence for historical Christianity with strict scientific impartiality; placing ourselves as far as possible outside traditional sentiments and opinions, and endeavouring to weigh the pros and cons on all theological questions as a duly instructed rational being from another planet—or, let us say, from China—would weigh them.”

Speaking of the early 'seventies, F. W. H. Myers says :

“ This was the very flood-tide of Materialism and Agnosticism—the mechanical theory of the Universe, the reduction of all spiritual facts to physiological phenomena. It was a time when, not the intellect only, but the moral ideas of men seemed to have passed into the camp of negation. We were all in the first flush of triumphant Darwinism, when terrene evolution had explained so much that men hardly cared to look beyond. Among my own group, W. K. Clifford was putting forth his series of triumphant proclamations of the nothingness of God, the divinity of man. Swinburne had given passionate voice to the same conception. Frederic Harrison was still glorifying Humanity as the only ‘ Divine.’ George Eliot strenuously rejected all prospect save in the mere terrene performance of duty to our human kin. And others maintained a significant silence, or fed with vague philosophisings an uncertain hope.”

It will be remembered that Myers was Moule's contemporary; Clifford was elected a member of the same Essay Society as Moule in 1865. That Moule was not carried away by the spirit of the age was no doubt due to the fact that he had been brought up in a home which combined profound piety with robust thought and a knowledge of the best literature, English, Latin and Greek. But he was not insensible to contemporary thought. His old convictions were tested. His hold upon some of the views which he had received from his father's lips was relaxed; he was assailed

by doubts which were not finally removed until 1867. Yet we are told that he always kept faithfully to religious reading on Sunday, knowing it to be his father's wish, and in later years he would often speak of the *mental* (as well as spiritual) help of this practice, which he followed to the close of his life.

At last the three and a half years' of preparatory study and wide reading were ended, and in February 1864 Handley Moule went in for the Classical Tripos Examination. In those days the final Tripos List was arranged in each class, not alphabetically (with divisions), but strictly in order of individual merit; and as several brilliant men were candidates with him, and he had never had, like them, the training of a public school, it was with natural anxiety that Moule himself and his relatives and friends looked forward to the issue. A letter from his father may be quoted here :

“*February 17th, 1864.*

“ You are constantly before my mind and very often mentioned in my prayers. No father could feel a deeper interest in a son than I do in you, but I am kept from anxiety. I ask of God that you may have that place which shall be best for you in every way. Whatever your place may be, I shall always be happy and thankful that you have passed through Cambridge as a student, delighting in your studies and in self-improvement, and that you have not been reading and cramming just for a place. Look beyond and above and pray for help, and you will be kept calm during the examination. I have a good hope from your letters that this will be the case.”

He entered the Senate House (at that time the examination room) resolved to do his best; and when, three or four weeks later, the List was read out from the Senate House Gallery, his name appeared second in the First Class. The Senior Classic was H. W. Moss, afterwards the distinguished successor of Dr. Kennedy as Head Master of Shrewsbury; and next came Handley Moule and Frederic Myers, bracketed

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equal as Second. The news of his place was joyfully welcomed by all who loved him or were interested in his career, all the more joyfully because he had consistently made little of his performances in the Senate House. An extract from a letter of a friend (Albert Workman of Trinity, afterwards Prebendary of Lichfield) shows this clearly enough :

“ Fancy your being disturbed to the last by ——’s assertion that he had done well in the history paper. One would think from your letter that it was impossible for you to have done well, because he had not come to grief. You see, I am giving you a lecture for having tried vainly to disparage yourself to me. I hope this will be a lesson to you to put a more just value on your own talents for the future ! ”

The lecture on self-disparagement was deserved, but no amount of lecturing could ever persuade that modest man to think highly of himself. In the letter from Moule to his friend E. M. Oakeley, already quoted, we see his own delight in his success and his serious reason for thankfulness :

“ As for the Tripos, for me it was indeed glorious. I have expatiated in air ever since. The surprise at the moment of telegraph was very great and delightful indeed; and I have not lost even yet the first sincerity of gratitude to God for what is to me an all-important gift, bringing, as I hope it will, such an honourable support as I once could hardly have dreamt of.”

CHAPTER IV

BACHELOR OF ARTS. MASTER AT MARLBOROUGH (1864-1867)

1. Cambridge (1864-1865).

THE place which Moule gained in the Tripos decided his immediate future. Most of his contemporaries, on taking their degree, "went down" and took up work in the outside world. For him the vision now opened of a possible Fellowship. He remained up at Cambridge and carried on his studies. The Bachelor of Arts is still *in statu pupillari*, but in many ways he enters upon a freer life. He is no longer under obligation to attend numerous lectures; he is able to devote himself to the studies which are most congenial to him; he sits at a special table in Hall and in special seats in Chapel, and in general finds himself more his own master.

In the Lent Term, in which Moule took the Tripos, an Essay Society was founded by D. C. Tovey, which rejoiced in the name of the Parallelepiped.¹ The Society met weekly during Term in due rotation in one another's rooms. H. C. G. Moule was one of the six original members.

The thirty-seven papers preserved in the Archives present every variety of subject, elaboration and length. The members knew one another fairly intimately, and they carefully guarded the right of perfect freedom of thought and discussion. A Society which included such men as J. H. I. Oakley, W. P. Turnbull, D. C. Tovey,

¹ Parallelepiped is a geometrical term for "a solid contained by parallelograms," *e. g.* a cube or a brick. Such a figure has six sides, hence its appropriateness as the name for a Society, which consisted of six Scholars of Trinity.

W. K. Clifford and H. C. G. Moule would not fail to hear all sides of the question. Moule's own contributions were on the following subjects, among others :

ΠΟΛΥΠΡΑΓΜΟΣΥΝΗ or “A little learning is the safest thing”—Pope (slightly altered).

On the Pursuit of Glory.

Graiae venere Kalendae, or The Arrival of that Remarkable Day, the Grecian Kalends, and its Consequences.

The Use of Poetry in Education.

Concerning Preaching;

and to the end of his life he would sometimes take up the old MS. volumes and read aloud one of these essays of his youth.

In the year 1917 the Bishop of Durham delivered an address before the Durham Classical Association. “Hard pressed by incessant and exacting pastoral and administrative work, and hampered by a strained right arm,” the Bishop fell back upon an essay which he had read before this very Society of the Parallelepiped a few months after his Tripos. “I was one,” he says, “of a little coterie of College cronies who had constituted themselves an Essay Society and administered weekly doses of their young wisdom each in turn to the rest. To them, at the remote date I have disclosed to you, . . . I gravely read by way of essay an imaginary dialogue on the influence of poetry on education. The Colloquists were no other and no less than Virgil, in his Neapolitan retreat, and his friend Pollio.”

Pollio leads up to the thought that the better poets are torch-bearers in the obscurity of life, guides and monitors in every practical turn, and that Virgil is especially such, because of the admirable form in which he has clothed his thoughts, a beauty which engages the heart and aids the memory and perception beyond all else he knows. Virgil welcomes this encouraging estimate. “Shall it not content me, if but ten verses of mine can in later times hearten a faltering student, or cheer the darkness of a blind philosopher, or comfort

some exile or some gallant innocent sufferer in his last hour?" To the end of his life it was a great pleasure to the Bishop to read and re-read the noble lines of the Latin poet.

A month had not passed since the Tripos List was published when an invitation came to him from Corpus Christi to become a Fellow of the College. The proposal was very gratifying, and he consulted his father upon the subject. It seemed to him that he might be in a better position to give immediate help to his father and mother if he were at once elected Fellow of Corpus than if he waited on in the hope of securing a Fellowship at Trinity. But his father and his brothers Horace and Charles were unanimous that he must not desert Trinity. And it would indeed have required a very strong call of duty to tempt this son of Trinity to leave the College he loved so well, so long as there was good hope that he might be elected to one of its Fellowships. The invitation was therefore respectfully declined.

The summer of 1864 saw Moule set foot for the first time on a foreign shore. In a small pocket note-book are recorded impressions of this tour, together with occasional sketches of buildings and scenery. On June 14th in that year he, with his brothers Charles and Horace and a friend, landed at Havre. They reached Basle by the evening of the following day, and in the course of fourteen days they visited many of the most familiar spots in Switzerland. At Zurich, Moule obtained his first view of the distant Alps, "rising above the hills near the lake, clear in outline and even in colour, the faintest misty blue, but crowned with brilliant snow." Lovely views of the lakes of Lucerne and Brienz, the magical effect of moonlight on snowy peaks, romantic scenes like the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gotthard Pass and the Handeck Falls with their rainbows floating horizontal in the foam, walks through fragrant pine-woods and over "upland lawns" of perfect beauty, each and all in turn charmed the eyes and stirred the imagination. Everywhere his pencil was busy. On June 30th

he reached home once more, "glad to be again in England and at Fordington, and looking back with true delight on a very successful and instructive journey."

Within a few days he was back at Trinity for the Long Vacation. He writes to Oakeley in August: "I have been grinding hard this Long Vacation, partly at coaching, partly at Hebrew." In the Michaelmas Term he had eleven pupils. (He now occupied a larger set of rooms on the first floor of "Letter K.") Canon Hargrove, for many years Vicar of St. Matthew's, Cambridge, who in October 1864 became one of Moule's pupils, wrote to the Bishop in 1914: "Would that you had continued at your hard task. Happily I had fared better in the Tripos under your inspiring guidance. I remember how the pages of Sophocles glowed, how Philoctetes came to life."

His Hebrew studies were begun under Peter Mason, the well-known Hebraist of St. John's, and continued under his lifelong friend, Robert Sinker, who had taken the Classical Tripos in 1862, and who became in later years the leading Theological "Coach" and the distinguished Librarian of Trinity. In the spring of 1865 he took the Voluntary Theological Examination and was placed in the First Class, with a note that he had passed with distinction in Hebrew. He was delighted with this result, for his time had been very much taken up with coaching and other work, and his health had been far from good during the previous twelve months.

"I have had almost constant headaches since I left," he wrote to Sinker in May from home, just after receiving news of his success, "and occasional bad depression. I do little but what can be done out-of-doors. I am sketching a good deal, which is a charming recreation; but in a very few days I hope to get to work. I shall try the Seven Epistles in Hebrew with all possible speed. I must also begin hard at Philosophy for the Fellowships."

The letter closes with the words: "How welcome every word from Trinity is now." The word "now"



HANDLEY C. G. MOULE.
1867-8.



HANDLEY C. G. MOULE.
1864.

is significant. Three months before, for the second time, Moule had been offered a Mastership at Marlborough. On February 6th he wrote to his parents from Trinity telling them that he had been offered the Upper Fifth Form. He did not like the idea of leaving Cambridge, but a talk with his brother Charles had shown him that the experience of three or four years' work at Marlborough might prove very useful. He knew that his father was in doubt as to the religious influences at Marlborough; but he and his brother were clear that in this respect Marlborough compared favourably with Cambridge. His father answered leaving the decision absolutely in Handley's hands.

Two days later Moule wrote to say that he had written to Mr. Bradley accepting the offer. He did not come to this decision lightly.

“ I can but poorly express what my heart feels at the near prospect (but two months hence) of leaving this beloved place, which if I return to it even in a few years can never be quite the same again. I try to realize it now as little as I can, but now and then the thought of parting from the very courts and rooms I have known so long will come in. But none the less I think that duty calls me to Marlborough. If God is with me there I may trust to return hither a better, stronger character.”

A week later, writing to his mother, he again refers to “ the change of feeling which the prospect of removal produces in me. I feel an alien and a sojourner in this blessed place, and seem to be taking one long farewell all day long. I think I have inherited to the full your *local* love; and I shrink from the thought of the changes which I must find here when I return—new names, new faces, new company, new ways of life ! ”

2. *Marlborough (1865-1867).*

August 1865 saw him entering the school world at Marlborough. The school year was at that time divided, not into terms, but into half-years. The first began early in February and ended in the middle of June; the second

began early in August and lasted till the middle of December. As he had never been at a Public School himself, the atmosphere and routine must have been in some ways strange and difficult; but he plunged into his novel work with a good heart and a resolute will.

Marlborough had at this time received a remarkable place among the Public Schools. Twenty-three years before, the Castle Inn, which had been built in the eighteenth century as a nobleman's house, had been bought and made the nucleus of the new school. Through its second Master, Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, it imbibed the Rugby (Arnold) tradition. Bradley, afterwards Master of University College, Oxford, and later Dean of Westminster, who succeeded Dr. Cotton, was still more imbued with these traditions, having been himself a boy under Arnold, and later a Master, at Rugby. The new school, Bradley tells us, struck him as having a strong character and originality of its own: its tone perhaps a little countrified, but there was an honesty, manliness and breeziness about the place which soon won his heart. A very strong staff gathered round the new Master, and the Sixth Form was a tower of strength, conspicuous for loyalty and public spirit. The result of all this showed itself speedily. In 1859 Marlborough startled Oxford by winning both the Balliol Scholarships of that year; and in each of the two following years it gained one of these distinctions. During the 'sixties Marlborough men took a prominent place at Oxford. Their reputation for character as well as for scholarship stood conspicuously high. The School Inquiry Commission in 1867 reported that Marlborough, closely followed by Rugby, was far ahead of any other schools as a winner of Open Scholarships. Some part of the credit of this splendid record is undoubtedly due to Charles W. Moule, who was an Assistant Master from 1858 to 1864 (Sixth Form Composition Master from 1860). He wrote the School "Carmen" in 1865, which has been sung ever since by successive generations of the boys. Horace Moule, who was an Assistant Master from

1865 to 1868, also exerted a powerful influence for good on many of the senior boys.

And now in 1865 Handley came as a Master to the same school. He began with the Upper Fifth, but after a year he was invited by Mr. Bradley to help him with the Sixth Form. In both these Forms he did excellent work; and to the end of his life he would recall with pleasure the keenness of some of his Sixth Form boys.

At the very outset of his Marlborough career came a signal success. He got leave of absence from his form-work and went up to Cambridge to take the Trinity Fellowships Examination in September 1865 and then returned to work. The Bishop himself in later years related his experiences on this occasion :

“ In those days the electors, being the Master and the eight senior Fellows, assembled at the Chapel, shut themselves in, recorded their votes, issued forth, and from the steps of the door (not then protected by a porch) read the result to the awaiting groups and departed. This was always at ten in the morning. So I counted on receiving my promised telegram from a friend at Cambridge by at latest noon. But noon came and afternoon and early evening and there was no sign. I was rather wistfully setting myself to the evening’s work in my rooms at 7.30 p.m., when the door was flung open and my brother Horace exclaimed, ‘ You are elected; there is time to catch the last train for town and be admitted at Trinity to-morrow.’ I packed my bag and literally ran to the station, escorted by my brother; slept at King’s Cross Hotel and next morning knelt for admission to the Master in Trinity Chapel.”

The telegraph clerk ¹ at Cambridge had refused to believe that there could be an office at so rural a place as Marlborough and had sent the message to Swindon !

Greatly encouraged and uplifted Moule returned to his work at Marlborough. He was one of those who must

¹ Telegraph business was in the hands of private companies until 1870.

ever give "good measure," whatever the occasion may be. On August 16th, 1865, we find him writing to his friend Sinker :

"One of my Scripture subjects with my Form at Marlborough is to be the Book of Judges. I want to work it up as carefully as I can, and make it a means of keeping my own Hebrew and critical divinity going. Is Trommius [Concordance to the Septuagint] very expensive? I earnestly wish to use all the critical help I can. My Greek Testament subject is 1 Corinthians."

The routine work of a Form was not altogether congenial to him. In another letter to Sinker on October 18th, he speaks of "this incessant school-grind" as making correspondence difficult, and later in the letter he writes :

"I am at grind again now. The work here is literally all day long; and my health being still poor, I don't flourish exactly on it. I believe I shall have to resign before very long; but we shall see. There's no time for Hebrew: a bitter thought. I work hard at the Greek Testament, using Bruder's Concordance largely."

A letter of March 29th, 1866, enables us to picture him at work in Form. He writes "in a little interval of leisure" :

"Here I am sitting at my desk in my class-room, with my twenty-four disciples in a crescent around me, silently occupied in doing Latin verses. This is a quiet hour in school which recurs twice a week. . . . Somehow under the pressure of this mill-wheel school life one lacks *vis vivida* for writing. . . ."

Again on January 2nd, 1867, during the Christmas Vacation :

" . . . Classics, as read with a class of average boys of sixteen, ground down by the Public School system to the most perfect dead level of non-appreciation and non-enthusiasm—this I must own to be less enlivening work than might be wished. . . ."

But if "juvenile Classics" were a trial to him, there were compensations :

" . . . One lesson—only one—a week has been given to Greek Testament, and this I have for myself much enjoyed. We worked through the first nine chapters of the Acts in the half-year."

Preaching in the Chapel of Sherborne School mid-summer 1907, the Bishop recalled the

" happy and, to him, most fruitful time of service at Marlborough College, a time which shines only greener and more sunny to the eye of memory as life, with its joys, its griefs, and its duties, deepens insight."¹

If therefore there were times when poor health and boyish non-appreciation of his beloved Classics made Moule write of the dreary round of school work, there were other times when he found an appreciative pupil or when he was feeling fit and well, and then the human interests of the work made a strong appeal to him. The Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, Rector of Barley, Herts, and author of *Mutual Thrift* and other books, tells how the new Master gave him inspiration to aim high. Wilkinson's Form Master had pointed the finger of scorn at him as one who would never get a prize :

" . . . From that moment I determined that I would get one. I fixed on the Scripture prize, which was competed for by the boys of my own and two other Forms. Mr. H. C. G. Moule was the Examiner. About ten boys had done well enough in paper work to be selected for a final *viva voce* test. I was one of them. For some little time answers were about equal. Then the Examiner, who had the gift of getting the best out of boys, put the following question : ' Tell me whether any of the Apostles were married men.' I held up my hand at once, while the others were thinking, and replied : ' Yes, St. Peter, whose wife's name was Perpetua, as we learn from Clement of Alexandria and Socrates Scholasticus.' The coveted prize was awarded to me, and I remember to this day—it was fifty-three

¹ See *Christ's Witness to the Life to Come*, IX.

years ago—the kindly smile Mr. Moule gave me, as I passed close by him in going up the Hall to receive my prize, and his whispered words: ‘It was Socrates Scholasticus that did it.’ After that I made a fresh start. A new influence was at work. . . .”

It will be remembered that the young Master was not only a brilliant scholar, but a good writer of English verse. His poem “Apollo at Pherae” was printed for private circulation in 1866. In June of the same year, in few and fugitive hours of leisure, he also put into verse and printed a sketch of “The Thames Voyage,” which has been spoken of in Chapter II. In this he tells us how now

“ . . . The tasks
And troubles of a Schoolmaster detain
The Chronicler, who in Marlburian rooms
Sits hour by hour; now on the well-worn page
Of Sophocles intent; now o'er the verse
Of Jones corrective bending; and by stealth
Resumes, and casually, an English pen.”

But in that very year these “tasks and troubles of a schoolmaster” were lightened by the visit to the Master’s house of Alfred Tennyson.

“In 1866,” he writes, “I, a young Form Master at Marlborough, was for some weeks Tennyson’s near neighbour. His son Hallam, now Lord Tennyson, then entered the School, and both parents came with him, staying with their old friend, the Head Master, George Bradley. Tennyson was often in and out between the House and the School, sometimes sitting in the Masters’ Common Room. The cloak, the broad sombrero hat, the tall figure and the dark noble face came to be familiar sights. One evening I was Mr. Bradley’s guest at dinner with other Masters and a few boys of the Sixth. In the drawing-room Tennyson offered to read, and ‘Guinevere’ was respectfully asked for. He read it through, very simply, very grandly, in a voice deep and singularly musical, stopping now and then to explain in a word or two some allusion to nature or to history.”

It will be remembered that from the first Moule had never contemplated more than “a temporary removal

(from Trinity and Cambridge) of three or four years at the most." As early as December 28th, 1865, after one term at Marlborough, he writes to Robert Sinker to tell him that he has "some wild thoughts of seeking Holy Orders" next Trinity Sunday, with a view to helping his father, but that he feels unfit beyond all expression. Eventually he stayed on at Marlborough for another year.

In the Christmas Vacation (January 1867) he paid a visit to his eldest brother at Gatehouse in Galloway. On his return home he writes to Sinker (January 28th, 1867) :

" Your long letter reached me in Galloway, whither I took flight three weeks back to visit my eldest brother and to seek health for my head, which had been strangely troubling me. I have now returned, thank God, in much better health and spirits, and look forward serenely to my final half-year at Marlborough. I have now definitely offered myself as a candidate at Ely next Trinity. You know how deeply I feel about it : how I long for, and yet fear, the sacred office. I am conscious indeed of my absolute personal unfitness ; but hope for acceptance and usefulness *ἐν τῷ ἐρδυραμοῦντι . . .*"

There is a new serenity and brightness of outlook in this letter, partly due, no doubt, to the improvement in health which resulted from three weeks in glorious moorland country in the neighbourhood of the Solway Firth ; but still more due to a great change which took place during this Christmas Vacation in his inner life. He refers to this in a letter, sent from Marlborough to E. M. Oakeley on February 28th, 1867 :

" So you have deliberately preferred school to parish work. My own bias would now be much the other way, I think ; I am hoping to be ordained next Trinity, ultimately, probably, for work at Cambridge in or out of College, but immediately to help my father at home. This Christmas has seen a crisis and I trust a real change in my inner life ; and I feel, at least as a first impulse, there can be nothing so desirable as to live as a teacher and servant of the poor : *πτώχοις—τουτεστὶ XPICTΩΙ δονλεύειν.* I know not why I have named the topic at all,

but that this change—let me not fear to call it conversion—seemed to me and for me so great an event that I can scarcely help telling a friend of it.”

Only two days before (February 26th) he had written a letter to his father, in which he makes full reference to this great change in his inner life :

“Would you quite at your leisure, dear Father, write me a few words on the subject of ordination? My trust is that this very Christmas vacation, after a time of much mental wretchedness, I was able to find and to accept pardon and peace through the satisfaction of the Redeemer, as I had never done before; and to feel a truth and solid reality in the doctrine of the Cross as I have ever been taught it at home, such as I had sometimes painfully—very painfully—doubted of, under the continual droppings of the controversies and questions of the present day, and the differences, real and apparent, among Christians. In such an assured sight of the Saviour as I then, I do trust, was permitted to have, I find now a comfort and hope even when at times faith and hope seem dying or (as it were) dead. But I sadly feel the need of ten-fold grace before I can hope to be either a very happy Christian or—as a minister of Jesus Christ—a very useful one. I cannot but still feel (as reading or conversation leads one about) the wearing influence of controversies both among and against Christians, especially those that affect the character and degree of the inspiration of the Scriptures. I mention all this very chiefly to ask for your prayers on such particular points for me; and to assure you that I am in a state, in spite of such confessions, *quite different*, as to repentance and faith and views of doctrine generally, to what I was a few months back; and also that I am finding in prayer and reading of the Bible quite a new strength and delight—though every hour I have to grieve over sin and failure in the effort *τῷ πνεύματι στοιχεῖν*.”

His father’s answer to this letter has not been preserved, but we can easily imagine the joy and thankfulness with which it would be written. A few days later (March 5th) his father ends his letter with the words : “God bless and keep and comfort you, my son, dearer now than ever.”

Many years later in a book, entitled *Roads to Christ*, in order that others might be helped, he told the story of the great change "in the brevity of an inevitable reserve."

"A holy home had from the first made the idea of a converted life present to me, according to the perceptions of a child. But I was aware, as time went on, that my contact with the Lord, whom I saw known and loved before my eyes, was only (if I may put it so) at second-hand. As thought developed, at a period too when sceptical discussions within the Church were increasingly in the air, a painful invasion of intellectual perplexity and doubt supervened upon spiritual perplexities.

"It was when my University course was over, and at a time when much outward success attended my path, that a profound conviction of the fatal guilt of sin, the sin of a resistance of the will to the blessed Maker and Master of my being, found its way to my deepest heart. No striking occasion brought it; I cannot recall word or incident as the exciting cause. But however it came, it was there in deep and dread reality. That dark time ended in a full and conscious acceptance of our crucified Redeemer in His complete atonement as peace and life."

The person, who in the providence of God brought him face to face with his Saviour was his own mother, who thus added to all his other debts to her the greatest debt of all. The story of this "crisis" has been told somewhat fully, because in it we have revealed to us the secret of that deep inner life which, with whatever there was of ebb and flow, henceforth was lived in believing "contact with the Lord." On that glad day, as he wrote long afterwards (1905), "I was permitted to realize the presence, pardon and personal love of the Lord, not reasoned, just received."

CHAPTER V

ORDINATION AND FIRST CURACY (1867-1872)

AFTER the spiritual experience described in the last chapter, Moule, as we have already seen, began to look forward to ordination in quite a new spirit. In the following April he wrote to his father to propose that after ordination he should come and live at home, doing a certain amount of visiting and giving such other assistance as his father might wish for. (His brother Frederick was curate to his father at this time.)

“ I believe that I could keep up the study of divinity, which I have begun—especially that of Hebrew and of Greek Testament criticism, and also my classical scholarship to a due degree, so that in the event of a return to Cambridge I should not be very much the loser, probably rather the gainer. And meanwhile I shall have the examples of yourself and dear Mother before me; and so both in practical and spiritual experience be a very great gainer indeed. . . .”

It is evident from the rest of the letter that the three brothers, Horace, Charles and Handley, had thoroughly talked the matter out and had agreed that one of them should be regularly at home to cheer their parents’ declining years and that Handley was the one to do so, seeing that he would soon be at liberty and in Orders. His father’s answer is such as one might expect :

“ *May 6th, 1867.*

“ . . . I thank God continually for the grace given to you to incline you to make such an offer. I feel sure that it is ‘of God,’ and therefore can only say that I thankfully accept it, and shall pray much that both to yourself, ourselves, and to many it may prove a blessing. . . .”

Thus the decision was made, which meant giving up much-cherished hopes of returning to Trinity after a few months at home. All the more would he enjoy the opportunity of visiting Cambridge afforded by his taking his M.A. degree at the beginning of May. He met many friends and spent the evening with his now married friend, Robert Sinker.

In the following month of June Moule and his friend, E. T. Leeke, were ordained together by Bishop Harold Browne. Canon Leeke writes :

“ He and I were ordained together at Ely, and he was Gospeller. It was a very happy time, and I can still remember how we went off in the afternoon for a very bright walk, when we worked off the strain of the beautiful and solemn three hours’ service by jumping or vaulting the stiles and fences along the field path.”

Perhaps we can best enter into the feelings with which he entered upon his life-work as a clergyman, if we take at once the letter which he wrote to his mother a year later, on his ordination to the priesthood :

“ *Cambridge, Monday evening, June 8th, 1868.* ”

“ The solemn consecration is over now, as to its outward act. Oh, may it never be over in its inner spirit and confirmation by the Lord Jesus Christ. I went to Ely on Saturday morning, and was most kindly received by the Bishop and his wife. After service in the cathedral and a short private examination by Dean Howson (who was exceedingly friendly and spoke cordially of my papers, to my surprise) came a short Hebrew examination; in the afternoon after luncheon I walked out with A. E. Humphreys, who had come over, and much enjoyed the lovely scene. . . . Then came afternoon service; after which the Bishop gave us a short extempore address in his own house. It was a very simple but very profitable little discourse upon the meaning of dedication to God. Neuralgia at night, alas, kept me from the prayer, reading and watching which I had designed. But I was better on Sunday morning and had a very quiet happy time before breakfast. The service began at 10.30 and was over by two o’clock.

Dr. Howson preached a most admirable sermon, from the text ‘And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee,’ taking, for the sake of the peculiar emphasis, the Prayer-Book version. It was as if meant expressly for me throughout. . . . Of the ordination I need tell you nothing. You know what promises I have made and received; what warnings are appended to them. You know, Mother, my incapacity to fulfil even the least fragment of them. But you have been praying for me that I may truly ‘receive the Holy Ghost for this office and work.’ It is a mercy to be thus brought face to face with one’s utter weakness, and to be compelled to look away from it to that which is within the veil. My heart fails indeed when I think first of my own condition and then of that of the Church and of the world; but it does *not* fail when I can turn ever so feebly to Him that Is and Is to come, and realise that I am His. Oh, that I may soberly day by day review my vow of consecration, be humbled by it, and yet be made by it to feel a little more my hold on the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . The rest of the evening passed very happily in the drawing-room, and I had a little interview, as all had in turn, with the Bishop in his study. It was deeply touching; he spoke with what I almost might call affection, and with words of the deepest and most wise encouragement. . . . I tried to express a little of what I felt for all his wonderful kindness. He had had a walk with me in the garden in the afternoon, talking and asking anxiously about the state of Cambridge. . . . I came back to Cambridge at one o’clock to-day, after a pleasant quiet morning chiefly alone.”

This letter, written at so early a stage of his ministry, shows us the same true “man of God,” whom thousands knew and revered in later years as Bishop and leader of men.

His father had reached, and his mother almost reached, the age of sixty-six years, when their youngest son came back in 1867 to be their loving helper and stay. Not that they ceased in their strenuous labours on behalf of their parishioners. When in 1859 Handley went up to Cambridge and, at his going, there went away also

the pupils who had been his companions, his parents gave themselves more entirely to the parish. In all weathers the lady of the Vicarage visited every house, well-nigh every room, and everywhere this loving and beloved friend met with a warm welcome. As a parishioner wrote to the Bishop long years after her death, "her feet brought light into the room." And the Vicar himself was instant in season and out of season, labouring for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock. It was a mutual joy when the son came home to live and work alongside his parents in the old home and the old surroundings.

By a happy coincidence Handley's first two years of clerical life coincided with his elder brother George's first furlough home from China. One of his most vivid memories to the end of life was the sight of his brother and his family arriving at the Vicarage door in a carriage drawn by willing men of the parish in exuberant welcome. The influence of this missionary brother was "a living power" to his youngest brother. He often preached in the church, and again and again lectured on China in the schoolroom to crowded parish audiences. "I felt him then, as I feel him now, to be one of the nearest approaches I have ever known to the ideal of the Christian." He brought with him three children, and when he and his wife returned to China they left the two eldest in the charge of their grandparents. These children, especially the boy, found their Uncle Handley one of the most delightful of companions. He loved to poke fun at them and they at him. The boy was dubbed "the Bishop of Bincombe," and the uncle was his "chaplain," and many a letter during the years of absence at Cambridge (1873-77) passed between them in which this make-believe was sedulously kept up.

The young curate had not only his father's and his brother's example on which to mould his own life and ministry. There was at this time a noble circle of evangelical clergy, incumbents of neighbouring Dorset parishes, who met monthly for Biblical study at the

house of one or another of their number. At intervals of a year or eighteen months, by train, by coach, by gig, on horseback, they would arrive at Fordington Vicarage to spend the day in study and intercourse. There were many men of marked ability and individuality amongst them. Such were "Charles Bingham, son of an ancient county family, scholar and wit; Reginald Smith, father of Bosworth Smith of Harrow, another 'county man,' saint of God, a beautiful example of a wide and refined culture; Charles Bridges, author of a Commentary on the 119th Psalm and a book on the Christian Ministry which were deservedly well known in their time and which still find readers; and two dear friends of the Vicar of Fordington, Augustus Handley and Carr John Glyn," Handley's godfathers. Augustus Handley had been a captain in the Army, and after his conversion under the Rev. Henry Moule's influence he took Holy Orders, and became "a living, loving preacher of the Gospel of Grace." Carr John Glyn was "a wealthy friend and champion of the poor and a zealous advocate of the Bible Society." Of this "Dorset Clerical Society" Handley Moule became a member when he returned to Fordington as curate, and looking back, after forty-six years of clerical life of his own, he wrote in 1913 :

"That truly was a brotherhood of 'Israelites indeed.' No bitter party spirit ever invaded their intercourse, no subtle Church politics, no plans for pulling wires. They were men of strong convictions, but they were above all, and with all, men of God. They formed a group rare and memorable for lofty character, calm and unworldly Christian courage, noble piety, a high average of culture and untiring fidelity to their sacred charge."

The five and a half years at Fordington, from June 1867 to the end of December 1872, were mainly spent in ministering to the villagers of Fordington and in rendering filial service and love to his father and mother. They were marked by no striking and outstanding events, but they were none the less important years from the

point of view of spiritual growth. In them were formed or nurtured qualities which showed themselves in the testing years that were to follow. It was a very different life from that which he had eagerly desired to return to at Cambridge, but once deliberately chosen on grounds of filial piety, there was no repining. Rather we find this young Fellow of Trinity, whose surroundings and main interests for the previous eight years had been predominantly academic and scholarly, giving himself heartily and without stint to the simple duties of a large country parish. It is interesting to note these two interests appearing side by side in a letter which Moule wrote to Sinker on October 11th, 1867. He comments on the list of men elected to Fellowships at Trinity on the previous day with great eagerness, and then goes on :

“ . . . I wonder whether you are silently smiling at my eagerness about what now perhaps to you, from the calm heights of Rabbinical learning and the security of married happiness, seems to be a vain and boyish contest ! But you must remember how recently I have passed through it myself ; and that here, in this nook of the world, the events of Cambridge assume to me a greater and more august importance than ever.

“ Thank God, however, for the obscurity and (not idle) quiet of this dear retreat. My little work among the poor, weekly labour over a sermon, and the influence of home, are I trust, under God’s blessing, doing me great good in every way. I think my health too is getting right again. I only trust that I shall not be forgotten, either in secular or sacred remembrance, by some old and dear friends at Cambridge.”

William Law, in Chapter XXI of his *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, pictures to us the coming of a scholar to just such a parish. When Ouranius first came to his little village, it was

“ . . . as tedious to him as a prison, and every day seemed too tedious to be endured in so retired a place. He thought his parish was too full of poor and mean people, that were none of them fit for the conversation

of a gentleman. This put him upon a close application to his studies. He kept much at home, writ notes upon Homer and Plautus, and sometimes thought it hard to be called to pray by any poor body, when he was just in the midst of one of Homer's battles."

Handley Moule's attitude was the very reverse of this. He rose in large measure to the beautiful ideal set forth by Law in his picture of Ouranius after his heart had been changed by forming the habit of intercession for his people :

" Ouranius is a holy priest, full of the spirit of the Gospel, watching, labouring and praying for a poor country village. Every soul in it is as dear to him as himself. His whole life is one continual exercise of great zeal and labour. He never thinks he can do enough for his flock. He visits everybody in his parish in the same spirit of piety that he preaches to them. It would strangely delight you to see with what spirit he converses, with what tenderness he reproves, with what affection he exhorts, and with what vigour he preaches. He gladly attends upon the poorest kind of people, humbling himself to the perverse, rude and ignorant; and is so far from desiring to be considered as a gentleman that he desires to be used as the servant of all, and in the spirit of his Lord and Master girds himself and is glad to kneel down and wash any of their feet. . . ."

The whole passage is too long to quote; it should be turned to and read in its entirety, for it perfectly describes the spirit in which in after years the Bishop served his whole diocese of Durham.

With regard to the spirit in which he preached we are not left to conjecture. His first Fordington sermon still exists in MS. It was preached on July 14th, 1867, from 1 John iii. 3. " Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." He prefaced the sermon by a few personal words.

" To-day," he said, " for the first time I stand in this pulpit to teach and to exhort in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ: it is a time of deep and anxious

concern to me, who must hereafter give account to Him at His appearing for all my words spoken here. I therefore solemnly desire your prayers, that I may rightly and duly teach and expound 'none other Gospel' than that which these many years I have here been taught; that the Spirit of our Heavenly Father may be present; and that so together we may move continually forward in the footsteps of our King and of His saints. . . . This is my first mention of my own matters in this pulpit; and I wish it may be also my last, so that you may forget the preacher and fix all your view on what is preached, or rather on Him Who is preached, the great object of our Faith, our Hope and our Love."

The preacher then turned to his text and asked the congregation "to consider closely with him the words of the Apostle, for they are full of Jesus Christ; full of the hope which rests on Him and of the life which is lived by Him." The words are characteristic. Moule's sermons were always "full of Jesus Christ."

This sermon was the first of a long series. In two large quarto manuscript books the young preacher recorded the texts and main headings of 378 sermons which he preached between July 14th, 1867, and February 14th, 1872. One of these, preached from notes on Easter Sunday evening, 1871, was afterwards written out and published, with an inscription to the parishioners of St. George's, Fordington, under the title *The Fact of the Resurrection*. It is referred to in the following letter to R. Sinker :

"April 10th, 1871.

" We have passed a delightful and I hope useful Passion Week and Easter. Our evening services, held by my father for nearly forty years through the week, were attended as never before. Yesterday we had excellent congregations. In the evening I preached from 'If we believe that Jesus died and rose again . . .' on the proofs of the resurrection as a fact—on the two simple lines that the Apostles (1) were not deceivers, (2) were not deceived. . . . [He refers to Alford's Easter Sermon of 1866 and then proceeds.] But oh how dealing with such subjects brings me back on the

view of my own native unbelief and hardness of heart. When shall I learn to live as in the presence of the risen and ever-living Lord?"

He had already advanced further than many of his contemporaries in the Christian life. But he was conscious that he had not yet learnt the full secret of living in the Presence. Thirteen years later (in 1884) that lesson was to be learnt, to his infinite joy and the enrichment of his powers of ministry.

At the end of 1881 he published fifteen sermons under the title *Fordington Sermons*, which exhibit the same intellectual power, the same clear exposition, the same fidelity to truth and solicitude for the flock to whom he preached as characterized his preaching to the end. The little volume is dedicated to those "who worship now or once worshipped in Fordington church," and at its close is printed a remarkable little poem called "Fordington Pulpit," which gives us the very heart and soul of the preacher himself.¹

In a letter to one of his former classical pupils, who had asked for advice as to the preparation of sermons, he explains his own procedure :

"September 29th, 1869.

"First, would it not be a relief to try—just once now and then—an unwritten sermon? one from very full and carefully digested notes? If you are like me, the actual effort of writing out word for word one's thoughts becomes at times an almost unbearable burden; though as a rule—at least for us juniors—I believe it to be a very useful discipline. I never ventured on notes for a long time, but have now often used them, and found, when the preparation had been careful and the notes full, that the effort at the time of preaching was very little increased and the effort before preaching vastly relieved.

"Secondly, I have found great good in a course on a part of Scripture. I have now preached three such . . . (all written). They were aimed at impressing on the people—mostly very plain people—the blessing to be

¹ See p. 62.

found in out-of-the-way Scriptures, and at tempting and leading them to more reading and searching for themselves. . . . And what vast wealth the blessed Book contains.

“ This leads me to say that after the first half-dozen sermons I ever preached I began to feel ‘ I am running dry, all my ideas are becoming exhausted.’ The fact was, I had been taking quite accidental texts and writing most elaborate declamations on the Gospel from them; and when my fears led me to settle down to preaching more directly and fully from and on the Scriptures, I found I had an inexhaustible mine, if I would but work it.”

But, busy as he was with parochial duties, he did not let his scholarship rust. In September 1868 we find him writing an article on Arnobius for the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* at the request of the then Editor (Professor Lightfoot). He finds Arnobius poor reading on the whole. He writes to R. Sinker :

“ The part which is aimed at paganism is spirited and instructive, but it is the work of a Catechumen only, and displays grievous ignorance of the doctrine, and even of the history of the Gospels, stumbling often on the verge of Gnosticism. It is hard to work at it in the midst of a curate’s duties: yet there is a strange and pleasing surprise in passing from an Apology for Christianity fifteen hundred years old to ‘ bear the name ’ of the Lord Jesus in these latter days to some bed of pain or death. ‘ Part of his host hath crossed the flood, and part is crossing now.’ ”

A year or two later we find him deep in the study of Irenæus. Nor was this all. In November 1868 he writes :

“ . . . I have been engaged at intervals these two years on some verses illustrative of scenes in the Acts of the Apostles—an attempt to bring out the wonderful truth and life of the narrative, and so its heavenly lessons, in some slight degree.”

These poems were duly published in 1869. They are

vividly dramatic. To mention only one: the soldier to whom St. Paul was chained tells how his contempt changed to respect, and respect to love for Paul and faith in the Saviour he preached.

In the same year he for the first time won the Seatonian Prize, offered annually "to that Master of Arts who shall write the best English poem on a sacred subject." The subject for the year was "Christian Self-denial." On October 28th he writes to R. Sinker:

" . . . The little triumph has come to me very delightfully. Separated as I now am from the dear old University, I am pleased to be mentioned in it once more. . . ."

He was destined to be mentioned in it for the same reason year after year from this date. He won the prize from 1869 to 1873 inclusive, and again in 1876. The first four poems were written while he was at Fordington, the last two after his return to Cambridge. These remarkable poems deserve to be better known. Their elevated diction, their command of Miltonic verse, their sustained power of imaginative description and their high level of religious thought render them worthy of a high place in the estimation of all who value sacred poetry.

But these poems on "Sacred Subjects" were not the only products of his pen. In 1878 he published, in a slim volume entitled *Dorchester Poems*, fourteen poems written at intervals during the previous ten years, which breathe his love for his native place and his pride in all that concerned it. One of these, "Fordington Pulpit," has already been mentioned. Another, "The Garden Door," full of the love for parents and home which characterized the writer to the end, is printed on pages 78-9. It was written in 1878, the year after his mother died.

It will be evident that the curate of Fordington was not idle. It would rather appear from his letters that he was inclined to overtax his strength. He had worked at

high pressure ever since he went up to Cambridge in 1859, and he was doubtless feeling the effects. It was probably good for his health as well as for his mental and spiritual development that in October 1872 he received an urgent invitation from the Master of Trinity, backed by Professor Lightfoot, to return into residence and take up the office of Junior Dean. A few years before no proposal could have been more attractive; but in the intervening years his affectionate nature had taken fresh root in the old home-surroundings, and he had found congenial employment for his powers in the pastoral work of the parish. He wrote to his brother Horace :

“October 11th, 1872.

“ I heard yesterday from the Master, and a most painful conflict of feeling the letter has cost me. At present it looks to me as if it were an almost legal call of duty to go, according to the very letter of the promises demanded of me on election, as well as according to one’s sense of duty as a Fellow generally. But leaving this dear home—even for parts of the year—is no little thing to face. . . .”

He went up to Cambridge and saw the Master and other senior men, who all urged him to return.

At the same time, C. E. Vines, his senior by two years at Cambridge, and a very helpful friend to him in those early days, had just returned on furlough from India, and was able to take his place at Fordington. The way was therefore clear. Lightfoot and Westcott and many friends at Cambridge assured him of their welcome. But it was with real diffidence that he faced “ the now most strange as well as responsible work before me.”

“ But,” he writes, “ I trust that He Who delivered me from the very worst of fears ere now will yet shine on my head and help me to serve Him.”

On January 19th, 1873, “ he preached two admirable farewell-sermons. . . . Nothing could have been better.” So wrote one brother to another next day, and he goes on to report that “ Handley is to be presented with an inkstand by the Sunday School teachers to-night—

a complete secret to him and to all here, I think. Altogether, things are as cheerful as they could be under the circumstances, thank God."

Thus ended five and a half years of most loyal and devoted service to parents and to parish. The last farewells and presentation deeply touched him. "But I don't doubt that the step of going is right," he wrote to his brother Horace on January 21st. On the following Friday he once more left his home and "went up" to Cambridge.

FORDINGTON PULPIT :

A PREACHER'S WEEK-DAY THOUGHTS

Many voices yester-even
 Made these walls and arches ring
 With their high-sung hopes of Heaven,
 And the glories of its King :
 Now my footfall sounds alone
 On the aisle's long path of stone,
 Save that yonder from the loft,
 With a solemn tone and soft,
 Beating on with muffled shock,
 Conscience-waking, speaks the clock.

Holy scene, and dear as holy !
 Let me ponder thee this hour,
 Not in aimless melancholy,
 But in quest of Heaven-given power ;
 Seeking here to win anew
 Contrite love and purpose true—
 Near the Font where dewdrops cold
 Fell upon my brow of old ;
 Near the well-remember'd seat
 Set beside my mother's feet ;
 Near the Table where I bent
 At that earliest sacrament.

Let me, through this narrow door,
 Climb the Pulpit steps once more.
 Blessed place ! the Master's Word
 Child and man, I hence have heard.
 Awful place ! for hence in turn
 I have taught—so slow to learn.
 To the silence now to hearken
 Here I mount and stand alone,
 While the spaces round me darken,
 And the church is all my own ;
 While the sun's last glories fall
 From the window of the tower,
 Tracing slow their parting hour
 On the stones of floor and wall.

Seems a secret voice to thrill
 In the very air so still ;
 Turns a soul-compelling gaze
 On me from the sunset-haze :
 Sure the eternal Master's hand
 Beckons me awhile apart,
 Bids me in His Presence stand,
 While He looks me through the heart.

Sinful preacher, ask again,
 In this nearness of thy Lord,
 How to Him has rung thy strain
 When it seem'd to speak His word ?
 'Mid thy brethren's listening numbers
 Hast thou felt, with soul sincere,
 How, in thought that never slumbers,
 This great Listener stood more near—
 Listening to His own high Name
 Spoken by His creature's breath—
 How from out the heavens He came,
 How He poured His soul in death,
 How He triumph'd o'er the grave,
 How He lives on high to save,
 How He yet again shall come,
 Lord of glory and of doom !

Has He found thy message true ?
 Truth, and truly spoken too ?
 Utter'd with a purpose whole
 From a self-forgetful soul,
 Bent on nothing save the fame
 Of the great redeeming Name,
 And the pardon, life and bliss,
 Of the flock He bought for His ?

Think !—but ah, with thoughts like these,
 Hasten, sinner, to thy knees.

1878.

CHAPTER VI

CAMBRIDGE AND FORDINGTON (1873-1880)

WHEN Moule left Cambridge in 1865 to take up a Mastership at Marlborough, he had thought of an absence of three or four years at most, but, as we have seen, nearly eight years had passed before he returned. Eight years make a very great difference at a University. The University itself was changing. In 1865 candidates for the M.A. degree were still required to make the old subscriptions and declarations of membership of the Church of England; but two years before his return an Act of Parliament had finally abolished religious tests, although Heads of Colleges and many Fellows were still required to be in Holy Orders. A few of his contemporaries were still in residence as Fellows and officers of his own and other colleges, but the vast majority had gone down for good. New faces met him in the courts, new names were written on the staircases, new men occupied the rooms in which he and his friends had once "kept."

Moreover, he himself was not the same. Two years at Marlborough, and five and a half years of pastoral work at Fordington, had changed the young scholar of Trinity, wrestling with religious and intellectual difficulties, into a man of disciplined character and settled convictions. When he left he was still *in statu pupillari*; when he returned, it was to hold office in the College, and that an office specially concerned with discipline. Trinity College has two Deans, and he was successively Junior and Senior Dean during the four and a half years from January 1873 to June 1877. This office brought him much into contact with the Master,

W. H. Thompson, of whom he drew the lifelike portrait quoted on page 19. He remembered the old sallies, and naturally wondered how they would get on together. As is so often the case, he found beneath the keen and sometimes caustic wit "an entirely kind heart, a sympathy and an insight, which at all real needs were ready."

He found a few old friends amongst the Dons, such as E. T. Leeke and A. E. Humphreys; and he soon made others, such as R. Appleton, A. F. Kirkpatrick, and A. H. F. Boughey.

"I think," writes E. T. Leeke, "he felt a bit out of touch amongst the Fellows, hardly realizing how much he was valued, and conscious of the differences between himself and some of them on religious questions."

And yet there is no doubt that his quiet consistent life and faithful adherence to what he believed to be true were a powerful witness for his Lord and Master. As Canon Leeke puts it :

"What has he been to me and many others? What has he *not* been to me? How much more might he not have been to us, if God had given us eyes to see more clearly what manner of man he was!"

As Dean, he was responsible for the discipline of the College. If, for instance, a man had not kept the requisite number of Chapel attendances (at this time five on week-days, two on Sundays), or if he had been out after hours at night without leave, or had committed any flagrant violation of College rules, he would receive a polite note from the Dean, summoning him to an interview at a given hour. If satisfactory explanations were not given, penalties were imposed. It can easily be understood that the Dean was not always the most popular official in the College. It was an office which demanded tact and good-will. That these were forthcoming in his case is evidenced by the following colloquy, which took place in the

University Union Society's writing-room one day in April 1873 :

Scott of Trinity (now Canon Scott of Manchester) :
" Well, the Junior Dean is a great success."

H. M. M. " What, does he really make the men go to Chapel ? "

S. of T. " He not only does that, but he makes them like him too. They thought it a nuisance being sent for, when he first began ; but they come away, saying that they can't help liking him. This is thoroughly felt throughout the College."

The two Deans were responsible for the conduct of the Chapel services. Their march up the Chapel to their seats was the signal for the service to commence, and they took their turns with the Master and others to preach and to celebrate. Attendance of undergraduates (with few exceptions) was obligatory on Sunday evenings, and it was a remarkable sight to see the Chapel filled with nearly 600 men in surplices. Surplices were, and are to this day, the rule on Sundays and Holy Days.

When Moule came up as a Freshman, the discipline in Chapel was far from perfect. The seats at the east end were distant from the seats of the Deans, and were at that time known familiarly as " Iniquity Corner." Many of the men made no pretence of attending to the service, and engaged in conversation and in other ways of wiling away the time. Here there had been a considerable alteration for the better by 1873. The more grossly indecorous behaviour had been stopped, and it was possible for men in these seats to take a devout part in the service. This improvement continued under the new Dean. Dr. Sinker bears witness that " in the years in which Mr. Moule held the office of Dean, he was able in various ways to exercise a tremendous influence for good on those committed to him." When we reflect on the fact that a large proportion of those 600 undergraduates were destined to fill in years to come important positions in Church and State and Nation, we

cannot fail to realize the importance of carrying on efficiently the official duties which devolved upon him as Dean.

But Moule went further. He was not content to confine his intercourse with the junior members of the College to formal interviews and general supervision. He made it part of his business to seek out individual men, especially those who had been commended to him by parents or friends, and to show them kindness.

Before he went up he had planned to keep his Sundays, apart from Service times, as quiet as he could; but he very soon felt constrained to invite men to come to his rooms for a Greek Testament reading on Sunday evenings at a quarter-past nine. His rooms were just west of the clock tower in the Old Court, and not a few Trinity men, now in their sixties, look back with pleasure to the gatherings which took place there. "We sang a hymn together and knelt in prayer and then opened the Greek Testament for half an hour of exposition." As many as twenty to twenty-five were often present, filling the room to its full capacity. Twenty years later he published a little volume entitled *Jesus and the Resurrection*, and inscribed it "to any who may still remember that Upper Chamber in the Old Court." It contains expositions of the closing chapter of St. John's Gospel, which he gave in 1874; *The High Priestly Prayer* (1907) is based upon similar expositions given in the following year; those who read them will understand how attractive as well as profitable those Sunday evening gatherings were.

Nor did he forget the choir. In December 1873, in a letter to his mother, he refers to the good work going on at the Choir School (a branch of the Jesus Lane Sunday School, which was manned in term entirely by University men), and says: "Some of the boys do seem indeed in the brightest and simplest way to have learnt to love the Saviour. I saw some of them at their homes this afternoon, and was very much encouraged." The Junior Dean prepared some of these choristers for

confirmation and held a class for instruction in the Prayer Book. At Eastertide, 1874, he founded the "Trinity College Chapel Choir Union for private prayer." "Junior members of the choir, being confirmed and regular communicants," were "qualified to be full members." Four or five members of the College, connected with the choir officially or choir school teachers, joined as associates. Subjects for prayer were provided for daily use. The then head choir-boy, now chief clerk in the College Office, writes :

"I well remember the late Bishop Moule as Dean at Trinity. It was one of the greatest privileges of my life to receive instruction from him. His interest in the boys was always most keen, and we all thoroughly enjoyed and certainly profited by his teaching in the Saturday evening Bible class. How considerate he was of others. He always gave us cocoa and cake (much appreciated by us boys !), and he apologized for the limited supply of crockery, saying, 'I don't like to give my bedmaker unnecessary trouble on Sunday morning.' He was for ever planning for our pleasure, now a short course of elementary astronomy, showing us planets, etc., through his fine telescope, now an excursion to some interesting place. These were always intensely interesting. Those of us whom he prepared for Confirmation enjoyed an inestimable privilege, and some of his teaching I shall never forget. . . ."

At the end of 1874 Moule writes to his brother George :

"I begin to feel a real acquaintance with many of the young Christian students, and they seem to care to turn to me for help in a way which seems to show that College is a place where I may hope to be of use."

The Rev. C. Lea-Wilson was one of these students. He taught in the choir school, and he writes :

"I remember the delightful way in which he spoke to the boys when he launched the Prayer Union. . . . We always flew to him in our troubles, *e.g.* when a woman mesmerist was doing great harm amongst undergraduates. He went at once to the Vice-Chancellor and

the woman was sent away. How well, too, I remember going to the Dean about a man on my own staircase, about whose spiritual life I was very anxious. Moule asked him to breakfast, and, though he had accepted Christ as Saviour the night before, that breakfast was the very greatest help in starting the young brother in the Christian life."

As it happens, Moule wrote to his brother George in China about the same breakfast.

"That morning I felt poorly and down, and as if I could help no one. We had scarcely been ten minutes together, before he said : 'I am happy to say that my cloud is gone,' and then followed a most touching confession of his new-found joy in simple faith in the Lord Jesus. It was very blessed. He is a man of very steady, sensible character, our best Greek Testament prize-man of his year last summer and a great rowing man."

In another letter he tells of a young undergraduate, lying at death's door, to whom he spoke the word of life with cheering result, and of the father of a choir-boy, whom he also visited in illness and in whom a great change was wrought "from above."

The advent of the young Dean of Trinity was welcomed by friends outside the College. He was invited to preach regularly on Sunday evenings at St. Sepulchre's ("the Round Church") by the Rev. A. W. W. Steel. He began on the very first Sunday of Term, and as time went on, he gave more and more of his strength to work at this church. Mr. Steel's health became so precarious that he leaned increasingly on his younger friend.

"I remember," writes Dr. Sinker, "how regularly he used to come over, when the Sunday evening service was finished in the College Chapel, to St. Sepulchre's just in time to give the Sermon. A great crowd of undergraduates came to hear him, and as the old Norman church was well filled with parishioners the result was a closely packed church, a row of undergraduates even sitting on the cushion that encircled the Communion rails."

At the close of the service he returned to his rooms to get a hasty supper and to make ready for his undergraduate friends at 9.15. Truly Sunday was a day of very strenuous, albeit happy, service for his Lord and Master.¹

The welcome from leading men in the University was equally warm. He was invited to preach twice in the University pulpit in 1873. He was appointed an examiner for the Classical Tripos in 1874 and 1875, for the Theological Voluntary in 1873, and for the Theological Tripos in 1874.² Amidst all these numerous activities he still found time to write poems, which both in 1873 and in 1875 won him the Seatonian Prize for the fifth and sixth times.

So strenuous a worker must have been ready for the vacations as they came. In the Long Vacation of 1875 Handley Moule and his brother Charles, with three friends, Appleton, Humphreys and Lang, secured four days for a boating excursion on the Severn. The weather was not favourable, and the voyage was not without risk, but they had "a refreshing and successful time." Starting from Shrewsbury at 6 p.m. in two light boats, they were delayed by running aground several times in unexpected shallows and having to get out and drag the boat into deeper water. It became quite dark. Humphreys and Moule were in advance and were looking out for the hoped-for inn. "The stream was running quite fast and, as we rowed on, we came full tilt against the huge wire rope of a ferry, which knocked us both completely over in the boat. Mercifully we did not even lose our oars, much less fall out." They visited the Roman "Uriconium" (now Wroxeter),

¹ So much was his ministry at the Round Church appreciated that at the end of 1874 he was offered "Trinity Church." The proposal almost overwhelmed him, but he felt "obliged on the spot to decline," chiefly because it would tie him in Cambridge nearly all the year round and so make impossible the help which, as matters stood, he delighted to render to his parents during the Vacations.

² The Voluntary was held for the last time in 1873, and was succeeded in the following year by the Tripos.

Worcester and other places. The following poem records the feelings aroused by their visit to Worcester Cathedral. It is addressed "to a friend":

Wilt thou not long hence remember how beside the Severn shore
After hours of watery labour for a while we slacked the oar,
And at length in Worcester's city entered the Cathedral door?
Wilt thou not recall the sweetness, when the vesper bell was rung,
Through the aisles to worship calling with a faint and silvery
tongue,

And the breathing organ duly, soft and low, its prelude sung?
Summoned by the organ voices, passing inward, pair on pair,
Clerks and singers snowy-vestured hastened up the chancel-stair,
Ever by a changeless custom honouring the hour of prayer.

[Listening to the "charted sounds," his thoughts pass to where "in no terrestrial Temple" ascends "the chant of endless worship."]

Saviour, who Thy Saints art gathering through that happy
temple door,
From the silent streams of this world and the last dark river's
shore,
There to gaze and love for ever, and to wander out no more;
Watch us yet awhile who travel o'er the oft-beclouded tide;
In our toil and in our darkness yet a season be our Guide;
Grant us so to reach Thy temple, numbered with the glorified.¹

During these four and a half years his life centred round two *foci*—Trinity and Fordington. However full of interest was the work at Cambridge, this truly devoted son always hastened back to the old home with ardour and delight. He was never so happy as when he could be ministering to his parents' comfort and happiness. As early as November 1875 we find his brother George writing to him from China, urging him not to think of giving up his work at Cambridge and returning to Fordington, and in February 1877 George (now at home) and his father unite to give the same advice. But in August of this latter year came the shock of his mother's death. He had come home at the end of the May term. On June 29th he was standing talking with her in the house, when the stroke came and she fell paralysed into his arms. For eight weeks

¹ *Christianus and other poems.*

husband and sons watched over the silent form, and then, a little after sunrise, on August 21st, her spirit found release and she was “with Christ.” Three days later six sons carried her body to the grave amidst literally weeping throngs. One verse must be quoted of a poem, which came to her son Charles in the watches of the following night, as showing what she had been throughout her long life :

“ Farewell, beloved and noble face
 Reflection of the Saviour’s grace
 Fair image of a life
 Which, pressing towards the Holiest Place,
 Still climbed the steep, still ran the race,
 And conquered in the strife ! ”

“ For long, long years,” wrote Handley, on the day of the funeral, “ she has combined in a very sweet way intense love for her husband and children with yet more intense love and longing for the Saviour and His presence. My father is wonderfully upheld. He gave the Blessing himself at the end of the service in a calm, clear voice.”

There seems to have been no doubt in Moule’s mind as to where his duty lay. His father must not be left to bear the weight of the parish alone. He wrote to resign his College work. This involved giving up at the same time his labours at St. Sepulchre’s. Mr. Steel wrote in September 1877 :

“ What shall we in Cambridge do ? It will be a very serious loss to us all. The congregation have greatly valued your ministrations, and I know how much they will miss you. As for myself, your kind help has been so great and so thorough that it has been a real relief to me during this season, when I have been able to do little or nothing, and I cannot sufficiently express all I feel towards you.”

Personally the writer remembers the surprise and regret with which, on returning to Trinity in October for his second year, he heard that Mr. Moule had resigned his office and “ gone down.” It was difficult to believe that any call could be stronger, or any work more

urgent, than the work in which he had been engaged at Cambridge.

For the best part of three years, from September 1877 to May 1880, behold therefore the erstwhile Dean of Trinity resuming his humble labours as Curate of Fordington. His brother George with his family had arrived home once more in the summer of 1876. It was a great joy and strength to Handley to have his brother residing in a house near by and able from time to time to help in church and school-room. Moreover, his brother Charles used to spend the vacations for the most part at the Vicarage. Diaries tell of the happy associations of the brothers in services, in walks and excursions, and in home reunions. The little nephew and niece, who had so long lived with their grandparents, were a continual interest, and Handley gave much of his time to teaching the boy Greek, Latin, Ancient History, Euclid and Music.

The return to his native haunts prompted him to sing afresh in verse the praises of Dorset, and in 1878 were published the *Dorchester Poems*, to which reference has already been made in Chapter V.

Another bit of literary work to which for twelve months he devoted his keen and delicate scholarship was the "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" in the *Cambridge Bible for Schools*. He set himself, not to a display of learning, but "to weigh the sacred text itself and its often subtle connections of thought," and then to set forth the teaching of the inspired Apostle as clearly and as forcibly as possible. It was published in 1879. New light has been shed upon the Epistle since then, but in its day and for its scope it was a model of what a commentary should be, and it was warmly praised.

His father was seventy-seven in January 1878, and could take less and less part in the active work of the parish, so that the bulk of the preaching and visiting fell upon the younger man. He stood at his post with unremitting fidelity, his longest absence from the parish being under three weeks.

One of these brief absences was in March 1878, when he took advantage of a "College meeting," *i. e.* a meeting of the Fellows of the College, to which he had been summoned, to revisit Cambridge. He stayed with Mr. Steel, saw hosts of friends, and preached at the Round Church, at St. Benet's, and (twice) at the Servants' Service in Trinity.

For another College meeting he paid a flying visit to Cambridge for two nights in October of the same year. He records in his Diary how by a unanimous vote Aldis Wright (for many years the respected Vice-Master of the College) was elected Fellow. Aldis Wright took his degree in 1858, but his Nonconformist views had disqualified him for a Fellowship until now.

The only other holiday of general interest was one which he took in August of the same year, when he and his brother Charles visited Paris. They of course visited Notre Dame, but the special attraction was the "Exposition" of Art and Industry, which had been set up in the Trocadero and the Champ de Mars, and which gave them occupation and interest day after day for five days. They also found time to attend services at Mission Halls in connection with the McAll Mission and with Miss De Broen's dispensary work in Belleville.

Thus in pastoral labours and in literary work the brief period of his second curacy passed to its destined end. On January 27th, 1880, he makes the following entry in his Diary: "Beloved Father's 79th Birthday. He reaches it, thank God, well and strong in body and spirit. Oh, Lord, spare him thus long to us." How little did the writer foresee that on that day week that beloved father was to pass away. On the following Friday his father caught a severe chill while visiting in the parish. He grew rapidly worse; absent sons were hastily summoned; they watched round his bed all Monday night, and on Tuesday morning, while Handley was at prayers with the servants, "our most beloved, revered and now infinitely blessed Father died in painless sleep." The entry on Friday, February 6th, the day

of the funeral, records : “Great crowds, most reverent, sympathetic and orderly. The people are amazingly loving.”

On the Sunday Handley preached in the morning, George in the afternoon, Arthur in the evening. The congregations were very large at all three services, in the evening “immense.” Frederick read the prayers morning and evening.

Thus went to his reward the veteran Vicar of Fordington in a good old age, having retained his faculties and served his people to the end.

Handley’s sermon was printed in the *Dorset County Express*, and drew from Mr. Thomas Hardy the following interesting letter :

February 11th, 1880.

“ I have just been reading in a Dorset paper a report of your sermon on the death of your father, and I cannot refrain from sending you a line to tell you how deeply it has affected me, and—what is more to the point—to express my sense of the singular power with which you have brought his life and innermost heart before all readers of that address.

“ You will, I am sure, believe me when I say that I have been frequently with you and your brothers in spirit during the last few days. Though not, topographically, a parishioner of your father’s I virtually stood in that relation to him, and his home generally, during many years of my life, and I always feel precisely as if I had been one. I had many times resolved during the year or two before his death to try to attend a service in the old Church in the old way, before he should be gone: but to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!—I never did.

“ A day or two ago Matthew Arnold talked a good deal about him to me: he was greatly struck with an imperfect description I gave him (from what I had heard my father say) of the state of Fordington fifty years ago, and its state after the vicar had brought his energies to bear upon the village for a few years. His words, ‘energy is genius,’ express your father very happily.

“ Please give my kind remembrances to Mr. Charles

Moule and your other brothers who have not forgotten me—if they are with you—and believe me,

“Sincerely yours,

“THOMAS HARDY.”

Part of another letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy, written many years later, may be added here as making further reference to the father's preaching. Another portion of this letter, referring to the cholera visitation has already been quoted. The Bishop had sent him a copy of a study of his father's life, and received the following in reply :

Max Gate, Dorchester, June 29th, 1919.

“MY DEAR BISHOP OF DURHAM,

“You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just posted, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse, ‘All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come,’ I interrupted and said, ‘That was the text of the Vicar of Fordington one Sunday evening about 1860.’ And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on—in the way they used to repeat it in those days—just as if it were but yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should add that he delivered his discourse without note of any kind. . . .

“Believe me, always sincerely yours,

“THOMAS HARDY.”

The parishioners sent a unanimous petition to the patron asking him to appoint one of their late Vicar's sons; but the Patron had other designs, and a week after the funeral it was announced that the parish had been committed to other hands.

The door thus closed behind him. At the same time more than one door opened in front. The Vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge, the Rev. John Barton, wrote promptly, offering him the “Evening Lectureship” at that Church. This Lectureship had been

founded in the seventeenth century, and it still exists.¹ The same day Mr. Image, one of the Tutors at Trinity and a younger contemporary of his, wrote very warmly about rooms in College. The next day's post brought a letter from Bishop Perry (of Melbourne, but now retired) offering him the Principalship of Ridley Hall. This last offer he, at the time, felt "compelled to decline."

By February 26th that process began of going through old papers and treasures, the necessary destruction of many a relic of the past, and the packing of what is left for removal, which is the painful sequel of the death of the Vicar of a parish.

On March 4th he crossed the Dorset border for the first time since October 1878. He went to Cambridge to stay with the Bartons and preached in Trinity Church on the evening of his arrival. The next day he went to see Ridley Hall, then in course of erection, and inspected the rooms proposed for him at Trinity. The same evening he spoke for the C.M.S. at the Town Hall. The meeting was pronounced "the best ever held in Cambridge." Before he went to bed he was "able to arrange happily for the future with Barton. Thank God."

The Monday before Easter (March 16th) saw the induction of the new Vicar of Fordington, but he did not take up the duty until May 30th, and Handley, with the help of his brothers, George and Arthur, continued to minister in the parish. Charles was also at the old home for Easter. On Good Friday for the last time the brothers took the Came Wood walk, which had become traditional with them on that day. On Sunday, May 23rd, and on the Wednesday following, he preached his last sermons "in the beloved Church" to full congregations. "So ends my ministry of the Word in this dear place. Lord, forgive me."

It is to any man a solemn and heart-searching thing to close his ministry in a parish, and to know that, for

¹ See *Charles Simeon*, by H. C. G. Moule, M.A., Methuen & Co., for many interesting particulars about this Lectureship.

good or evil, his work is done. To Handley Moule it was especially so. His deeply sensitive conscience recalled "omissions and commissions of thirteen years of utterance"; his heart was torn by the pain of farewell to well-loved brethren; but above all he felt that he stood there, as his father's son, to bring to a close the ministry of the Word, which that father had carried on for over fifty years. No wonder that the sermon he preached on the Sunday evening from the text (Acts xx. 32), "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified," revealed his inmost heart, and went home with intensity of force to the hearts of his hearers. We may rest well assured that in the day of the Lord, when every man's work shall be made manifest, the work done in Fordington by father and sons will not fail to receive its reward.

THE GARDEN-DOOR.

Beside the midnight fire awhile I sit and muse alone;
The dark wind wanders round the house with wild and weary
tone;
The garden-trees are moved aloft, and hark, amidst the roar
I hear upon its hinges swung the unlatched garden-door.

The soul is hushed for Memory's voice, speak with what voice
she will,
And oft as yon small sound is heard her accents reach me still;
And swift and silent o'er the mind a thousand hours are rolled,
A thousand passings out and in at that dear Gate of old.

There oft, by tenderest escort led, our little feet would go
For happy rambles through the corn, or where the mead-flowers
blow,
Or venturous play in snow-piled lanes at ancient Christmas-times,
Or duly to the sacred door at sound of Sabbath-chimes.

There oft in after days we went, with glad and eager noise,
For river-plunge, or coastward march, a group of careless boys;
To drive the ball upon the down, to rove the purple heath,
To track the woods where nests hung high and violets lurked
beneath.

And holier feet than ours, old Gate, by thee have come and gone,
Below the ivied slab and down at those two steps of stone;
On journeys not of health and mirth those blessed feet were bent,
But seeking those who sinned and sighed—for so their Master
went.

There, when the Pestilence was blown on that dire Autumn's
breath,
Morn, noon, and night, our Father sped to wrestle hard with
death;
Uncounted times he there has passed, as there he passes yet,
To churchway-walk and pulpit-stair, on God's own errand set.

There, year and day, and storm and shine, to cottage door on
door,
Or when the Sabbath called her school to throng the busy floor,
At length with age-worn steps and slow but never-weary love
She went who is our Mother still, though now she lives above.

• • • • •
Ah, midnight winds that heave the door, ye reck not as ye blow
What thoughts ye strike into this heart, what nameless joy and
woe;
What smiles of welcome beam again, what hands at parting wave,
What words again are breathed in tones that overlive the grave !

Hush, hush the trees, thou moaning wind, let go the garden-door !
And yet—'tis worth the anguish well to have known such years of
yore !

I'll take the dear Past in my soul, and, ere I sleep, I'll come
And pour it on the blessed page that lights the mourner home.

1878

CHAPTER VII

RETURN TO CAMBRIDGE, MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE

THE four months which elapsed between his father's death and his final handing over of the parish to the new Vicar had been months of great strain upon mind, heart and spirit. It was well, therefore, that Moule was not at once called upon to undertake fresh exacting duty. June, July and August were almost entirely spent in Dorset. His brother George's home (at Fordington and at Holworth near the sea) was his headquarters, but he paid many week-end visits to clerical friends and neighbours, preaching for them generally twice on the Sunday, but otherwise taking innumerable walks and enjoying to the full the glorious scenery of his beloved Dorset. The time at the seaside, in congenial company, seems to have been specially delightful. He generally bathed before breakfast, and not infrequently bathed a second, if not a third, time before the day was out. Walking, boating, sketching, conversation and music were the order of the day during what was for the most part a very fine and beautiful summer.

In the first week in September he paid a round of farewell visits to his old parishioners, accomplishing an average of twenty-six calls a day, rising on one day to fifty-four. At last, on September 8th, comes this entry in his Diary: "To-day left my beloved home-village as a residence for ever—so far as human foresight goes."

In the previous April Bishop Ryle of Liverpool had asked him to be one of his Examining Chaplains. In 1880, and for years afterwards, the examinations were held in the week immediately preceding the Ordination, and it was a painful necessity at times to have to report

that in the opinion of the Examiners one or more candidates had failed to reach the due standard and ought not to be ordained. In Advent 1884 six candidates at Liverpool were thus rejected. The work is both exacting and responsible, and it speaks well for the clergy of the Church of England that there has always been a sufficient number of competent men willing to perform these arduous functions.

For twenty years Handley Moule was such a man, and accordingly on September 13th, 1880, we find him going to Liverpool to take his part in the examination of candidates during the week, and in the Ordination Service on the following Sunday at the pro-Cathedral. His heart was in his work and, busy as he was in subsequent years, he cheerfully made time for this service, the wise carrying out of which is so essential to the well-being of the Church.

October 1st was the first day of the Michaelmas Term, and on that day he went up to Cambridge, which was to be, for the next twenty-one years, his sphere of work. He went up as Principal-Elect of Ridley Hall, of which an account is given in the next chapter. He seldom entered any expression of his own feelings in his diaries, but under this date he writes : "Lord, bless my coming in to this new life. Home is past, but not forgotten before Thee. O God of my parents, be with me."

The next day he preached his first Sermon as "Lecturer" in Trinity Church, and on the following Sunday the University Sermon at Great St. Mary's. On the latter occasion his text was "The bright and morning Star."¹ Its message was admirably set forth, and applied to those who in the morning of life had just entered on their academic course. The preacher at the very outset of his "new life" at Cambridge pointed to his Saviour and Lord as "not Hesperus that sets, but Phosphorus that rises, the pledge of reviving life and growing light and all the energies and pleasures of the

¹ Printed in *The Secret of the Presence* as Sermon II.

happy day." And the witness was not in vain, for within the next two days he received most welcome evidence of its appreciation alike by Vice-Chancellor and by Freshman. In November he again preached in the University Church—this time before the Judge (Sir Henry Hawkins):¹ and also in the Chapel—ever dear to him—of Trinity College.

Thus began a very busy Term and quarter of the year. After a fortnight's stay under Mr. Barton's hospitable roof at Trinity Vicarage, he took up his abode in rooms at 11, Regent Street. He was not alone, as his nephew, Arthur J. H. Moule, came up to Cambridge at this time and lodged at the same address, and another nephew, G. T. Moule, joined the party on December 23rd. The day usually began with Chapel in Trinity College at 7.30. The rest of the day was spent either in parochial labours in connection with Trinity Church, or in making preparations and arrangements for the opening of Ridley Hall, or in public service for and personal intercourse with members of his College and University. When he was free he went to "Hall" at 5 p.m., and enjoyed the company of Westcott, King, and other distinguished men at the High Table and afterwards in the Combination Room.

During this term he paid two brief but memorable visits to London, and one to Southampton. On October 28th his brother George was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral to the Bishopric of Mid-China, and all his five brothers were present. The occasion was noteworthy: two other Bishops were consecrated, one for North China, the other for the West Indies. The Archbishop and many Bishops took part, and the service was "majestic." A month later Bishop George Moule ordained two men to the priesthood in Islington parish church, and his brother Handley preached the sermon. On December 22nd the new Bishop of Mid-China sailed

¹ A remarkable Sermon, written at a few hours' notice, and published in *Christ is All* as Sermon XI: "Justification, human and Divine."

with his wife for the East, four out of the five brothers seeing them off at Southampton. Handley entered with deep feeling into all that these three occasions meant and foreshadowed. The day after his return from Southampton was his thirty-ninth birthday. It was "the first birthday," and December 25th following was "the first Christmas, ever spent away from the beloved home. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." It was not to be long, however, before this home-loving man was at last to set up a home of his own.

On January 20th, 1881, Mr. Moule and his nephew moved from their rooms in Regent Street into the Principal's Lodge at Ridley Hall (sleeping the first night on mattresses on the floor !), and a week later the Hall was formally opened, as related in the next chapter. The pressure upon the Principal in the weeks that followed was tremendous. He carried on his own shoulders, unaided, the entire work of instruction and training and administration in the Hall. In addition to the ordinary routine, there were inevitably many matters to be attended to before everything connected with the Hall was in working order. He was one of the Examiners for the University scholarships; he was preaching regularly once a week at Trinity Church; he was Cambridge correspondent for *The Record*, and he had many other calls upon his time and strength. But, as he himself puts it, he was "mercifully helped."

At first he gave two lectures daily, from Monday to Friday, and on Saturday he lectured on the construction of sermons. But eventually he found it necessary to take a Monday holiday. He certainly must have needed it. His only recreations at this period seem to have been occasional walks in the afternoons and certain evenings at Trinity Vicarage, where he, and at times his brother Charles, enjoyed good music and read aloud from Milton and other English poets. Music had always meant much to him. During those busy pastoral years at Fordington he found time to study counterpoint

with care, and he composed more than one hymn tune of merit and beauty. To the end of his life he enjoyed playing on a double-manual harmonium, of delightful tone, which he brought with him from the old home.

Up to this time he had lived contentedly as a bachelor. His Fellowship at Trinity was held on that condition, and, apart from this, he had not hitherto met the one whom he recognized as his future helpmeet. But now came a change. Those evenings of music and literature brought him into close touch with Miss Elliott, Mrs. Barton's sister, and in her he found a lover of English literature and an accomplished musician who had studied under Sir Sterndale Bennett. This mutual love of music and of literature, together with a common devotion to Christ, drew them together, first in friendship and then in love. They were engaged in May 1881, and married in August of the same year. Harriot Mary Elliott was the youngest child of a very able father, Charles Boileau Elliott, who after rising high in the service of the East India Company (like his father and grandfather before him) resigned and took Holy Orders. He was for many years Rector of the family living of Tattingstone in Suffolk, but for reasons of health was often abroad. It was during one of these absences from home that his youngest child was born in Paris in September 1844, and she liked afterwards to feel herself a citizen of Paris, and always had a warm sympathy with the French. She was, in fact, descended from the Huguenot branch of the family of Boileau de Castelnau, who had fled to Ireland upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, giving up home and country for the sake of their Faith. Mr. Elliott brought up his family on the most Spartan principles—in severe winters they had to break the ice in their morning baths, and summer and winter alike they had to be in the garden, whatever the weather, by half-past six for half an hour's walk before breakfast.

Mary was sent to school, first at Coblenz, then in London and finally at Geneva. From 1863 to 1877, with

the exception of two visits to England, she lived with her parents in Italy. She thus became equally proficient in French, Italian and German. During one of her rare visits to England she spent several months with her friend Lady Eastlake, widow of the well-known painter, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. In that artistic and literary circle she met Robert Browning, and liked to recall that one evening he had taken her in to dinner. But this was only an interlude in a life which was devoted to her now invalid parents. During their later years she was the only unmarried daughter, and she watched over them both with ceaseless care until they died—her father in 1875 and her mother in 1877. She then came to Cambridge and made her home with her sister at Trinity Vicarage. The long years of strain had told severely upon her, but in course of time she regained sufficient health and strength to enable her to take her part in the many activities of her sister's home and her brother-in-law's parish.

At the wedding in Trinity Church four of Handley's brothers were present, and Charles was his best man. The officiating clergy were his Uncle Horace and Miss Elliott's two brothers-in-law, the Rev. John Barton and the Rev. John Cane. Thus began a married life which lasted for nearly thirty-four years, and brought to both of them a renewal of youth and ever-increasing happiness.

They went to Derbyshire and Scotland for the wedding tour, and in spite of torrential rain in Derbyshire they enjoyed it to the full. On October 1st, the anniversary day of his arrival in Cambridge a year before, Mr. Moule brought his bride to Ridley Lodge, which was to be their home for the next eighteen years.

We shall see in the next chapter the Principal in his Study, preparing lectures, holding interviews, and writing books. But he did not live always in the Study. From that room one door opened into the Library. Through it he went to his lectures. Through it he welcomed students who came to obtain counsel or

admonition or teaching. But the Study had another door. This opened into the Drawing-room, and as he stepped through it he left behind him, for the time, the cares of the Principal, and revealed himself as the tender husband, the loving father, the most courteous and friendly host.

Rarely, if ever, can there have been two persons more entirely one than Handley Moule and his wife Mary. One who knew them intimately says :

“ They were very different in temperament and largely different in upbringing, but they were wonderfully united. Apart from oneness in spiritual things, their tastes were much alike. Both loved music and books. It was a great rest to him at the end of a long day’s work to listen to her playing. Within her sphere she was her husband’s right hand and helper. She wrote out or typed many of his sermons and books, and her genius as a hostess was a great help to him in his manifold hospitalities.”

And he—what an exemplification he was of his own description of “ true married love with its endearments, its boundless intimacy, and its profound underlying mutual respect ” (*Grace and Virtue*, pp. 124–125). He was “ the lover and the knight to the last.” His was the “ unutterable spirit of absolutely loyal affection shown just so far as to be unmistakable to his life’s partner and carried out into every detail.” His “ strong tenderness over his wife,” his “ delicate respect and consideration for her every need and every due only grew and deepened with the years, ripening for immortality.”

Being such a husband, it is not surprising that he was also a father whom his children greatly loved. Two daughters were born to him. The elder, Mary Emily Elliott, was born on November 17th, 1882; the younger, Isabel Catherine, followed in February 1884. To the father and mother the coming of these two little ones meant the thinking out of the ideals upon which a Christian home should be planned and built. It was

obvious that there could be no mechanical copying of the past, even though that past meant the old Vicarage home at Fordington. But, allowing for the altered circumstances which the passage of forty years had brought, these two resolved to "carry on the old noble reverence for Divine things, for the holy Day, for the holy Book, for the worship of the Church, for the prayers of the home." They resolved to "cherish with all the ancient loyalty the ordered brightness of a life in which Christ is 'the unseen Head of the family,' Whose influence is felt and evidenced in everything."

Just because these were the ideals of the home, no more happy home-life could be imagined than that in which the two children "lived and moved and had their being."

"Our father," writes his daughter Isabel, "must have had a peculiar genius for entering into the world of a child's imagination. In Fordington days he showed this with his little nephews and nieces, and there are letters to and from his nephew George—a correspondence in which the nephew figures as Bishop and his uncle as chaplain—showing this delightful humorous friendship with small minds. He was middle-aged when he married—both my parents were—but on looking back I wonder at the way in which they entered into our childhood's thoughts and feelings.

"Very early we realized the sacredness of 'the Study,' and had a wholesome awe of my father in his busy working hours. With all his love of us he was strict, and the Study was not a place to run in and out of at will.

"But when he came out of the Study we found him the delightful and amusing companion. He teased us unmercifully, as he used to say, yet never unkindly, trying, as I can remember, to tease us out of some fault or habit rather than scold us out of it. He was to us the *raconteur* of the best stories. During our early years our mother was a good deal of an invalid, so that it was our father with whom we went for many a walk. What we specially looked forward to on these walks was the telling by him of fascinating stories from Greek and Roman history, such as 'How the Geese saved the

Capitol.' He entered into and enlarged upon our childish impersonations and flights of imagination with the most delicious humour. To the end of his life he would recall some of them with fresh amusement. He would make for us delightful 'Nonsense Rhymes,' and, later on, was the life and soul of a poetry game, if time allowed him to join in it. He gave us many a happy hour by reading aloud to us from *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tales of a Grandfather*, and other books, which he had loved in his own childhood. We loved them too, and the way in which he read them made them twice as fascinating to us. He early read to us good poetry—Cowper, Wordsworth and Tennyson chiefly—and encouraged us, both by daily example and by precept, to learn by heart. He was a keen and strong swimmer, and delighted in rowing, and he took infinite pains to teach us to do the same. On fine nights nothing pleased him more than to take any of us who could come into the Ridley Garden for a gaze at the stars. His walks and talks and readings aloud, his visits with us to Trinity College Library and King's Chapel (where we always went for the afternoon service on Christmas Day) can never be forgotten. Our wholesome awe of his displeasure never interfered with all this.

"Busy as his Sundays were, he always found time to give to us. He carried on to a large extent the strict observance of Sunday, which had been the rule at Fordington. But Sunday was not a dull day to us. When we were old enough to come down to breakfast, at the close of the meal he would suggest a subject, such as 'Light,' and all the table would think of a text containing the subject word. At lunch he would fetch his 'Times of Day' Atlas, giving the time in different places all over the world, and each of us would choose a special place and think of what time it was with a missionary friend there, and what he or she might be doing. Of course China, 'eight hours ahead,' and the doings of his brothers there, would be one topic, and the many Ridley men and other friends in the mission field supplied plenty of others.

"After lunch he would read aloud to us the *Pilgrim's Progress*—both parts—*The Holy War*, and similar books. The strict rule about Sunday reading was never irksome, even when we came to more grown-up years, because



MRS. HANDLEY MOULE (*née* Elliott).

From a miniature.

our father's beautiful reading aloud and the interesting missionary magazines and other books provided for us made us enjoy Sunday reading. After tea came our children's time for hymn-singing, and I still remember the enjoyment with which he used to sing with us. He always had a special love for hymns—a love which only increased with the years.

"It was a great pleasure to him whenever possible to attend his old College Chapel on Sunday mornings. When we were old enough we used often to go with him. After the Ridley Chapel had been built, a service was held each Sunday afternoon at 4.45 p.m. This he always took himself before going on to preach at Trinity Church; we regularly attended it, and from time to time other friends joined us."

"Gathering up these childhood memories of my father," writes his daughter, "my impression is of one to whom, in all his manifold activities, and with all his delightful humour and his interest in whatever was best in secular life and thought, God was always first. I hardly know how to put it otherwise. It was not that he was always talking about religious things—far from it. He had a certain shyness of speaking of the things he cared for most with those whom he loved best. It was the same with my mother: with her, too, God came first. And with both, as we well knew, God's Word came first in their reading. We knew, too, half unconsciously then, what they told us in later years—that from the first they had determined that their children should, if possible, never hear them say an unkind word about any one."

Happy children, who had such parents and such a home. Not that they had this home all to themselves. Never was there a more hospitable house. Guests were continually coming for a night or a week—missionaries, speakers, friends. Scarcely a day passed without men coming in to meals. The weekly "At Home" generally meant a crowded drawing-room. Mrs. Moule used to invite Girton and Newnham students to her house, and asked various interesting people to meet them. To all the Principal and his wife were delightfully kind and welcoming hosts. It was always good to be there.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

The following letter to his nephew, G. T. Moule, illustrates both his keen sense of humour and his prowess in "a poetry game."

Cambridge, October 7th, 1880.

"**MY DEAREST 'BISHOP,'**

"This is indeed good news. England will yet be what she *ought* to be. So-called intellectual pursuits have too long deceived us into a belief that they stood first in the educational plan. May we not hope that the day will come when they will stand *nowhere*? Here in this old-fashioned spot, a feeble and spasmodic effort in their favour seems to be still making; but it is a mere question of time. After all, Lord Harris shows that cricket is quite as valuable as an *intellectual* discipline as it is, no doubt, as a physical. Thank you for every word of his valuable remarks. Do not waste a thought on Commentaries and second editions in an era like that now opening. Be a man of your own time.

"I shall close this wise letter with two wise poems, composed at Crambo by myself.

"What will be the next tune sung at 'the European Concert'? (nouns, Vampire-bat and Coxcomb).

The tune of the *coxcomb*, so proud of his skill
In making that worse which already was ill;
Or the tune which the *Vampire-bat* charmingly sings
As he waves o'er the victim his *russ-leather* wings;
Or, however, a tune—whether solemn or jerky—
Fit to cause the demise of old cow or old Turkey.

"Will W. E. G. consent to eat humble-pie? (nouns, Metaphysics and Aquarium).

To answer this question, and answer it pat,
Needs no *metaphysics* nor nonsense like that;
As sure as *Aquariums* are dwellings for fish,
As sure as a pie was e'er served in a dish,
As sure as the censor of Austria's crimes
Sung her praises as loud, when it suited the times,
So sure will dear William (at least so think I)
Dine again and again off this excellent pie."

CHAPTER VIII

RIDLEY HALL

NINETEEN years of Handley Moule's life were centred round Ridley Hall at Cambridge. Something must therefore be said as to the origin of the Hall, and the aim and purpose of its founders.

The Ritualistic controversy is now ancient history, but in the 'seventies it was a burning question. The extremer men of the new party had made clear that their purpose was to go behind the Reformation and to assimilate both the doctrine and the ritual of the Church of England to those of Rome. Loyal Churchmen felt it laid upon them to provide positive teaching which would set forth the sound Scriptural and theological foundations of the Evangelical faith and practice of their Church as seen in Prayer-Book and Articles. This was one purpose before the founders. There was another. In the year 1872 an anonymous work was published—*Supernatural Religion*—which attacked the genuineness and authenticity of the Books of the New Testament on professedly historical grounds. Professor (afterwards Bishop) Lightfoot, in a series of masterly articles in the *Contemporary Review* (1874–1877), demonstrated its slipshod methods and the unhistorical handling of the early Christian literature upon which it professed to found its arguments. The book has long since passed into oblivion, but it was a second contributing force which led to the foundation of Ridley Hall. The idea of establishing, at Oxford and Cambridge, Halls for the training of graduates who desired to take Holy Orders first took shape in the mind of the Rev. E. H. Carr. These Halls were to be the practical answer on the one

hand to Ritualistic, and on the other to Rationalistic, propaganda. In them were to be equipped with solid learning the Evangelical clergy of the future. Mr. Carr found congenial spirits in the Rev. W. H. Barlow (then Principal of the C.M.S. College, Islington, afterwards Dean of Peterborough), the Rev. Henry Wright, Hon. Sec. of the C.M.S., and Mr. Sydney Gedge. Moreover, about this time (1874) Bishop Perry came home from the diocese of Melbourne. A man of great ability, Senior Wrangler, and in the First Class of the Classical Tripos in 1828, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, and first Bishop of Melbourne (1847-1874), he had, as far back as 1846, published a pamphlet pointing out the obligation of the University of Cambridge to provide efficient education for candidates for the ministry. To this pamphlet has been traced the establishment, ten years later, of the Voluntary Theological Examination, which, it will be remembered, Mr. Moule took in 1865. It is not surprising that as soon as the project of Theological Halls was put before Bishop Perry, he threw himself heart and soul into the enterprise. When Ridley Hall came into being he became the first Chairman of its Council, and held that position until his death in 1890.

In 1875 or thereabouts Mr. Carr called to see Mr. Moule, then Senior Dean of Trinity. Professors Lightfoot and Westcott were invited to meet him, and he unfolded to them his cherished plan of a Theological Hall for Cambridge. A little later the Rev. Henry Wright met Mr. Moule and others at Trinity Vicarage, then the home of Professor Birks. In "A brief Record of my own period in the history of Ridley Hall" ¹ the Bishop in 1909 wrote: "I confess that my own view at that time was largely sceptical. I doubted whether such a Hall would be successful at Cambridge. But men of greater faith and hope worked on." In 1877 Wycliffe Hall was opened at Oxford, and the Cambridge men, whom Mr. Carr had inspired with his ideal, resolved

¹ Quotations in this chapter, when not otherwise noted, are also made from this "Record."

to carry out a parallel enterprise in good earnest. They raised over £20,000, secured the present admirable site, and on October 17th, 1879, the memorial stone, now part of a pier of the main gateway, was laid. Bishop Perry conducted the service. Several Heads of Colleges and Professors were present at the laying of the stone or at the subsequent luncheon. Lightfoot and Westcott were engaged at a meeting of the Revision of the New Testament Committee, but Professor Lumby "could promise their hearty co-operation in the scheme." Mr. Sydney Gedge, Canon Ryle (afterwards Bishop of Liverpool), the Rev. W. H. Barlow and others represented its promoters. Mr. Gedge explained that the object of the Hall was to provide special training, after graduation, for clergymen, such as was provided for lawyers and physicians in view of their respective professions. They had chosen Cambridge because they did not want the training to be in any way narrow. Men would have the advantage of attending Professors' lectures and using the University Library. Socially they would retain their College associations and still mix with men of all modes of thought. It was hoped to provide this training on economical lines.

The building being now fairly under way, the question as to who should be the first Principal inevitably came to the front. From the first there seems to have been no doubt as to the one who was best fitted for that position. Mr. Moule, as we have seen, was "far away in a Dorset curacy" in 1879, but his father's death in February 1880 and the immediate appointment of the new Vicar set him free, and the same month brought the first offer of the post of Principal. He did not then feel free to accept it; but in the following June the proposal was renewed, and at the end of July he finally came to the conclusion that he might "rightly venture to accept Ridley Hall—the Lord in pity helping me."¹

Six months later "the first instalment of the buildings was ready for use. It comprised the Lodge, the Library

¹ From Diary.

with the rooms above it, and the Gate Tower. The dining-room and the kitchen of the Lodge did duty also for the Hall. The Library served not only for Lectures, but for daily prayers.” There were eight sets of rooms for students. The opening was fixed for Friday, January 28th, 1881. A service was held in Corpus Christi College Chapel at half-past two. The Vice-Chancellor and a company of distinguished men, Heads, Tutors and Fellows of Colleges, with many friends of the new venture, were present. The preacher was Sir Emilius Bayley (afterwards Laurie). After the service the company proceeded to Ridley Hall and a meeting was held in the “Edward Carr” Library at four o’clock. The room was crowded—quite one hundred and twenty persons being present. The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. E. H. Perowne, Master of Corpus) presided, three of the four Divinity Professors were present (Westcott, Hort and Swainson), the fourth being absent from Cambridge at the time. The Public Orator, Mr. (later Sir John) Sandys, was also there. Dedicatory prayers were offered by Bishop Perry. The Master of Pembroke, unable to be present, sent through the Vice-Chancellor a message of “thorough sympathy,” and added how thankful he was that the Council had selected Mr. Moule to be the first Principal. The Vice-Chancellor and Professor Swainson expressed their cordial concurrence in this, and heartily wished Mr. Moule many years of happiness and usefulness in his important office. Mr. Moule himself spoke briefly, expressing his trust that he would be able to carry on the work of the Hall in the spirit indicated in the sermon of that afternoon: the spirit, namely, of respect for the convictions of others, while yet of definite adherence to their own convictions of Divine truth. Professor Westcott, at Bishop Perry’s special request, spoke briefly at the close, expressing his hope that the Hall would make good progress under the Principal whose services had been so happily secured.

St. Luke’s Day (October 18th) 1882 saw another long step forward in the development of the work of Ridley

Hall. Already in January 1881, when the Hall was first opened, "enlargement was in the air." Two large gifts had been received, which decided the Council to complete at once the whole of the architect's plans for the buildings which form the present east front. "So the workman's spade, trowel and hammer were always with us from the very first until the second opening day, when the fine dining hall, the Common Room, the kitchens and porter's lodge, the Vice-Principal's rooms (afterwards the Bursar's) and twelve additional sets of students' rooms were dedicated for use. At 1.45 a service was held in Trinity Church, at which Dr. Boultbee preached a noble sermon." Bishop Perry presided at the inaugural meeting at 4.0 p.m. The Principal reported that thirty-two students had been, or were now, resident at the Hall since the first opening. Moreover about twenty non-resident students had availed themselves of the lectures. Seventeen students had been ordained. He described a day at the Hall. A successful meeting for undergraduates followed in the evening.

During the Term that followed fourteen students were in residence. At that time a course at a Graduate Theological College was the exception rather than the rule.

"Moreover, in those days it was not without a certain sense of venture that a man entered Ridley Hall. There was much friendly feeling, but there was also a good deal of prejudice. That very autumn, however, events occurred which permanently altered the position. Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Cambridge for a Mission, primarily to the University. . . . Through His servants God worked indeed. Among the scores of true, deep, lasting conversions were not a few of men well known and of powerful influence. . . . And now it became my privilege to get inquiries about entrance more and yet more, and from men whom it was a joy to welcome. . . . The Hall struck a root then into Cambridge Christian life which, please God, shall never be disturbed. . . . The twenty rooms were soon permanently full, and lodgings were habitually needed

to supplement them. Within my period we once and again had forty or more men in residence."

This led to fresh material developments. In May 1890 the Principal was talking to a Cambridge graduate. He stated his growing conviction that the lack of a Chapel was a serious drawback. There, as they stood, his friend answered : " I should like to give a Chapel." And give it he did. Almost all its fittings were in like manner gifts in token of affection for the Hall and all that it stood for in men's lives. And then, as soon as the gift of the Chapel was announced, the Council resolved to build at the same time a new block, giving ten more sets of students' rooms and a double set of rooms for the Vice-Principal. The new building was ready for occupation by October 1891, and the Chapel was dedicated in the following February.¹ Thus, for

¹ The Chapel is admirably proportioned. A striking feature is the oaken "Corona" surmounting the octagonal turret in the south-west corner. The fittings are of oak. The windows are filled with stained glass. The figures present an historical series of teachers of the Church, in accordance with a scheme drawn up by Mr. Schneider, the then Vice-Principal, who also superintended the whole work and gave three of the windows. In the east window the central figure is the Risen Lord in the act of teaching : St. Matthew, St. John, St. Peter and St. Paul appear beside Him. In the north windows are figures of Irenaeus, Origen, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, Bede and Anselm. In the south windows appear Wyclif, Tindale, Luther, Melancthon, Cranmer, Ridley, Hooker and Herbert. In the west window are figures of Leighton, Butler, Simeon, Lightfoot ; while in the quatrefoils above are four small portraits of missionaries—Henry Martyn, Krapf, Horden and Marsden, representing respectively Asia, Africa, N. W. America and Australasia—thus symbolizing the truth that sound Church teaching will issue in the carrying of the Gospel to the four quarters of the globe. The Chapel was seated normally for fifty-two persons, but by utilizing every possible space at two Reunions as many as one hundred and thirty were provided for. (It has since been enlarged.)

Here daily Morning Service was held at 7.30 a.m., and on Saturdays Evening Prayers at 10 p.m. On Sundays a Corporate Communion, with address, was held twice in each Term at 7.45 a.m. There were many other Communion Services in their own College Chapels and elsewhere, which men wished to be free to attend on other Sundays. And every Sunday afternoon at 4.30 or 4.45 a short Service was held with a Hymn and an Address by the Principal.



Photo. G. F. Abraham & Sons.

HANDLEY C. G. MOULE.

About 1888.

the last seven and a half years during which Dr. Moule was Principal, Ridley Hall was fully equipped with all the necessary buildings; thirty sets of rooms were usually in occupation and a varying number of students were out in lodgings, but came in regularly for services, lectures and meals taken in common.

Life at Ridley Hall was very busy and very happy. And it centred round the Principal. His spirit pervaded and permeated the whole. Handley Moule was at this time in the prime of life. He gave himself without stint to the varied duties which fell to his lot. It was amazing how much he could put into his waking hours.

His day began early. However tired the night before, he was up at 6.30 a.m. that he might keep his "morning watch" with God. He had found that he could pray best walking up and down the garden path, and morning by morning, before Chapel, he could be seen pacing up and down, communing with his Father in heaven. "How can you lie in bed, with that dear old saint walking in the garden there?" was the remark often made to some slack member of the Hall, as the speaker watched his Principal at his devotions.

The Chapel bell ceased at half-past seven. "Who that was present will ever forget those early morning expositions of the Greek Testament in the Chapel? The Principal, book in hand, holds up each word, whether of St. Paul or St. John or of our Lord Himself, and examines it with the critical eye of the scholar and the loving insight of the saint."

Breakfast followed in Hall. Here the newly arrived student as a rule began to make discovery of a side of the Principal's nature which hitherto he had not suspected. As Canon David Walker puts it: "Twenty young men at one table, healthy and sharp-set, all very good friends, are sure to be merry." But what about the Principal? Would he appreciate merriment? "There he was, at the head of the board, the brightest, wittiest and most laughter-loving of them all." Conversation

at breakfast and at dinner never flagged or failed to go with a swing at the upper end of the table when Moule was present. The men listened all the better to Greek Testament readings and Lectures because they had found in their Principal a man with a keen sense of fun and an infectious laugh.

At nine o'clock Lectures began. At first the Principal lectured two hours a day, but in 1882 he had the help of J. Armitage Robinson as Lecturer, and in October 1882 came his first Vice-Principal, while in 1888 a Bursar and Lecturer was added to the Staff. In the end the Principal's lectures were confined to Doctrine (Creeds and Articles) three times a week, Prayer-Book once, and pastoral work and sermon-composition on the Saturday.¹ All the Principal's stores of learning and acuteness of thinking were brought to bear. The only criticism ever made was that Mr. Moule's keen sense of the devotional and practical values of the truths lectured upon gave his lectures at times too homiletical a flavour for students whose chief anxiety was to pass the Bishop's examination.

After Lecture hours there were frequently private interviews with men, and the daily round of study, writing and correspondence. Busy man as he was, he was always accessible to his students, and nothing could exceed his kindness and sympathy in cases of ill-health or bereavement, or, in fact, trouble of any kind. Many a man of limited means found that sympathy take very practical shape. Not only did the Principal for many years collect and manage a Students' Aid Fund, but he contributed liberally to it himself out of his own limited income. Lunch and tea were private meals, alike in the Hall and in the Lodge, but men were continually being invited to take these meals at the Lodge *en famille*. The interval between these two was spent day after day in walks with one or other of the residents at the Hall. Those walks to Grantchester or Coton or Madingley were

¹ What these latter Lectures were like may be gathered from that fine book : *To My Younger Brethren*.

of the greatest possible value; men who were wrestling with all sorts of problems, theological and practical, found their Principal a most kindly counsellor and guide.

“Baptism walks,” writes an old Ridley student of 1886, “were quite a common thing in my day, and many can thank God for the delightfully sympathetic way in which, during these walks, he cleared up difficulties.”

Another writes :

“If a man had the faintest desire to improve his outlook, he had his chance. It might come after lunching at the Lodge, or while doing the ‘Grantchester Grind.’ There was no assertion of authority; all was unaffected and mutual; he would impart all kinds of interesting thoughts and receive our contributions to the discussion as though they were of respectable value. He suffered us gladly, seeing he himself was wise.”

The men met their Principal again in Hall at dinner. The day ended with Prayers at 9.45 or 10 p.m., held as a rule in the Library, but from 1892 onwards on Saturdays in the Chapel. During Term his every spare minute not needed for the College was filled up with work for Trinity parish—sermons, classes, and visits to the sick—or in forwarding some good work in town or University. Sunday evenings at the Lodge were a great institution. The Principal and Mrs. Moule threw their doors open to University men. “Who will ever forget the Sunday evenings, when the Principal’s drawing-room was packed to overflowing with men from every College and the prayer, as full almost of poetry as of passion, with which the evening was brought to its close?”

Side by side with the Principal worked loyal colleagues—Vice-Principals and Bursars. They lectured on the Bible, Church History and Apologetics. They were nearer in years to the men, and could not only share the Principal’s burden of teaching, but also in friendly intercourse with the members of the Hall act as a link

between the two. There were three Vice-Principals in Dr. Moule's time.

P. Ireland Jones, the first student to enter his name, was also in effect the first Vice-Principal. After two years' valuable work at Ridley (1883–1885) he went out to India as a missionary, and has since filled many important posts in connection with the C.M.S.

G. A. Schneider was twice Vice-Principal, first in the October Term of 1882, and then from 1885 to the end of 1897. In the interval he was Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Toronto. His thirteen years of service were of immense value, both to the Principal and to the men. He is now Librarian of Gonville and Caius College, and since his retirement has done a great deal of work in unofficial ways.

J. Battersby-Harford (at that time Harford-Battersby) was Vice-Principal during Dr. Moule's last year and a half, and served in a similar capacity with Dr. Drury for a further year and a half, until his appointment as Principal of the Midland Clergy College (which in 1902 was merged in the Ripon Clergy College). He is now Canon Residentiary of Ripon.

There were two Bursars and Lecturers during the same period, both having first been Students at the Hall.

George Nickson (1888–1897), after ten years' strenuous service (for he was at the same time Curate of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, and then Vicar of St. Benedict), went to Liverpool as Vicar of St. John, Fairfield, became Bishop of Jarrow and Canon Residentiary of Durham (1906), and since 1914 has been Bishop of Bristol.

C. Lisle Carr was Bursar from 1897 to 1902, being thus two years with Dr. Moule. He became Vicar of Great Yarmouth in 1912, and Archdeacon of Norfolk in 1916, Vicar and Archdeacon of Sheffield in 1920. He is now Bishop of Coventry.

In addition to the Lectures of the regular Staff, special courses were given by visiting Lecturers. Chancellor (now Sir Lewis) Dibdin, for several years lectured on Church Law, and at a later date Mr. (now Sir)

Montague Barlow did the same. Very practical Lectures they were—about marriage and burial laws, and the hundred-and-one questions that may arise in a parish. Then the Rev. J. P. Sandilands for two or three years lectured on Voice Production. He was an enthusiast on the subject, and some of his methods and exercises were somewhat weird and awakened the merriment, as well as improved the vocal powers, of the students. At another time Mr. Elwin held forth; he was a teacher of Elocution, and he felt it was his mission to teach the younger clergy how to speak properly. He claimed (amid laughter) that the Archbishop of Canterbury was alive to the importance, as well as the impossibility, of his task ! Had not his Grace crossed the road on a muddy day to say : “ Well, my dear sir, how are you getting on with the clergy ? Can you really make anything of them ? ” At a later date the Rev. J. Gilbert Dixon (then Vicar of St. Andrew the Less) gave regular lectures on Elocution.

Members of the Hall gained much from all these lecturers. At the same time they gained almost, sometimes quite, as much from their fellow-members. Douglas Hooper, Douglas Thornton and men of that stamp could not fail to exercise a very strong influence. Two institutions started and carried on entirely by the men themselves may be mentioned. The first was the Ridley Hall Morning Watch Union. Members signed the following declaration : “ I will endeavour, God helping me, to set aside at least twenty minutes, and if possible one hour, in the early morning for prayer and Bible study, and also a short but uninterrupted time each evening before retiring to rest.” The second was a brief Midday Prayer Meeting held daily at the close of the morning’s work. These two institutions were in accordance with the principle which Moule deliberately adopted, not to impose many rules, but to call upon men to make rules of life for themselves. Most heads of Theological Colleges believe that rules, imposed by authority, are necessary for the average man and

that the habits so formed will endure in after-life. Moule was convinced that the only rules worth having were rules which a man made for himself. With the best men this succeeded admirably and, if for weaker men it was not so good, what is that but to say that no one method—neither rules nor lack of rules—will suit every one or make a man better than he wills to be.

The position of Ridley Hall made it easy for its members to keep in touch with University life. They were encouraged to attend their own College Chapels on Sundays. Some of them attended Professors' lectures, especially those of Dr. Westcott, Dr. Swete and Mr. Gwatkin. Men like Hooper and Thornton kept in close relation with the younger men who carried on the work in the Colleges, and gave them all the backing they could.

But also the University came to Ridley. From time to time men were invited to the Hall to hear Bishop Hannington or the veteran Miss Marsh or Mrs. Garnett, the founder of the Navvy Mission. In the 'nineties hardly a year passed without a gathering being held in connection with the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union.¹ (Tea and coffee at 8.15 in the Common Room, meeting at 8.30 in the Dining Hall.) Sometimes this would be in the October Term, when many Freshmen would be invited, and the Principal and other speakers would address the two hundred men who would fill the Hall to its utmost capacity. On three occasions the date was near the end of the Lent Term. The inter-University Conference in these years came to Cambridge, and, in each case, on the first evening a reception was held at Ridley. Thus worthily did Ridley Hall play its part in the life of the University.

¹ See p. 114.

CHAPTER IX

THE RIDLEY FELLOWSHIP

FIVE hundred and one men passed through Ridley Hall during the period in which Dr. Moule was Principal.

“Of these,” he wrote in 1909, “more than one hundred went to the foreign field, and among them not a few of the very noblest Christian men whom I have ever known.” But he would not for one moment have allowed it to be inferred that the four hundred who went into the home field were to be counted worthy of less honour. He closes the “brief record” of 1909 with these words: “I would fain linger over the colleagues and student friends who so richly people for me the memories of Ridley. But I can do no more than allude to a few of them here—my Vice-Principals, Ireland Jones, Schneider, Harford-Battersby; my Tutors and Bursars, Nickson, Carr; my athletes, Bristowe, Swann, Beauchamp, Polhill-Turner, Douglas, Adams; my scholars, Gregg, Tait, Wright, Garland; my saints, men eminent among their Christian fellows for power won by work with God, Hooper and Carless and their likes; my pastors, Colson, Stone, Sharpe, Woods and many, many more; my missionaries, from Ireland Jones and the China three to young, ardent, far-seeing Douglas Thornton; my Bishops, Lander, Gill, Nickson, Molony and others, the first two being Moody’s converts in 1882; my friends, a list past record, friends working still or removed already into bliss, for ever with the Lord. For myself, nothing in what remains of life can ever be like Ridley Hall, my beloved home and charge of eighteen years and over, sacred to me by countless ties of friendship, of love, of memory and hope; the very walls and trees, let be the hands and hearts, dearer to me even than I know.”

In the retrospect just quoted Moule makes reference to his colleagues. No one could have wished to serve

under a chief more considerate, courteous and affectionate. His gratitude for what was, after all, but duty willingly done was almost embarrassing.

“Never shall I forget,” he writes to G. A. Schneider in 1883, “the invaluable help you gave me in exceeding need last October Term,” and so it was with all his colleagues. One evening every week during Term they met for counsel and for prayer. Nor was their intercourse confined to the intellectual and spiritual sides of the work: there was a side of good fellowship and fun, which continually lightened their labours. Here is an amusing quatrain sent by the Principal to his Vice-Principal in 1893 on an occasion when he was temporarily *hors de combat* through influenza :

EPHORUS SYNEPHORO

We share the charge of Ridley’s walls,
An influential Two;
To me the influenza falls
The influence to you !

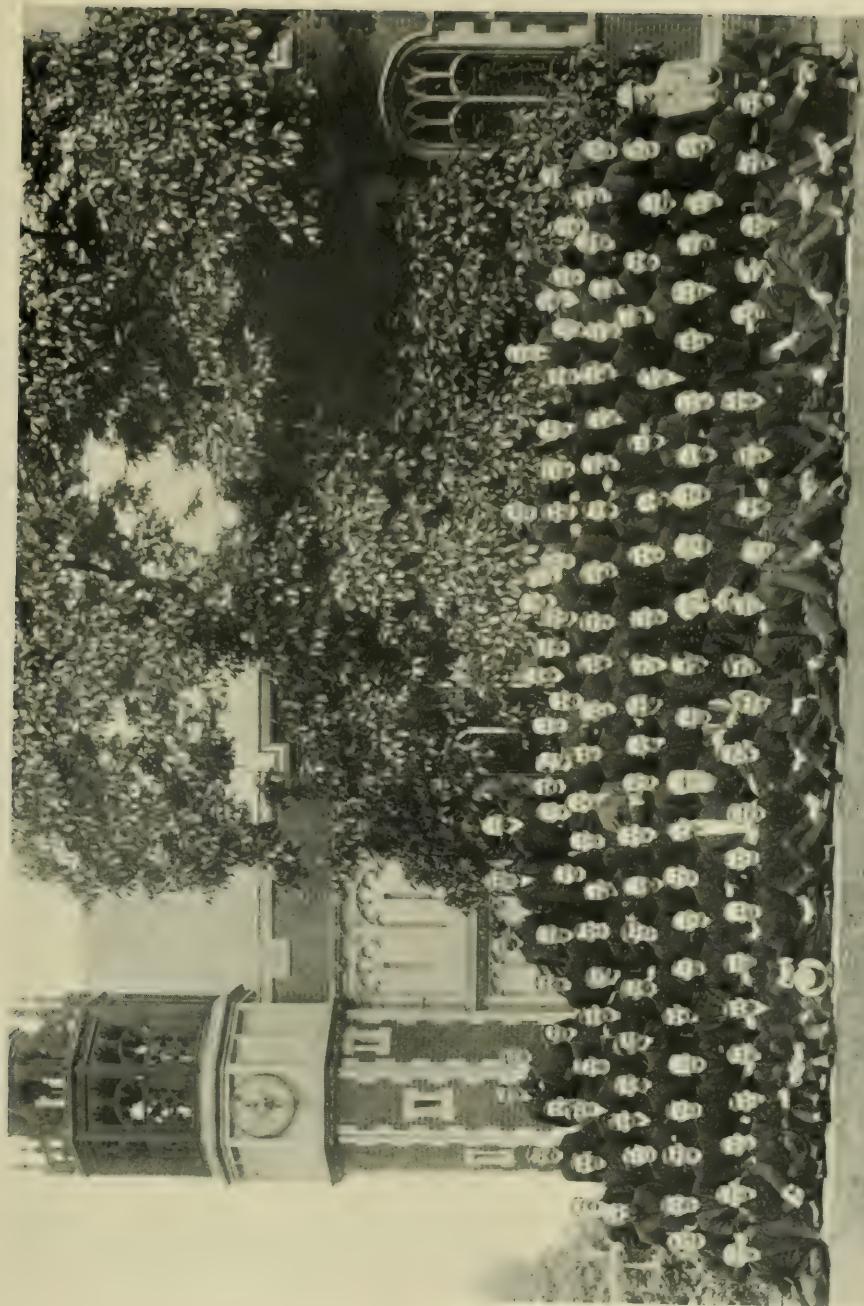
On another occasion (1888) he sent Mr. Schneider the following *jeu d’esprit*, written on a postcard. The card has been torn and the last four lines are too incomplete to be printed.

A SOLAR MYTH

(With countless apologies to R. D. A.—H. Esq., M.A.)

Mysterious name in which we see combined
The Chasing ARCHER and still flying HIND,
Sure through thy double singleness there run
Primæval truths and legends of the sun.
Thou art no sign of warm and breathing man,
Cabin’d in personality’s dark span,
But thou dost rather mean the eternal race
Of Day and Darkness through the fields of space !
At red Aurora’s call the Matin God
In thee prepares to mount his airy road,
With *arrowy* rays the antler’d clouds assails,
And drives them on the path of rising gales.

A reviewer of one of his books spoke of Mr. Moule as “that *avis rarissima*—a thoroughly instructed theologian.” In his next letter to G. A. S. he signs himself “*Avis rarissima*—the Dodo.”



RIDLEY HALL RE-UNION, 1899.

By C. E. Brock.

There was nothing incongruous in his eyes between such sallies of laughter-loving wit and the gravest concerns of the Spirit. Here is a letter written to a colleague, going forth to missionary work in Calcutta :

“ . . . The Lord granted me a very blessed time in prayer last night, in a sight of the blissfulness of the fact that He by the Spirit is *in* me, as well as *for* me. I could understand St. Peter’s ‘ joy unspeakable and full of glory ’; yes, it was even in me by His gift. And now through an overflowing morning the deep, calm rest of belonging to Him and of His in-ness in my poor soul is mine, for every call and care. And He will, I believe, keep it so, as I draw on Him. Now I solemnly and brightly say to you, who know Him, I think, better than I do, *all*, ALL this is yours, amply, richly, momentarily. ‘ Thou wast enriched in Him.’ ”

From colleagues we pass to old students.

The links of affection and true regard which bound teachers and taught together in one happy fellowship at Ridley Hall were not such as could be broken by the mere fact that each year saw those taught go out from its walls to take up their work in all parts of the world.

The postman’s bag day by day bore to the Principal’s door letters from old students, and day by day there went forth in reply letters which were treasured by their recipients as cordial and refreshment to the soul. Nothing gave Handley Moule more cheer or awakened quicker response than to hear of spiritual blessing poured out upon the labours of his “ younger brethren.” And when at other times they wrote “ to prove him with hard questions ” he gladly gave them his best in reply. The following extracts from letters to Prebendary M. Y. McClean will illustrate this.

“ September 14th, 1897.

“ You refer to the problem how to handle ‘ *Church principles*. ’ It is one of the most difficult that meets us. It would be easy on the one hand to put it quite aside. It would be easy on the other to say absolutely untenable things about the claims of a national and Episcopal

Church. . . . Between the two, as so often, lies, I take it, the road of the true theory. But then the difficulty is to make that theory the least tangible to the average uneducated mind. How shall we bring before that mind effectually the general claims of order and cohesion? How shall we make it realize the fulness and balance in the teaching of our reformed Church, with the saving Gospel 'placarded' at its centre, and the great secondary truths in order round it? For me, nothing shall ever tempt me to hint that a believing Dissenter cannot be personally as near the Lord, as full of the Spirit, as clear in his hope of glory, as the average Churchman; and, of course, to average untaught minds scarcely anything else will seem gravely important. . . . I believe the best way of all is to make the common people feel that there is no place like the church to go to, to hear the old Gospel of the Grace of God preached straight to their hearts and lives, their sins and sorrows, and let the worship of the church meantime be reverent, simple and real, and they will feel the magnet in a way that will be better than many arguments."

"December 21st, 1898.

"I am entirely of your mind that a good part of our duty is to take heed not to commit real omissions of really prescribed duty, in loyalty to the Prayer-Book. Had I a parish of my own, I should anxiously seek to hold daily service (and certainly Saints' day services), if fully assured that this would not, under modern conditions, hurt still more important work. If I felt that, I should hold myself free not to have it, in full view of the wording of the Preface, the practice of three and a half centuries (during which no Bishop has out and out compelled it) and the development of pastoral duties in that period. . . . I go the whole way in the desire to get evangelicals—not to wear their hearts out over rubrics, when the Gospel of the Grace of God cries out for unfolding—but to be painstaking and reverently careful."

"October 20th, 1900.

" . . . I have few greater happinesses than when I find myself in spiritual oneness with a Christian from whom, on grave subordinate points, I differ. . . . I am amply sure that *full* explanation may greatly reduce

the area of real disagreements. On the other hand, I am quite unable to conceal from myself the patent fact that an able . . . enterprise is on foot to rehabilitate in the English Church a type of thought and worship alien *au fond* from that of the Reformation, and which has little divergence in *principle* from the Roman conception except on the point of the extreme Papal claims. And this compels an attitude of reserve and anxiety, where every personal wish would be for heart to heart *rapprochement* on the footing of love to Christ."

But delightful and helpful as letters from absent friends can be, they are not the same thing as intercourse face to face. It was natural therefore that a demand should soon arise for the renewal of intercourse in the old haunts. Accordingly in 1884 was held the first of a series of Triennial reunions, which continued unbroken until 1912 and which recommenced in 1920. The first six were held under Dr. Moule's regime, and they afford, in addition to their immediate value, a useful gauge as to the growth of the work at Ridley. In 1884 the number of past residents on the Register was forty-five : in 1887 it had risen to 150; and the numbers at the end of the next four Triennial periods were approximately 230, 300, 400 and 501. In 1920 they exceeded 1300.

These reunions were seasons of untold pleasure to the Principal, though they were also seasons of heavy demands upon his time and strength. While other senior men took their part in giving addresses, the Principal necessarily took the lion's share. And what addresses they were ! How they lifted up hearts and minds to God in Christ ! It is suggestive to note some of the themes upon which he dwelt :

- 1884. "God and the Word of His Grace" (Acts xx. 32).
- 1887. "He walked with Me" (Mal. ii. 6).
- 1890. "The Fulness of the Blessing of Christ" (Rom. xv. 29).
- 1893. "He that believeth on Me, out of him . . . rivers of living water" (St. John vii. 38).

1896. "They dwelt with the King for his work" (1 Chron. iv. 23).

1899. "Power with God and with man" (three addresses from Gen. xxxii. 28 and Phil. iv. 10-13).

As the years passed by the Triennial Lists, issued with the reports of the reunions, afforded evidence also of the way in which the influence of the Hall was reaching out to all parts of the world. In 1884 three men were already at work in the mission field; in 1887 the number had risen to fifteen; in 1890 to thirty, and finally in 1897 to seventy-two, without counting those who after service abroad had died or returned to work in England. There were representatives of Ridley Hall in all the great mission lands of the world. These were about one-seventh or one-eighth of the men who had passed through the Hall. What of the others? A statement made by the Principal on January 28th, 1891, shows how they were employed at the beginning of that year. The occasion was a dinner held at Ridley Hall to commemorate the opening of the Hall ten years before, when four out of the five Divinity Professors and other distinguished men were present as guests. The Principal said :

"Out of some two hundred and thirty men, the great majority are now in English curacies (including nearly every English diocese). Nineteen are incumbents in England; one a rector in Ireland; five are or have been engaged in Theological College work in England; one is an ordained Master in a Public School in Scotland; two are working on the Continent of Europe, one of them as British Chaplain at Constantinople; one is an incumbent, another a curate, in large Australian parishes; one is head of the Bishop's Divinity School in Jamaica; and as many as thirty-three are missionaries to the heathen or Mahometans, about ten of them being educational missionaries. . . . They are dispersed in New Zealand, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Sierra Leone and Eastern Equatorial Africa."

The last list (1920) gives the names of nineteen

members who had become Bishops, seven at home, twelve abroad. Since then Harrington C. Lees (Ridley, 1892-3) has become Archbishop of Melbourne, C. Lisle Carr Bishop of Coventry and B. Lasbrey Bishop of Lagos. All but two of these were at the Hall under Dr. Moule's regime.

One of the most interesting items in the programmes of the reunions of 1893, 1896 and 1899 was the afternoon meeting at which old Ridley men spoke on "Spiritual Truths learned in the Mission Fields." Those who spoke in 1893 were all three Principals of Colleges: W. J. Humphrey, of Fourah Bay College, West Africa; C. W. A. Clarke, of the Noble High School, Masulipatam, and P. Ireland Jones, of the C.M.S. Divinity School, Calcutta. In 1896 H. S. Phillips represented India; G. K. Baskerville, Uganda; H. Carless, Persia. In 1899, of the three speakers, R. B. Marriott and C. M. Gough had each given seven years to India, and F. Melville Jones (now Bishop) six years to West Africa. These were deeply moving occasions, when the thoughts of men's hearts were revealed and the living word of testimony pierced to the recesses of soul and spirit.

There were also most valuable conferences addressed by old Ridley men working in the home field. G. H. Lander—who afterwards became Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong (1907-1920), and is now back in England—and W. H. Stone (afterwards Prebendary of Wells) spoke in 1893 on work among children and young people; H. F. S. Adams and P. Ireland Jones in 1896 dealt with the comparative claims of the home and foreign fields, and E. N. Coulthard and G. Nickson with sermons; while in 1899 F. T. Colson and A. F. Ealand held forth on "The Relation between Social and Spiritual Work in the Ministry," and A. B. G. Lillingston (now Canon of Durham) and C. Lisle Carr (now Bishop of Coventry) on "The Clergyman's Study."

The love which the Principal poured out upon the men he trained for the ministry drew out a corresponding love for him on the part of his students. From time

to time this affection was expressed in practical form. The tenth anniversary of the opening of the Hall was made the occasion for the presentation of an illuminated address to the Principal and of a small organ for the Chapel. In 1894 the residents gave him a tricycle, a gift which, though small in itself, yet evidently touched him deeply by reason of the loving words which accompanied it. In 1897 his friends and old students presented him with two portraits, one to hang in the dining hall of Ridley, the other to be Mrs. Moule's personal possession. These gifts gave him "the greatest pleasure possible," speaking to him, as they did, continually of their affection for him. Every time he looked at them he derived from them "strong and delightful encouragement."

The end of his work as Principal was now drawing near.¹ March 1899 saw his election to the Norrisian Professorship. In the following June came "an immensely kind presentation of plate in the Common Room," given by those who had joined the Hall since the date of the Portraits.

Finally his consecration as Bishop of Durham was made the occasion for the giving of yet other tokens of unalterable affection and regard. On October 11th, 1901, a week before his consecration, Dr. and Mrs. Moule went up to London and received at the hands of old Ridley men, headed by the Rev. W. H. Stone, the gift of Bishop's robes and ring, and a silver salver. This presentation was followed later in the year by a beautiful Service-Book for his use at Ordinations, and a chair and two Arundel prints. The spirit in which he received these gifts is shown in the following extract from a letter which he sent to Prebendary Stone on August 28th, 1901, from Thun.

" My dear Ridley friends, and you in primis, spoil me with remembrance and affection. But I only too gladly

¹ As early as 1887 he had been offered the Bishopric of Sydney and Primatecy of Australia and Tasmania, but he had felt clear that his post of duty was at Ridley Hall and at Cambridge.

accept the spoiling ! It is so inexpressibly delightful, at the very gravest crisis of my whole life, involving such endings and such beginnings, to be remembered and loved like this."

The official work at Ridley Hall ceased in 1899, and 1901 took the Bishop away to the far north, but he never forgot the beloved sphere of his earlier labours. "Oh, Ridley Hall," he once wrote, "I could write to it as Ridley wrote to Pembroke ! If I forget thee, thou beloved Jerusalem of my memory . . ."

Bishop Moule was present by invitation at the reunions in 1902 and 1906. He gave Greek Testament Readings *more suo* and preached on both occasions. His theme in 1902 was the call to "preach the Word" (2 Tim. iv. 2), and in 1906 he laid down with tremendous emphasis that if his hearers were to be worthy of the name Evangelical they must preach the Evangel, and that Evangel was "The unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. iii. 8). He said this in no spirit of partisanship.

"With every year I live that spirit seems to me only more deplorable, more profoundly alien from the mind of Christ. More and ever more my soul is glad to hail the Lord's image wherever it is developed. . . . Our Lord has had purposes to fulfil through other types of thought. Through them He has emphasized the glorious dignity of worship, and the greatness (in their place) of ordinances of covenant and grace—the high functions (in their place) of speculative thought—the call to social service. We must learn from each of these; but our own distinctive work, meant in its turn to tell on the whole life of the Church around, is eminently the proclamation of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' "

He ended with an appeal

" . . . to such an opening of our souls afresh to the glory of the Son of God as shall animate and illuminate our teaching with the very light of Life. . . . What we want is the sermon whose masculine grasp upon Divine principles is warmed into a contagious power by the preacher's own possession of, and possession by, 'the

unsearchable riches of Christ.' We ministers of the Word need a perpetual revival, an increasing new departure, in respect of our own knowledge of Him."

NOTE.—In commemoration of the first Principal of Ridley Hall, whose work set a permanent mark upon its character, a Memorial Fund has been established for the endowment of the Hall. A sum of £20,000 is required. It is hoped that all who have received benefit from Dr. Moule's life, speech, or writings will send a donation for the "Bishop Moule Memorial Fund" to the Rev. H. G. Hooton, 11 Queen Anne Terrace, Cambridge, or direct to Messrs. Williams Deacons Bank, 20 Birch Lane, E. C. 3.



H. C. G. MOULE, D.D.

PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Presentation portrait. 1897. (At Ridley Hall).

CHAPTER X

UNDERGRADUATE MOVEMENTS AT CAMBRIDGE (1870-1900)

IT was an essential part of the duties of the Principal of Ridley Hall that he should be in close touch with those men among the undergraduates who were thinking of taking Holy Orders. But, under God, Moule was enabled to do more than this. He maintained very close relations with those student organizations which sought to link together for active Christian effort all those who desired to follow Christ faithfully. Occupying a detached position, standing in one sense outside the various movements, he was yet in them, entirely sympathetic, advising, guiding, seldom if ever interfering. He was, in fact, the "governor" on the engine, an ever-present influence, restraining and stimulating, with the result that the level of religious life varied but little.

A number of very earnest Christian men were up at Cambridge about the time when Moule came back as Junior Dean. As far back as the October Term, 1862, there had been established an institution called the Daily Prayer Meeting (generally spoken of as the "D.P.M."), which formed the centre for active Christian life and influence, and which was entirely officered and carried on by undergraduates.¹ This daily meeting was held in two parts, each lasting for ten to twelve minutes, led by one man, and consisting of hymn, a short reading of the Bible (without comment) and prayer. At first the times were 1.45 and 2.0 p.m. Afterwards they came to be 12.45 and 1.0 p.m. From

¹ See *History of the C.M.S.*, Vol. III, p. 33.

1870 the meetings were held in a large room in Carpenter's, All Saints' Passage. From twenty to thirty men would be present at each part. On Sundays in the earlier days the help of senior members of the University was called in. There was only one part, lasting about twenty-five minutes, a short address or Bible reading was given, and about a hundred men would be present. Mr. Moule was one of those who gave this most welcome help. The attendance at the D.P.M. was a fairly trustworthy indication of the rise or fall of spiritual life among Cambridge men from year to year. In 1874 and the following years this spiritual barometer indicated the presence of a very real spirit of Christian love and zeal. Writing of the year 1874 Moule says: "The air, so to speak, seemed to be wonderfully full of divine blessing, seen in deep conversions and strong co-operation for good."

A photograph of undergraduates and Dons engaged in Sunday School work, taken in May 1874, includes eighty members; another taken in the Lent Term, 1877, includes one hundred and sixty. Handley Moule appears in both, together with three other Fellows of Trinity.

The year 1876 saw the birth of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union. It was really a committee, consisting of "representatives" from each of the Colleges, formed for the purpose of "bringing about closer union between men of different Colleges who were engaged in working for Christ." It arranged and carried through inter-university conferences, which met alternately in Oxford and Cambridge, and an annual address to Freshmen in the October Term, which at first was given in the Guildhall or the Corn Exchange by laymen, such as Sir Arthur Blackwood and Captain (now Brig.-General) Owen Hay, or by clergy like Sholto Douglas (afterwards Lord Blythswood) and Mr. (afterwards Prebendary) Webb-Peploe. In 1880, however, the address was given by Neville Sherbrooke in Great St. Mary's; and in later years the C.I.C.C.U. went

further and arranged for services every Sunday evening in term time in Trinity Church at 8.30 p.m. For the Freshmen's address invitations were taken personally to every undergraduate, and there was an attendance of from 800 to 1000 men.

In 1882 in place of the usual Freshmen's address the C.I.C.C.U. invited the American Evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to conduct an eight days' mission. The Rev. John Barton of Trinity Church, and other senior men, signed the invitation. Mr. Moule signed, "but reluctantly," for he feared that the University would not be reached. The missionaries came. The mission lasted only eight days, but it is a question whether ever any other mission has had such wonderful results.¹ At the first meeting the Corn Exchange was packed—1700 University men were present. A large number were bent on mischief. The opening prayer was applauded. Fun was made of the American's pronunciation. The meeting seemed a failure. Yet one of the rowdy leaders was converted three days later, and others soon followed his example. The weekday meetings were held in the Gymnasium. On the Wednesday night those who wanted to know the salvation of God were invited to ascend to the gallery reached by an iron ladder in the centre of the Hall. Fifty-two men, including several leaders, went up, one after the other, in full sight of all; the ice was broken, the revival had begun. "In that curious Inquiry Room, the gallery of the Old Gymnasium," Moule took his part night after night in speaking to those who sought spiritual counsel. He recorded in his Diary on the Monday night: "Stayed to after-meeting—first I had ever seen;" on Wednesday night "for ten minutes to University meeting: afterwards heard that this meeting was greatly blessed, fifty-two men in Inquiry Room"; on Thursday: "Wonderful address on sowing and reaping: about thirty inquirers: spoke to one

¹ See Life of D. L. Moody by W. R. Moody, pp. 306 ff. and *Cambridge Christian Life*, No. 6 (1914).

Caius man ; ” on Friday : “ University meeting, deeply solemn and full of blessing : gallery crowded afterwards with those who had received, or desired, blessing : spoke to Wadagaki the Japanese,”¹ and others ; on the last Sunday : “ Grand University meeting in the Exchange : great after-meeting : spoke to two men.” He once told a company of Ridley men how he was kneeling next to Moody on the platform on that closing Sunday night, when the latter asked all who had received definite blessing at the meetings quietly to stand up, while all kept their eyes closed, and how he heard Moody say under his breath, as he alone saw the result : “ My God, this is enough to live for.”

On the following Tuesday he records : “ A very good undergraduate gathering at Trinity Church : I spoke on pardon as once and final in covenant, daily and detailed in appropriation : stayed to after-meeting : very interesting and happy talk with a Freshman ; ” on Saturday : “ 8 a.m. attended delightful Communion at Trinity Church, 105 gownsmen present.”

Finally, on Sunday (November 19th) he records that after the evening service, at which he preached as usual, he held “ the first University Bible reading, in the Vestry : Rom. viii. 1-3.” Eleven were present on this Sunday. The following Sunday “ more than forty ” were present. In the following Lent and May Terms he records attendances of from fifty to seventy-five at this Bible reading, and we come across such entries as this on Ash Wednesday : “ At 7 a very remarkable gathering of twenty-two Trinity Hall men, gathered together by Douglas Hooper :² addressed them on Eph. i. 13-14.”

¹ Kenzo Wadagaki was baptized by Mr. Moule in the following month. Early in 1884 he went back to Japan as Professor in the University of Tokyo.

² Hooper was a man of outstanding character and power of influence. A sporting man, the accidental death of a companion on the way back from Newmarket brought him to his knees. From that day his life was wholly given to God. He went to East Africa about the same time that the Cambridge Seven went

These last entries show how Moule kept fully in touch with the movement amongst the undergraduates, and we can well understand how subsequently many of the latter came to him for guidance and training at Ridley Hall. It was a wonderful time. The morale of more than one College was lastingly raised by that week. Scores of men were led to devote themselves to God, who in after years were foremost in Christian service all over the world. Three or four of them became Bishops.

Moody's mission in 1882 naturally led on to further developments. The men, who had started in real earnest upon the Christian life, were "keen" to know the full possibilities of that life. They resolved to ask certain men, who were known as speakers at the Keswick Convention,¹ to come up to Cambridge in the following year and to take a series of meetings from January 30th to February 2nd. They secured the help of the Principal of Ridley Hall. He received Mr. Bowker and the Revs. C. A. Fox and H. W. Webb-Peploe as his guests, he arranged a gathering of men at Ridley Lodge one afternoon, and he attended some of the meetings, but he was not yet prepared to throw himself whole-heartedly into this movement.

A year later two much younger men, both in deacons' orders, came by the invitation of undergraduate leaders to hold an eight days' "holiness mission" in March 1884. Moule was not in any way responsible for the mission, but he did feel himself under strong obligation to guide and *guard* the young University men who looked to him for teaching. He received accounts of teachings at Messrs. Pigott and Oliphant's meetings, which made him anxious. Consequently on the Friday Mr. Barton and Mr. Moule conferred with the two young missionaries for two hours and a half on sanctification.

to China. Illness and privations wrecked his health, but even when crippled, he laboured on until he had completed more than thirty years' service. Moule felt a very deep affection for him, and Hooper returned that affection.

¹ See Chapter XI.

“I trust, usefully. Intensely anxious.” On Sunday evening he preached on “He is able to save to the uttermost” (Heb. vii. 25). He spoke of the good which he had himself gained in the past week and then of the error to be avoided.

There might have been a disastrous split, if the leaders among the men had not been met with sympathy as well as warning. As it was, Monday morning saw a gathering of at least 150 undergraduates at St. Benet’s at 7.45 a.m. for Holy Communion. J. T. Lang (the Vicar), Barton, Moule and Pigott officiated. Moule spoke on John xx. 16: “Rabboni, which is to say, Master.”

Pigott in the following year returned to Cambridge and held a number of meetings, in which he taught the “eradication” of sin.¹ And he was not the only one who overshot the mark. This “perfectionist” movement culminated in a Holiness Convention in 1886, in which many of the most ardent men were led into adopting unscriptural expressions. But in the autumn of this same year most of these men had seen the error of their ways, and at the beginning of the next Term it was agreed that sinless perfection should not again be taught under the auspices of the C.I.C.C.U.

But it would be a great mistake to exaggerate the tendency to overstep the mark.

Long afterwards, looking back upon these years, Bishop Moule wrote :

“That was a wonderful time; spiritual influences were ‘in the air.’ For some few years the Christian life at Cambridge, with which I was most connected, was moved in an extraordinary measure and manner by the

¹ Pigott’s unbalanced mind led him from one extreme to another until his name became a byword (see art. on *Agapemone* in *Enc. Brit.*).

Oliphant, on the contrary, has risen to be one of the most honoured leaders of the Salvation Army on the Continent. He has been given the C.B.E. for his devoted work among the British Prisoners of War in Switzerland and troops in Italy. Dr. Moule frequently corresponded with him, and sent him many of his books.

deepest inquiries and aspirations. The watchwords of surrender and holiness were everywhere. There was an almost passionate desire for entire deliverance from the power of sin. That sacred impulse took sometimes dangerous directions, and many an anxious hour some of us had to spend in seeking to guide men and to indicate the law of balance and holy soberness; but the whole result, I say unhesitatingly, was nobly good, and many a day since then I have almost prayed for the aberrations back again for the sake of the wonderful life. That was the time when missionary fervour awoke in power with splendid issues. To the ardent influences of, particularly, the years 1884 to about 1894, is owed the fact that of the five hundred men who passed through Ridley in my time more than one hundred went to the foreign field, and among these not a few of the very noblest Christian men I have ever known."

The flame of missionary interest which passed over Cambridge at this time arose as the result of the spiritual revival which followed Moody's mission. The principal agents used of God to fan this missionary interest to a white heat of fervour were "the Cambridge Seven." Several of these men were well known in the athletic world. Stanley Smith had stroked the Cambridge Boat to victory three years running; C. T. Studd had been Captain of the Cricket Team; M. Beauchamp rowed "Seven" in the First Trinity Boat; D. E. Hoste and Cecil Polhill-Turner were officers in the Army (one of the Royal Artillery, one of the 2nd Dragoon Guards); W. W. Cassels was in a London curacy; and A. T. Polhill-Turner was at Ridley Hall.

Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, and several of the above, visited Cambridge in November 1884, and held meetings from the 12th to the 18th in the Alexandra Hall. Here, again, we find Moule in full sympathy. He took the chair on two occasions. He records "most remarkable meetings" and "deeply moving testimonies." But still more remarkable was the farewell meeting held on February 2nd, 1885, when the Guildhall was "crowded in every corner" and "one

after another the new missionary volunteers spoke of their motive and hope and confessed their Lord's name and claims."

Moule, in a letter written to the *Record* two days later, asks :

" What are the main reasons for the might of a movement which has drawn to it man after man of a very noble type and of just the qualities most influential in the young Cambridge world ? "

He finds the answer in

" the uncompromising spirituality and unworldliness of the mission, responded to by hearts which have truly laid all at the Lord's feet and whose delight is the most open confession of His Name and its power upon themselves."

It was because the Principal of Ridley Hall was in very truth a kindred spirit that at the age of forty-three he was able to keep in intimate touch with all these young men who were brimming over with zeal and love.

It has been sometimes thought and said that Moule threw his influence unduly into the scale in favour of going out to the foreign field to the detriment and loss of the work at home. The actual truth is the exact opposite. The Church's sacred duty of world-wide evangelization was indeed given its proper "central" position, but no pressure was put upon men to volunteer for service abroad ; on the contrary, as he himself wrote in 1913 : " In those great days of missionary zeal it was constantly my duty at Ridley Hall to press urgently upon men the claims of the *home* field ; so almost universal was the longing to serve the Lord in the unevangelized world."

Contemporaneous with the missionary movement came the movement for the establishment of College Missions in poor parts of London. Both these movements owed their motive power to the general spiritual campaign

going on at Cambridge from 1882 onwards. And the men who led both movements were in many cases men who owed a great deal to Moule's strong, wise, spiritual influence and guidance.

The testimony of Dr. C. F. Harford, who was secretary to the C.I.C.C.U. in 1885-6, is very much to the point :

“ There were two men of the Seniors of the day who, more than any others, fanned the flame of our youthful enthusiasm, whilst endeavouring to restrain it when it was in danger of mis-direction. These were Handley Moule and John Barton, men of quite different temperament, yet one in love and sympathy for the boys who needed the wise counsel of these leaders of men. Sometimes we thought that ‘ Old Moule,’ as we were apt irreverently to call him, was somewhat too cautious, but we always ended by proving that he was right and we were wrong.”¹

Dr. Eugene Stock was in Cambridge in December 1886. He tells how on Sunday morning, December 5th, Barton and he got up at 6 a.m. in bitter cold and pitch darkness and went to a prayer-meeting at 6.45 in the rooms of the President of the C.I.C.C.U. for that year. More than fifty men crowded in, and he spoke to them on Ps. xxi. 13.

“ The meeting was held at this early hour in order that they might go on to the Corporate Communion at 8 a.m. at St. Benet's, when Moule gave the address. That same evening, after Moule's sermon in Trinity Church, there was a special meeting in the Alexandra Hall. Some 300 undergraduates were present, and, by special invitation, Barton, Moule and I. About five-and-twenty men gave their testimony. . . .”

“ The influence at this time of Handley Moule and John Barton was of the greatest value and exactly what was needed. Unsympathetic treatment of the spiritual movement would have alienated the men; but loving correction was wanted, and this they could give effectively because they understood ‘ the dialect ’ in use.

¹ *Cambridge Christian Life*, No. 7 (1914).

I do not doubt that scores of men were, by God's blessing, saved to the service of the Church by their means.”¹

H. L. C. de Candole, now Canon of Westminster, was up at Cambridge from 1887 to 1890. He bears similar witness.

“ The Christian life of Cambridge,” he writes, “ had been passing through a time of severe trial when I went up. Many of the more earnest men had been seeking after the experience of ‘the higher life,’ and—the enemy had been busy sowing tares among the wheat. I recall many a prolonged conversation in College rooms and on country walks as to the limits and possibilities of Christian perfection. Thank God we were not left without some one to guide us. . . . Among the older men there was the Rev. John Barton . . . and the Rev. H. C. G. Moule. . . . It was they who by their sympathy and strength first steadied and then guided the minds and hearts of many who were perplexed into an abiding experience of Christ’s indwelling presence. This was the outstanding mark of the religious life of my time at Cambridge. Not that the evangelistic appeal was forgotten. Far from it. . . . But the main feature was a quiet growth in grace, and with this an increasing care for the ‘regions beyond,’ which led shortly before my going down to the formation of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union. The Freshmen’s sermon was preached each year I was up by Mr. Moule, afterwards Bishop of Durham. There can be no doubt that this was the main influence on the religious life of Cambridge, especially, but not exclusively, in what may be called C.I.C.C.U. circles. His Sunday evening sermons in Holy Trinity Church attracted many undergraduates. Sentences from these sermons linger still in one’s memory and give the keynote of that teaching which did so much to build on strong foundations the faith of that generation of Cambridge men. Immediately after these sermons Mr. Moule took a Bible reading for University men only. He would pursue a consecutive line of thought, usually from one of the Epistles, and much solid teaching of the first importance was given to us.”²

¹ *My Recollections*, pp. 252 and 254.

² *Cambridge Christian Life*, No. 8 (1915).

One of the outstanding events of the October Term, 1887, was the opening of the Henry Martyn Hall in Trinity Street on a site adjoining Trinity Church. The Masters of Trinity and Corpus, and many Professors and notable men were present. Professors Westcott and Cowell were speakers. In the evening the C.M. Union met for the first time in the new Hall, and Mr. Moule read the interesting paper on the early history of the Union and on Henry Martyn's life and example, from which we quoted in Chapter III. For many years he took the chair at the weekly meetings of the C.M.U., and a number of the missionaries who came to speak were his guests at Ridley Lodge. Moreover, from this date till the end of 1890, Moule's late Sunday evening Bible readings were given in the Henry Martyn Hall, and the attendances throughout that period were large, the Hall being frequently nearly or quite full.

In 1892 there came up to Cambridge Douglas Thornton (the future pioneer-missionary to Moslems in Egypt), F. T. Woods (now Bishop of Peterborough), L. B. Butcher (a leading missionary in India and later a C.M.S. secretary at home), and other "keen" Christian men.

A mission week for men, held by the Rev. George Grubb in the Lent Term of 1893, lifted many to a new and higher experience of Christian life and witness.

"I can see now," writes F. T. W.,¹ "the strained faces of row upon row of undergraduates who filled the large room of the Guildhall to its utmost capacity, while the preacher with the utmost solemnity, flecked here and there with flashes of Irish humour, discoursed on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. . . ."

The result of it all was the quickening to a white heat of a group of men, of whom the centre was Douglas Thornton. Thornton in his first long Vacation attended the Keswick Convention.

"During my first year at Cambridge," he wrote afterwards, "I became conscious that I could lead men,

¹ *Cambridge Christian Life*, No. 10 (1915).

but I had no power to do it. Never shall I cease to be thankful that I got to Keswick that summer. For God showed me that the power of the Holy Ghost was needed in my life. H. B. Macartney called upon us all to say: 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' We all did. . . . I had confessed my faith in Him and He came in all His fulness into my soul."¹

Jesus Christ became to him more than ever before a living reality. Nor was he the only Cambridge man who learnt this blessed secret. The result was seen in the intensity of the self-denying activities of many members of the Christian Union in the following years at Cambridge.

In June 1894 J. R. Mott, the leader of the American Student Movement and afterwards President of the World's Student Christian Federation, came to Cambridge. F. T. Wood was at this time President of the C.I.C.C.U. and A. G. Dodderidge secretary. Mott interviewed these men and went to see Moule at Ridley Hall. In the following month Mott and R. E. Speer set before the College men, assembled for the Students' Conference at Keswick, the watchword of the American movement: "The evangelization of the world in this generation." "This glorious watchword," as Thornton called it, from henceforth dominated his life and that of many others. And the Christian Union speedily felt the inspiration. A year later Woods and Thornton took their degrees and went to Ridley. Both of them loved the Principal and found in him a truly kindred spirit. Moule frequently notes in his Diary that he has had walks and talks with these leading spirits among the young men.

And so it was from year to year. As each year men "went down," other men took up the torch. F. B. Macnutt (then a running "blue," now Archdeacon of Leicester, Sub-Dean and Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester), and many another, such as E. S. Woods and Stuart Holden, served their day and generation in the C.I.C.C.U. and passed on.

¹ *Life of Douglas Thornton*, by W. H. T. Gairdner, pp. 26-30.

Through these years C.I.C.C.U. men and their friends thronged Trinity Church on Sunday evenings and heard the Word of God from the lips of Dr. Moule. Term after Term they came to the short courses of Bible readings, which he gave up to 1890 at 8.30 pm., afterwards at an earlier hour (12.45) in the Henry Martyn Hall. Some of these men after their degree went on to Ridley. The majority went down to serve Christ and His Church as laymen in all the different walks of life. But on each and all of them, in varying degree, came the spell of the holy life, the sound learning and the fidelity to revealed truth of this great teacher. His was a noble ministry, nobly maintained for twenty years, to the young Christian manhood of the University of Cambridge.

“ I often wonder,” writes one who knew him both at Cambridge and in the north, “ whether Dr. Moule’s work at Cambridge was not even greater in its influence than the work which he accomplished later in his Diocese of Durham. He was emphatically a witness for the simple faith of the Gospel in a University town, and a succourer of many, who were tempted to think that in an intellectual society the faith of their childhood was too simple a thing to be retained.”

There are many who will be disposed to say that this writer was not far wrong. If the work at Cambridge was not greater, it was in its own way as great as anything that came after.

CHAPTER XI

INNER LIFE AND THE KESWICK MOVEMENT

IN the last three chapters we have seen, as it were from outside, the life of indefatigable labour and growing influence which made Dr. Moule's name a name to conjure with in Cambridge. But, seeing that, we want to know more. We cannot help asking ourselves: What was the secret motive-power of this outward life? What was the inner history of this man's soul? To that question this chapter seeks to supply an answer.

September 1884 saw a great crisis in the life of Handley Moule. He always spoke of it afterwards as the date which witnessed a new departure in his life; a date when the secret of a holy life was revealed to him. What was it that actually took place? Was he not for years before this a holy man of God? Certainly if any one visiting Cambridge in the early 'eighties had asked to have pointed out to him one who was conspicuously the follower of Jesus Christ, a very large number would have pointed out Handley Moule as just that man. No one can read his diaries and letters without realizing that in his inner man he followed hard after God.

And yet he was not satisfied himself. He could not have told you what was wrong, but with all the rich experiences of grace and of power in service which had already been given to him he was conscious that there was something lacking. A few years before, the then Vicar of St. John's, Keswick, Canon Harford-Battersby, had been passing through a similar experience. In 1874 he and Mr. Robert Wilson, a friend and neighbour, dissatisfied with their past attainments, attended a series of meetings held at Oxford "for the promotion

of Scriptural Holiness." There they learnt the open secret for which they had been praying : and, returning home full of joy, they witnessed to what the Lord had done for them. In the following year they decided to hold similar meetings at Keswick, and so many received help and blessing that it was decided to hold a second Convention. The second led on to a third, and as the numbers in attendance increased each year, the Convention became an annual event.

The Revs. H. W. Webb-Peploe (now Prebendary), E. H. Hopkins, C. A. Fox and E. W. Moore, Mr. H. F. Bowker and others rallied round the Movement; but for a long time the leading Evangelicals held aloof and viewed it with undisguised suspicion. Some of them went further and openly denounced it as dangerous heresy. It is not surprising, therefore, that, when in 1883 certain Keswick speakers visited Cambridge, Moule was attracted by the men, but had his suspicions about the doctrine. He was afraid that it tended to lead men to trust for acceptance before God in a supposed perfection of their own, *instead of* in the perfection of their Redeeming Lord. In the following year he was asked to review Mr. Evan Hopkins' book *The Law of Liberty in the Spiritual Life*. This he did in four articles which contained some stringent criticism. But the critic himself was not satisfied. He could find fault with this or that bit of Scripture exegesis and with a lack of proportion in the whole; but could he say that he knew in his own experience all that a true exegesis showed to be the Christian's privilege? Nay : the critic's own articles showed that he was feeling after a deeper experience of the possibilities of Grace.

That autumn he went north to stay with relations at Park-hall, Polmont. His visit synchronized with an annual Convention, held in the great barn on the estate. He tells us that he felt great misgivings as to the soundness of the teaching he was to hear; but he could not well absent himself, and, when the meetings began, he sat in the audience, critical but also "hungry for some

gracious thing, if it was to be found." On the second night two addresses were given. Mr. William Sloan, a "noble example of the Christian business man," speaking from Haggai i., asked why so many Christians lived unsatisfied lives: "Ye eat, but ye have not enough." He showed with searching power how in various ways the religious "self" intruded itself into work for God, and so brought leanness into the soul. The expository picture "showed him to himself (under light from above) in a degree agonizing in its force. The converted soul seemed to ask from the depths: What must I do to be delivered from myself?" The answer came in the second address. Mr. Hopkins showed that what man, even the Christian man, cannot do for himself, the Spirit can do in him. He "piled up the promises of God to the soul that will do two things towards Him: surrender itself into His Hands, and trust Him for His mighty victory within." As these promises were recited, grace enabled him to take them as "meant to act." Before he left that barn he did two things: he *yielded* himself wholly and unreservedly to his Sovereign Lord to be His willing "bond-slave," and he *trusted* Him with a new definiteness to work in him that transformation into His own Image which He alone could effect. As he thus embraced with the two arms of surrender and trust the Divine Promiser, he became aware in his inmost being that, on the one hand, he was indeed the absolute "bond-slave" of a Sovereign Master, and, on the other, that he was in the keeping of "a Friend and Liberator," Who would, so long and so much as he looked to Him, make him "more than conqueror over the most subtle approach of evil."

Thirty-five years later the Bishop of Durham stood for the last time upon the platform in the tent at Keswick, his face lit up with the joy of the Lord, and witnessed to the faithfulness of his Divine Master during the years that had passed since that revelation of His Grace and Power.

It is always a temptation to exaggerate the sudden-

ness and newness of a great experience—to leave out of sight the gradual preparation which has gone before. There come days in spring-time, when Nature seems with a sudden burst to leap from winter to summer. Fruit-trees break out into blossom as by the hand of a magician. And yet that sudden outburst is not an arbitrary act, unrelated to anything that has gone before. There could be no spring or summer but for the unseen activities which have filled the preceding season. Beneath the apparent deadness of winter, life within has been preparing for the day in which sunshine and shower shall call it to put forth its power. It was so with Handley Moule. We have seen how through the first twenty-five years of his life the powers of the Spirit within in large measure lay dormant, and how in January 1867 he stepped out into a new and vivid consciousness of spiritual Life: we have seen how during the next eighteen years he faithfully served God and man at Fordington and at Cambridge.

Now came a fresh Call to advance. Under the influence of the Life-giving Spirit his soul blossomed out into a new fullness of life. Hitherto he had reserved the right to decide for himself when and how he should serve God. Now came the Call to put himself unreservedly under the direction of another. He obeyed the Call—he let go, he was willing henceforth to be and to do, not what he willed, but what God willed. Hitherto he had unconsciously been trying to attain to holiness of life by self-effort. Now he consciously renounced all thought that he could in his own strength do any good thing, and he cast himself upon Jesus Christ his Lord to work out in him by His might all the good pleasure of His Will. And “according to his faith it was unto him.” Henceforth a new peace filled his heart, a new power for service manifested itself in his life.

This newly experienced “Secret of the Presence” was speedily put to the test. The following term at Cambridge brought great labours, many perplexities, grave problems relating to movements at work among

the undergraduates. In a power not his own he was able to meet every difficulty with a quiet mind and a triumphant faith. He trusted his Lord and found Him wholly true. In the following Lent Term he gave to the University Church Society that impressive series of addresses which were published immediately afterwards under the title of *Thoughts on Christian Sanctity*. It was of this little volume that Canon Bright remarked : " This book I shall always keep within reach of my hand." No one can read this and other later writings of the same kind without realizing the perfect saneness and the balanced judgment as well as the spiritual power, with which he set forth, on the one hand, the claims and the promises of his sovereign Lord, and, on the other hand, the blessed certainty that the soul that trusted Him could find Him wholly sufficient for every need and circumstance of life.

There was no longer hesitation in joining himself to the circle of speakers on the Keswick platform. One of his earliest actions in that direction was to write a letter to *The Record* to say that, since he had written his criticism of *The Law of Liberty in the Spiritual Life* he had had the opportunity of some days' personal intercourse with the author of that book, and that, while he could still wish some of the things in the book otherwise written, he had heard nothing from the writer, in public or private, which he could wish differently spoken. Never had he heard more convincing expositions of the inability of the believing Christian's best hour to " endure the severity of the Divine judgment." Never had he heard teaching more alien from perfectionist error. Never had he been so brought personally face to face with the infinitely important reality of self-surrender to the Lord and the promises of His Divine action as the Keeper of the spirit committed to Him : an action which only intensified the work of watching and prayer on the part of the believer. The precious doctrine of the vital union of the Head with the members had been stated with equal balance and

power. Of himself he would only say that "those few days were a crisis never to be forgotten in the spiritual life of at least one much-needling Christian."¹

Keswick speakers revisited Cambridge in March, 1885, and various later dates. And always Moule ranged himself at their side.

In July 1886 he made his first appearance on the Keswick Convention platform. He spoke there again in seven different years while Principal of Ridley Hall, and in five more after he became Bishop of Durham. It was always an intense refreshment to his own soul to breathe the atmosphere of faith and hope and love which prevails at the Convention. In August 1889, after attending the Convention of that year, he wrote to Mr. Hopkins: "I thank God daily for the blessing of that week at Keswick to my own soul. Day by day in the midst of constant calls, there is a peace and readiness not my own, by the blessed open secret which you under God taught me September 18th, 1884, in Park-hall barn, and in which this last Convention was made a special help forward. How dreadful life would now be without it! Pray often for your once prejudiced and now most thankful convert and friend." Again, in July 1915, "Keswick is very dear to me. It has been for me the vestibule of Heaven once again, and its message is the very heart of the truth of our sacrificed and living Lord."

If it was a joy to him to be on the platform at the Keswick Convention, it was equally a joy to multitudes attending the Convention to see him there. They knew that they would hear the Message of Keswick given with inimitable grace and skill, combining the accurate thought of the scholar with the spiritual fervour of the saint. In every one of those thirteen visits, but with increasing vividness and power as time went on, he gave utterance to memorable messages from the Lord, Whose adoring and willing bond-servant he was.

¹ *Record*, November 12th, 1884 and August 1st, 1890. See C.M.S. History, Vol. III, p. 287.

On the occasion of his last visit (1919) he delivered six sermons and addresses which were afterwards published separately in book-form under the title *Christ and the Christian*.¹ These six addresses sum up in striking fashion the Bishop's teaching on the great theme of the Christian life of victory and power, as he loved to expound it during the last thirty-six years of his life. They were, on this side of his teaching, his last legacy to the Church of Christ, and as such deserve the reverent and prayerful study of all those disciples of the Lord Jesus who desire to follow the blessed footsteps of His most Holy Life.

A few extracts from the first of these messages will fitly close this chapter. It was preached from the pulpit of St. John's Church on the first Sunday morning of the Convention. The Bishop began by recalling what Keswick had long done in the field of spiritual life. This he did "with two main purposes in view."

"On the one hand," he said, "I have wanted to quicken in all my friends the prayer and the purpose that the message of Keswick should be kept absolutely true to-day to its wonderful yesterday. And I want, on the other hand, to indicate as forcibly as I can how thus, and thus only, Keswick may make its solid contribution to the highest good of the to-day and the to-morrow of Church and of world, in this unexampled crisis of the story of mankind.

"First, then, . . . what, stated with regard to its essentials only, is the message of Keswick upon Holiness?

"I know not how better to give in its vital essence the Keswick message than in the words of McCheyne: 'Christ *for* us is all our righteousness before a holy God; Christ *in* us is all our strength in an ungodly world.' The first limb of the statement refers rather to what Keswick takes for granted than what it distinctively teaches. . . .

"The distinctive message of our Convention is that which speaks itself out in the second limb of McCheyne's pregnant saying: 'Christ *in* us is all our strength in

¹ See Bibliography.

an ungodly world.' So the young Scottish prophet wrote, a long generation before our Convention arose. . . . The God-given work of Keswick, for it was indeed God-given, was only to emphasize with a new accent of decision this wonderful but authentic and orthodox Gospel for the inner life.

"The saints of Keswick's early days made noble discoveries for themselves of this open secret. True men and Christians as they were, they had longed before with great desire to please God always, to run always the path of loving obedience and not be weary, to walk always in it and not faint. . . . And now they found, one by one, that wonderful things in that direction could be done within, when, with a great simplicity of surrender, they called their Lord in to write His Will on their submissive hearts, to hold His tempted servants up in His own Almighty Hands, while He trod their tempter under His feet. . . . And they rejoiced with great and holy happiness. And they told the secret out to other men.

"I have spoken of that secret as to its inmost essence only. Attendant upon it, those men saw other related truths. They saw and said much of the Holy Spirit's power and work. . . . They saw and taught that this life of faith meant no indolence of soul. He who would live at liberty through a trusted Christ must 'stir himself up to lay hold on Him.' He must watch, pray, ponder the sacred Word, discipline himself in all things, if he would *use* his secret as only the wakeful can. But, nevertheless, the secret itself was just this—Holiness by Faith, a life humbly true to God, made possible, made actual, by the use, for victory, of the trusted Christ within. That secret has been the message of Keswick from the first. It shall be so still in the light and power of the Spirit, even to the last.

"Now let me lay on my brethren that other burthen of the Lord which is laid on me, so I think, by Him to-day. These altogether spiritual watchwords of our assemblies, are they, after all, timely for this time of ours? Does not the new age want new wine? Does it not demand a gospel of social action rather than of spiritual mystery? I dare to reply that never was the Message of Christ and of the Spirit more vital to the progress and to the health of human life. The vaster the disturbance of the world, the more necessary to

that world are ‘the powers of the World to come.’ And how shall these ‘powers’ be best injected into the troubled manhood of to-day? Through the mighty multiplication everywhere of living results, in men’s and women’s lives, of the reality of these powers; through the presence everywhere, amid the forgetting or rebelling multitudes, of neighbours and comrades, who live a genuine human life, but live it beyond all mistake as those whose steadfast peace is Christ for us, and whose power for Victory over sin within and sin around . . . is Christ within us. Again and yet again God has saved the world from itself by a reanimated Church.”

The Bishop closed with a stirring appeal to his brethren in Christ to rise to this high calling, to surrender themselves to their Master (their Despôtes—2 Tim. ii. 21), that in His Hands they might become usable by Him for the saving of the world.

What, to the last, the Keswick meetings meant to the Bishop is clearly seen in the touching letter he wrote to the Secretary of the Council, on the Monday before his visit to Windsor Castle :

“ I have had occasion to reconsider very anxiously my hope, to be present and help at the well-loved Convention, whose work is ever more precious to me and which to me last year was a marked spiritual help. It is forced upon me as a necessity *intensely* unwelcome to ask leave to cancel my promise and to have the grief of being absent.

“ The special burthens of the year are very heavy (Lambeth, Quadrennial Visitation of the Diocese, etc.). And I have been haunted for the last few months with a nervous fatigue, which does warn me to take care. I could almost literally cry as I write thus. I had looked forward with great desire to coming.”

As it proved, the Master had something better in store for His servant than even the Convention which he loved so well. Long ere July came, He had welcomed him into His Presence above.¹

¹ For Dr. Moule’s visits to other Conventions, see pp. 148–9.

CHAPTER XII

IN PULPIT AND ON PLATFORM

I. Evening Lecturer at Trinity Church, Cambridge

ON October 3rd, 1880, two days after he came back to reside at Cambridge, Moule records in his Diary that he had that morning preached his first sermon as Lecturer at Trinity Church, his text being : " That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins " (Matt. ix. 6). On October 13th, 1901, five days before his consecration to the Bishopric of Durham, he records his last such sermon, preached from Heb. xiii. 8 : " Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever."

Between these two dates, for twenty-one years, was exercised that remarkable and far-reaching ministry of the Word of which we have already spoken. It affected both town and University. The regular congregation appreciated these weekly sermons, with their happy combination of sound learning, profound reverence for the Word, and loyal devotion to the great evangelical truths which had been associated with their church for the last hundred years. But also on Sunday evenings in term-time the church was invaded by numbers of young University men, who came to sit at the feet of Handley Moule. Time after time the Diary records, " Church very full," the last such entry (October 13th, 1901) being, " Church crowded in every part." It is worth while asking what exactly it was which attracted these young men.

Canon David Walker, now Vicar of Kirkby Fleetham, Yorks, was an undergraduate at Cambridge from 1883 to 1886. The following account of the preaching at Trinity Church owes much to material he has supplied.

“ All undergraduates would be likely sooner or later to go to Trinity Church on a Sunday evening to hear Moule preach. The mass of men were liberal and easy-going. They would stroll in anywhere the first time without demur, under the persuasion of a friend,” but if they were to be led to regular attendance, it was essential that something in the service or the sermon should awaken and satisfy the spiritual sense. In addition to these there were, of course, men whose religious sense was already awake and who were members of such societies as the C.I.C.C.U., men who in many cases were looking forward to taking Holy Orders.

Several churches laid themselves out to attract young gowmens for their good on Sunday evenings, but no contemporary would dispute the verdict that for quiet, steady attraction the sermons of Mr. Moule held the palm. This is noteworthy. There was nothing in church or service to attract young men except the heartiness of the responses and the singing. The old tradition, dating from the days of Charles Simeon, governed the ritual and ornaments of the church. Moule records that on a Sunday evening in June, 1887, he had preached for the first time in Trinity Church in the surplice instead of the M.A. gown. Henceforth by the Vicar’s wish the surplice was to be used “ on Communion nights.” (We may note in passing that on this Sunday evening there were about ninety communicants.) Similarly in May, 1891, he notes the first chanting of the responses, “ very sweet and reverent.” To the average young man of eighteen to twenty, fresh from school and full of the joy of life, this type of service would not particularly appeal. That he was not repelled was, in fact, a tribute to the preacher.

Not that Mr. Moule cultivated any of the arts whereby the popular preacher captivates his hearers. There was no effort after rhetoric, and but little gesture or variety of tone. The delivery was earnest and solemn, and, it must be owned, in the earlier years somewhat monotonous. But there was at times real

eloquence; and striking phrases and apt illustrations lit up the discourses. What was lacking in art was more than made up for by the utter sincerity of the man, the depth and range of his learning, and the convicting and uplifting power of his message.

We shall not understand the force and urgency of this preacher's utterances if we do not grasp clearly the fundamental convictions on which they were based. These convictions, which dominated all his thinking and all his preaching, were three: the awfulness of sin and its deserts; the infinite value and importance for the human soul of his Lord and Saviour; and the supreme authority of the Bible. The first two of these came to him, as St. Paul would say, "by revelation" (Gal. i. 12, 16). That "conviction of sin" which came upon him in December, 1866, was, to use words of his which seem to reflect what he himself had gone through, an "awfully real experience." His conscience was "awakened into the state in which a man cries or groans in spiritual pain, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" In these dark hours he "bowed himself down in agonized submission before the felt reality of the desert of an everlasting doom."¹

Then to the soul thus bowed down and trembling at "the terror of the Lord," was revealed the unutterable glory and sufficiency of his Lord and Saviour. The invisible Lord "broke the veil and made manifest Himself."² The vivid impression of that vision, no doubt, faded away, but the Lord Jesus was henceforth to his inmost soul the Person of persons—a living Reality, upon Whom he rested the whole weight of his sins, his sorrows, his anxieties and his fears, and with Whom he lived and walked and communed morning, noon, and night. Arising out of these intensely real personal experiences came the third conviction. Speaking at a Bible Crusade Meeting the Bishop once said: "When my Lord Christ became a living and unutterably

¹ *Fordington Sermons*, pp. 62 and 65.

² *Ibid.*, p. 91.

necessary Reality to me, I remember that one of my first sensations of profound relief was : ‘ *HE* absolutely trusted the Bible, and, though there are in it things inexplicable and intricate that have puzzled me so much, I am going, not in a blind sense, but reverently, to trust the Book because of *HIM*.’ ” Thus in the Old Testament he saw the Scriptures which his Lord had used with such reverence as His Father’s Word ; while in the New Testament, and in the New Testament only, he found the record of what that Lord had been and taught and wrought. This Bible therefore was the subject of his daily study, and the authority upon which he based all his preaching.

In vigour and forcefulness of delivery he gained greatly as the years rolled by ; in his outlook upon life and his powers of judgment on doctrinal and ecclesiastical questions he broadened and matured as he advanced in age and experience ; but upon these foundation truths he stood firm and immovable to the end. That his first sermon in Trinity Church proclaimed the power of the Son of Man to forgive sins, and his last the unchangeableness of Jesus Christ, serves to illustrate the whole tenor and tone of his preaching during those twenty-one Cambridge years.

Special reference may be made to one exceptional sermon, preached on Sunday, March 20th, 1881. The subject was “ The Future State.” Three days later he received a letter, signed by J. Armitage Robinson (now Dean of Wells, but then an undergraduate at Christ’s College), his brother, C. H. Robinson (now Editorial Secretary of the S.P.G.), and other men, asking him to publish the sermon, as they desired to possess it in a permanent form. They had good reason to do so, for the subject had been brought into “ marked prominence ” by Dean Farrar’s *Eternal Hope* (1877) and other recent writings, and Moule presented the case for the older view with a strength and “ earnest care ” which was beyond all praise. The sermon was published that same year in *Fordington Sermons* (pp. 60–70), with a

footnote stating that it had been re-written and preached at Cambridge in 1881, and was now printed as then preached. It has been already quoted from in this chapter. No one who reads that sermon, whatever be his own views on this "dread problem," can fail to appreciate the whole tone and temper of the preacher.

"I cannot speak," he says, "on such a topic as if I were delivering an essay. I must speak as one personally concerned; one who distinctly feels the awful import for himself of the question what eternity shall be. Well have I known what it is to recoil from the subject altogether, and even to adopt as a relief one of the two opinions described above [viz. : universalism, and conditional immortality]. But what then saith the Bible? How do we read? The Bible must be the deciding evidence. For to the Bible *entirely* do we owe the explicit teachings of the Son of God. . . . And this authority . . . must indeed be final."

After setting forth the awful reality of sin and the uncompromising language of the Lord and His Apostles, he goes on :

"Thus speaks the Word. Shall I dare not to believe it? The question carries me back over long years to a conversation on this very topic in my own college days. We agitated the dark question then, as it is agitated now; and I remember a sentence quoted to me then by a friend, no 'narrow theologian,' a man of surpassing mental power: 'Fear not—to believe it; fear—not to believe it.' "

He closes :

"Such from the foot of the Cross seems to me to be the dark outlook for the soul that has not 'fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope'—the one hope—'set before us.' There, blessed be God, for the believing soul's present and eternal 'rescue from the wrath to come,' stands the Cross. But the Cross itself throws no light into that 'outer darkness' against which it is the solitary bar."

This sermon has been quoted, not as a sample of the

preacher's usual topics, for it is not; but to show how men who were facing the perplexities of thought of their day came to hear his message, and how they found in him one who had himself passed through the same agitations as they and who had "come out on the other side" with reasoned convictions, which he sought now to impart to them.¹

II. *As Preacher in Other Pulpits.*

It was only natural that this preacher, so urgent and yet so restrained, so well equipped and yet so modest, should soon be invited to occupy other pulpits. His own University gave him frequent welcome to the pulpit of Great St. Mary's. His first two University sermons have already been mentioned in Chapter VII (p. 81). Three others are to be found in *Christ is All*, and seven more in *The Secret of the Presence*. We may specially refer to two preached in October, 1898.² The first was on "Two Cambridge Saints," Nicolas Ridley and Henry Martyn. It was delivered on the anniversary of Bishop Ridley's martyrdom (October 16th, 1555) and close to that of Henry Martyn's death (October 6th, 1812). The second was based on Ps. lxxiii. 28. It is a masterly exposition of the necessity of the individual approach (not as opposed to, but complementary to, the corporate approach) to God. It should be studied by all who wish to see the real inwardness of that truth for which it is the glory of the Evangelical School to stand as witness.

In 1888 we find Mr. Moule preaching "by Royal Command" in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall (now the National Service Museum). He told his students on his return that, on asking the verger if they got a good congregation, the man replied: "Yes, when anybody

¹ With this Sermon should be read Chapter IX of *Christ and Sorrow*, in which the Bishop deals with the question which came home with such painful insistence to many mourners during the War: "Was he ready?" (see p. 178, and letter on pp. 293-4).

² Sermons VI and VII in *The Secret of the Presence*.

preaches that anybody knows anything about, but there won't be many to-day." "Very good for the flesh," was the Principal's merry comment. That one at least was present that day who felt it good to be there may be seen from a letter which the preacher received the same day :

"The Education Department, Whitehall.

"I am sure you will forgive me for doing, for once, what I have never done before in my life, thanking a preacher for a cheering, comforting, helpful sermon—allowing difficulties to be difficulties, not attempting leaky solutions—but directing us all to the feet of an unseen, yet ever present, Saviour—as our teacher, our friend, our Christ. Thanks yet again.

"Ever yours truly,

"W. F. T."

Oxford invited him to preach twice before the University in 1895.¹ St. Paul's Cathedral saw him preaching at the Nave midday services on the first three days of Lent, 1892, his subject being, "The Blessedness of the man, whose iniquities are forgiven" (Ps. xxxii. 3, 5, 7). And within the fifteen years from 1887 to 1901 we find him preaching successively in the Cathedrals at Oxford, Liverpool, Lincoln (Day of Prayer for Missions), Norwich (on St. Augustine of Hippo), Durham, Canterbury, York and Wells. Dr. Bradley, his Head Master at Marlborough, became Dean of Westminster in 1881. In 1888 came an invitation from him to preach the Sunday evening sermon in Westminster Abbey. It was a great pleasure to him to renew his friendship with his old chief, and the privilege of preaching in the Abbey was one which he highly valued. Year after year (eight times in twelve years) he delivered his Master's message to the "vast congregation" which worshipped within its walls.

Another direction in which he was constantly in

¹ "The Sight of Self and the Sight of Christ" (Rev. i. 17-18). See *The Secret of the Presence*, Sermon IX.

requisition was that of Quiet Days for the Clergy. As early as 1881 he writes to his brother George :

“ On Tuesday I had a very interesting experience. Dean Perowne asked me to conduct a ‘ Quiet Day ’ in Peterborough Cathedral. It was intensely anxious work : about thirty-three clergy, including the Dean and a number of senior men, to speak to. But God gave me help. I spoke almost exclusively on the clergyman’s personal knowledge of the Saviour and walk with Him. The Dean and others were very warm in their appreciation.”

Everywhere the clergy welcomed him. But perhaps nowhere did his addresses receive more rapt attention than at the 7 a.m. celebrations for clergy and ministers which for many years were held in St. John’s Church, Keswick, on the Thursday in the Convention week.¹ Any number up to two hundred were present on these occasions.

He preached a good many Ordination sermons during his Cambridge years,² and in 1900 he preached a noble sermon in York Minster at the consecration of Bishop Chavasse on Acts xxiii. 11, “ Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.”³

One other pulpit which he occupied must be recalled. Twice he preached the C.M.S. Annual Sermon at St. Bride’s, “ the blue riband of the Evangelical School,” an honour only shared by one other man in the whole hundred and twenty years. In May, 1898, he preached (from Luke xxiv. 46–47) upon “ The old Gospel for the New Age.”⁴ The only fault found with it was that it was too short ! Yet what a close ! Recalling five

¹ See *The Secret of the Presence*, Sermon XII. “ I am Gabriel that stand . . . and I am sent. . . . ”

² For two such at Liverpool see *The Secret of the Presence*, Sermons XIII and XIV, cf. *Christ’s Witness to the Life to Come*, Sermon XIII.

³ *My Brethren and Companions*, Sermon XII.

⁴ *The Secret of the Presence*, Sermon XVIII. See also *History of the C.M.S.*, Vol. III, pp. 698–9.

recent deaths of missionaries, he declared that the Cross was all in all to them,

“when the Master called them to glorify God by dying—in the shipwreck on the Indian deep, amid the deathdamps of the Niger, by the gunshot beside the Lake of the Equator, by the murderer’s sword at Sierra Leone.”

Sixteen years later he preached as Bishop of Durham. His text was *Acts i. 7-8*. He told how he had himself stood upon the very spot on the Mount of Olives where in all probability the Lord, about to ascend, delivered his final charge to His Apostles and His Church. To that charge he pointed, as full of a Divine compulsion.

“We are here to-night because it is a fact, solid as the cliffs of Olivet, that this was His own ultimate command; His people were to be His witnesses wherever man is found upon the earth.”

And he went on to show how the world, the Church, and the very nature of the Gospel itself, bore three-fold testimony to the urgency of the world-wide commission.¹

III. As Speaker and Teacher outside Cambridge.

We have seen how Moule’s gifts and powers as a preacher found recognition in the wider world outside Cambridge. The same was true of him as a public speaker and teacher. He soon became in request at conferences and conventions and annual meetings of Societies.

His first appearance at the Islington Clerical Meeting ² was in 1881, when he was set down as an “appointed speaker.” In 1885 he read one of four papers on Spiritual Life in the Church of England, his particular

¹ *Cathedral and University Sermons*, No. XI.

² This gathering, which began in the study of Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, in 1824, has grown steadily in size and importance, until it became necessary to migrate first to the Great Mildmay Conference Hall and then (in 1920) to the Church House, Westminster. The pre-war attendance rose to about 1200.

theme being "Hindrances." From that time onwards every third or fourth year until 1899 we find his name on the programme as the reader of a paper, and twice he revisited the annual gathering of Evangelical Clergy, as Bishop, viz. in 1912 and 1918. More and more men of the Evangelical School came to look to him to present the truths for which they stood with a combination of scholarly precision, logical force and spiritual depth, which they could find equally nowhere else.

The Islington meeting was both by name and practice "Clerical." The Mildmay Conference,¹ on the contrary, was in its day the great gathering-place of evangelically minded Christian people without distinction of denomination, ministry or sex. For a considerable time the authorities at Mildmay looked with great suspicion upon any one connected with the Keswick Convention. But just about the time that Moule threw himself into the scale on the side of the Keswick speakers, the tide turned, and in the very first June after the memorable visit to Polmont, he was invited to speak on the Mildmay platform. At the morning meeting, and again at a specially called side-meeting in the afternoon, he stood up to testify to his Master's ability to save His people from the power of sin and to enable them to walk in newness of life.² Twice again he was a welcome speaker at Mildmay (1892 and 1894).

Exeter Hall³ in the Strand was for seventy years the greatest rallying ground in the metropolis of the

¹ This conference was founded by William Pennefather, Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, from 1864 to 1873. On Mr. Pennefather's death Stevenson Blackwood (afterwards Sir Arthur Blackwood) became Chairman. The Hall was built about 1870 and seated 2500 persons.

² His two addresses were published in the *Record* of June 26th, 1885.

³ Exeter Hall was built in 1831 to provide accommodation for the large numbers who used to gather at what are now known as the May Meetings of the principal societies. Fifty years later it was bought and presented to the Y.M.C.A. on the understanding that the Hall would still be let to the Societies for their public meetings. A few years ago it was pulled down and the Strand Palace Hotel built in its place.

Evangelical and Philanthropic Societies, and it was on the platform of Exeter Hall that Moule stood in 1885 to make one of the most impressive speeches he ever delivered. The Christian people of England had been greatly stirred by the going forth to China of the Cambridge Seven.¹ At the suggestion of the Y.M.C.A. the Church Missionary Society arranged a great meeting for men in order to set before them "The Claims of the Heathen and Mohammedan World." The Hall was filled to overflowing. Fifty men came up with Moule from Cambridge. Earl Cairns presided. Moule spoke with wonderful power.

"What," he asked, "has gathered us together here? Nothing less than the Spirit of God moving visibly in the world and in the Church. At this time God is making Himself felt in ways in which we cannot but trace His blessed hand with peculiar clearness. This is a very great evening—great it may be for many souls here to-day—great certainly for many a mission-field—for our dear Church Missionary Society and for our, if possible, yet dearer Church of England. . . . But we are not here to-night to praise our Society or our Church. We are here in the Presence of our King. I would speak in the sense of that Divine Presence, remembering that His demand upon every one of His servants is 'surrender at discretion,' the yielding of our will and of our life to do His Will. In the old feudal days, when the vassal did homage to his lord, he did *this*: he put his hands together, and put them between the hands of his lord, in token of absolute submission to his will and readiness for activity in his work. That is the only true position for a Christian's hands—not one hand, but both—quite within the hands of the infinitely trustworthy, infinitely sovereign Lord Jesus Christ."

Then he appealed with intense earnestness to the young men present that night in so great numbers.

"You are here before the unseen Lord. He is now speaking to you through this meeting as His voice,

¹ See Chapter X, p. 119.

and you have to say something to Him in reply, as to whether for His service, be it at home or abroad, you are prepared to live as those that have put their hands in His and belong henceforth wholly to Him."

We are reminded of the first lines of that noble hymn which he wrote at this very period :

My glorious Victor, Prince Divine
Clasp these surrendered hands in Thine ;
At length my will is all Thine own,
Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne !

By this one address, Moule, hitherto unknown to a London audience, won his way straight to the hearts of the Christian men of the metropolis. He appeared again on the same platform at the C.M.S. anniversary two months later. He told the great gathering of a remarkable meeting of University men held at Cambridge at the previous St. Andrew's-tide, at the close of which scores of men, graduate and undergraduate, had gathered round Mr. Wigram and Mr. Stock, inquiring eagerly about openings for Missionary service.¹ From this time onward his tongue and his pen were ever at the disposal of the Society he loved so well.

The first Church Congress met in the Hall of King's College, Cambridge, in 1861. H. C. G. Moule was that year elected a Scholar of Trinity. Twenty-five years later he for the first time stood upon a Congress platform, but from that time onward he was frequently present either as speaker or preacher. Altogether he took part in eighteen Congresses, nine before he became Bishop and nine after. He was especially welcome as a speaker on devotional subjects. Twice he spoke on "the Devotional use of Scripture," once on "Secret Prayer," more than once on "The Christian Home" and once on "The Christian and the World."² But he took part also in the discussion of many more or less burning questions, such as Religious Instruction, Home Reunion,

¹ *History of the C.M.S.*, Vol. III, p. 315.

² Published as a separate booklet by Seeley & Co. For the other papers, see Bibliography.

the Reformation, the Evangelical Movement in the Church of England, and the Fostering of Vocation for Holy Orders. Some of these papers are of exceptional value and interest; all of them, even when dealing with the most controversial matters, have about them a spiritual fragrance which reminds us that we are in the presence of the unseen Lord. It is very interesting to compare the paper on "Limits and Lines of United Action with Christians not of our own Communion," as originally prepared for the Congress at Birmingham in 1893, and the actual speech, as it appears in the Official Report. At an early stage of the meeting "Father Ignatius" had created a scene by rising in his seat holding aloft a copy of *Lux Mundi*, and protesting against the Rev. Charles Gore, as he then was, being allowed to speak! And later on Prof. G. T. Stokes of Dublin had vigorously denounced the practice of calling home-separatists, whether Popish or Puritan recusants, "Churches," and quoted Bishop Hall (*The Divine Right of Episcopacy*) as taking the same line. Moule was called upon to read the next paper. He showed his command of the controversy by putting aside his MS. for the first five minutes and speaking on the spur of the moment in answer to Stokes.

"If I were minded to pursue the subject on the lines of Professor Stokes, I might appeal from Bishop Hall to Bishop Hall, from that theologian's *Divine Right of Episcopacy* to his later work, under a happier title, *The Peacemaker*."

He proceeded to quote from memory both Bishop Hall and Archbishop Sancroft. From this point he partially followed the lines of his paper, but without reading from it. He said that he had recently been obliged, on the ground of loyalty to his own Church, to decline to co-operate—not with individuals (who, as baptized, were as much members of Christ as himself), but—with an organization actually competing and sometimes colliding with the National Church as such. At the same time he could

not refuse the name of "Church" to great organizations of living Christians, developed under circumstances to which ancient Church History presents no real parallel.

"To those who have cheered and clapped this morning with such delighted enthusiasm at the thought that dissenting bodies are in no sense Churches, I put the request that they will try the experiment of bringing themselves into close brotherly relations with Nonconformist Christians as individuals in Christ. . . ."

He ended by referring to the Keswick Convention as illustrating how such Christian intercourse might lawfully be attained.

"No questions of Church connection are asked there. On the other hand, no abnegation of distinctive principles in such matters is demanded. . . . For myself I always return from such a scene to duty more than ever thankful for my Church and my Orders as vehicles for the exercise of 'the blessed life,' and at the same time no less affectionately drawn to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

The Keswick Convention has received treatment in Chapter XI. But Moule's work in this direction was not confined to Keswick. He spoke at Conventions as far north as Aberdeen and as far west as Glasgow and Dublin.

He paid a very interesting visit to Dublin in April 1894. The Synod was in session. Those present at it will well remember the very lively whole-day debate that year with regard to the consecration of a Bishop for the Spanish Episcopal Reformed Church. Mr. and Mrs. Moule were the guests of Lord Plunket, the Archbishop of Dublin, and they met at the Palace many of the most interesting personalities of the Church of Ireland. On the day before the "Spanish" debate, he read a paper before the Clerical Society at 9 a.m.(!) and the same evening he addressed a great gathering in the Metropolitan Hall on the subject of "Spiritual

Life." The Archbishop took the chair, and members of the Synod, both clerical and lay, formed the bulk of the assembly.

One other Convention may be mentioned here, although, strictly, it belongs to Durham days. In February 1908 a great Church Convention was held in Birmingham. Bishop Gore was Convener and Chairman. The subject was "God's Redemption of Man." The Town Hall, the Cathedral and St. Martin's were filled night after night. The speakers in many cases spoke first in the Town Hall and then in one of the two churches. Bishop Moule spoke on the Atonement. Bishop Gore wrote gratefully to him after the close of the Convention:

"I cannot help writing one line to thank you for your addresses. They struck, to my mind, exactly the right note and made a deep impression. There was a unanimous feeling (as far as I can judge) of deep gratitude."¹

¹ See also pp. 288-9.

CHAPTER XIII

NORRISIAN PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY

ON February 6th, 1899, Dr. Moule heard that Dr. Armitage Robinson, the then Norrisian Professor of Divinity, had been appointed Canon of Westminster. His friends in Cambridge heard of it, too, and they besieged him with requests that he would allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the post about to be vacated. He consulted Dr. Butler of Trinity and others, and, after a week of anxious thought and prayer, he decided to stand.¹

The following day he went with Mrs. Moule to Brighton. He was very far from well, and it soon became evident that he was in the grip of influenza. He had been seriously overworking for some time, and had not the strength to throw off the fever rapidly. There were some very anxious days, and when at last he rose from his sick-bed the medical verdict was that he must have a complete rest and change. March 15th, therefore, saw Dr. and Mrs. Moule start for Cannes, where they joined Mr. and Mrs. Barton at Villa Mauvarre. Five days later the news reached Dr. Moule that in his absence he had been elected Professor. So the die was cast and a new prospect opened out before him. It was "a solemn moving moment." He cast himself upon God and took courage. It was providential that he should at this juncture have a happy

¹ There are now five Divinity Professorships. At that time there were only four. The Lady Margaret and the Regius Professorships were founded 1502 and 1540. The Norrisian Professorship came third in order of foundation, and dates from 1777. The Electors are the Heads of Houses, and it is distinguished from the other four Professorships in the interesting particular that the occupant of this Chair is not required to be in Holy Orders.

and restful month on the shore of the blue Mediterranean sea, enjoying the brilliant sunshine, reading his beloved Virgil and drinking in health and strength as the days went by.

He reached home again on the 19th of April, and the following day his last full term at Ridley began. On Saturday the 29th he was admitted Professor by the Vice-Chancellor. By a recent statute a Fellowship at St. Catharine's College had been attached to the Professorship, and, accordingly, on Monday, May 1st, he was elected and admitted as a Fellow of that College.

The term fitly closed with the Reunion, of which mention has already been made in Chapter IX. Dr. Moule returned into residence at Ridley Lodge for the Long Vacation Term. He gave his Greek Testament readings at early Chapel as aforetime and lectured twice a week. But the bulk of his time was necessarily given to preparation for the future. The last Chapel service was held on August 21st, and on the same day he left the Lodge. It was a great wrench to leave the home of eighteen years, but he was not going far, and could still keep in touch with the work which he loved so well.

The cycle-tour in Devon and Cornwall and the visit to Cromer which followed will be found recorded in the next chapter. The family returned to their new home at No. 5, Salisbury Villas, near the end of September, and the next days were spent in "getting straight" both at No. 5 and at the rooms in St. Catharine's College.

Full Term began on Tuesday, October 10th. Three days later Professor Moule stood up in the large Hall of the Divinity Schools to deliver his Inaugural Lecture. A large audience was present to listen to him and to bid him God-speed. The lecture was divided into two parts. Part I was retrospective. Dr. John Hey had been elected the first Norrisian Professor in 1780. Eight others had succeeded him. Of these five had been personally known to the new Professor—Corrie, Harold

Browne, Swainson, Lumby and Armitage Robinson—and of each he had appreciative and gracious words to say.

Part II dealt with the future. Professor Moule laid down the lines upon which he proposed to carry out his work. In the first place, he proposed to lecture on books of Holy Scripture in such a way as to bring out the drift and purpose of the whole document and of its several parts, as living utterances bearing upon living problems. For this Term and the next the portion selected was the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. "Introduction there will be, but it will be kept altogether subordinate to Interview." The Epistle chosen

"presented in vivid colour an example of the distinction and the harmony of the human and divine in Holy Scripture. It is, on the one hand, a letter written by a man, the free expression, burning with complex emotion, of a sensitive human heart. It is, on the other hand, an oracle, charged with inestimable truths of Revelation, for sure and authoritative conveyance to our faith. Under the first character it invites a study the same in kind as that which we should bring to Epistolary literature in general. We shall then see that the literary messengers of the Eternal Spirit were given liberty, full and magnificent, for the movements of their own being; they were lifted to be *themselves* in the highest measure. Under the second character we shall approach the Letter with a religious and reverent attention in which spiritual insight must do its proper part, with prayer for an illumination not our own. For this Letter, written with the amplest human freedom as a Letter, is so managed, by One to whom our freedom is all the while His implement, that it is an Oracle too. As we study the Letter, we shall pursue the mind of Paul; as we study the Oracle, we shall reverently ask to know what his Lord has to speak through him. We may hope to apprehend enough of both aspects to give us a growing sense alike of the human reality of the document and of its divine trustworthiness for life and death."

His second purpose was, for a time at least, to set

forth “great points in the Theology of the Reformation,” as seen in the writings of Luther.

“Luther was one of the greatest servants of God whom time has seen. As a personality he both embodied in his experience the supreme principles of the Reformation at large, and in respect of those principles mightily stirred and impelled the true leaders of the Reformation in our own Church. No partial or polemical presentation will be given. My one desire is to present afresh to younger students some of the deeper elements of an epoch, which was of incalculable and vital significance for good for Christendom.”

He concluded with a characteristic reference to Matt. xxiii. 34 : “Behold I send unto you—not only ‘prophets and wise men,’ but—‘*scribes*,’ the men of the library, the book, the pen, the teacher’s chair.” As such, he looked to the Lord Who sent him for sufficient grace, and to those present for kindly sympathy and intercession.

The Lecture was well received. Professor Gwatkin wrote :

“Thanks for the Inaugural. It is the right note, and I am further glad of it, because I think our Cambridge School is getting too much absorbed in prolegomena and literary details and needs a call to higher and wider things, which it is in some danger of leaving undone.”

The two years that followed were years of indefatigable labour. As Professor, Dr. Moule lectured in the first year (October 1899 to June 1900) twice a week on 2 Corinthians in the Divinity Schools and once a week in the evening on Luther and other Reformers in his rooms at St. Catherine’s. In the second year he took for his subjects “Selected Articles” and “Wesley.”

But, besides these lectures, he took upon himself many other labours. Some of them came by virtue of his office. He had to examine for a number of University prizes and scholarships. But most of them

came to him, as duties entrusted to him by his Divine Master and gladly accepted for His sake. One interesting bit of work was a series of Addresses on Christian Doctrine on Monday evenings in Trinity Church in the October and Lent Terms. This was part of a definite scheme to draw together young Evangelical Churchmen and to enable them to give intellectual reasons for the faith that was in them. About sixty men on an average attended weekly, and Professor Moule in the course of three or four terms covered a large part of the field of Theology in a very helpful way.

Dr. Drury (afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man, Bishop of Ripon and now Master of St. Catharine's) was the new Principal of Ridley Hall. He suggested to his predecessor that it would be very acceptable to every one at the Hall if he would come and lecture, as in times past, on Sermon preparation. Accordingly, in February, 1900, we find the Professor back at the congenial work of training the students in the science and art of preaching. And this he continued to do, until the call came to leave Cambridge.

As we saw in Chapter XII, he was still evening preacher at Trinity Church, and time after time he was to be heard at his new College of St. Catharine's, or at his old College of Trinity, in the University pulpit or elsewhere. Perhaps the most memorable occasion was in January, 1901. The news of Queen Victoria's death reached Cambridge on the evening of January 22nd. Dr. Moule was profoundly moved. Two days later he went to the Senate House and heard the Vice-Chancellor proclaim Edward VII king, and sang for the first time, "with trembling voice," "God Save the King." On Sunday he preached three times. At St. Catharine's he preached on the text: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." He recalled the fact that on Queen Victoria's visit to Cambridge in 1847, when her husband was installed Chancellor, she had been the guest of the then Master, Henry Philpott, afterwards Bishop of

Worcester. She had sat at table with her Consort in the College Hall. With reverent love the preacher dwelt upon the Great Mother of the English Race, and bade his hearers, as her children, not only to "rise up and call her blessed," but to follow her noble example.¹ At Trinity Church he preached at the regular evening service on "reception into the eternal tabernacles" (Luke xvi. 9), and at 8.30 p.m. (the C.I.C.C.U. sermon) he spoke to a "grand full church" on "I will be good."

The South African War was much in his thoughts, and his Diary frequently records the war news. On March 1st, 1900, he went up to London to address the Students' Christian Union at Guy's Hospital. He writes: "Grand news of Ladysmith relieved after 119 days. Walked about streets after the address. Wonderful scenes of exultation." When the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived, Cambridge spent the day "en fête," and evidently No. 5 was to the fore with its display of flags.

Nor were his labours confined to Cambridge. Dr. Moule had been appointed Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in 1898. The day after he was admitted Professor at Cambridge he preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was upon the text: "Lovest thou Me?"² Noble in its wording, it was still more noble in its power to bring the soul face to face with Him who asked that question. A month later (on May 29) the new Hon. Chaplain was presented at a levee held at St. James's Palace.

He gave a remarkable series of Holy Week addresses in Immanuel Church, Streatham, where his former Ridley pupil H. F. S. Adams was Vicar, in April 1900. In the same month he preached in York Minster at the consecration of his friend F. J. Chavasse to the Bishopric of Liverpool, and a few days later (May 3) he went over to Ireland and conducted a Quiet Day for Clergy at St. Columba's College, Dublin. And

¹ The Sermon was published by Mr. A. P. Dixon, of Cambridge.

² *The Secret of the Presence*, Sermon X.

these are but samples of the way in which, as soon as the heavy work of the Term was over, he spent himself day after day in the ministry of the Word. One of his newer interests was the work of the Christian Social Union, of the University branch of which Harold Buxton was at the time Secretary. He not only joined the Union and showed his interest in its activities at Cambridge, but he spoke on its behalf both in London and at Tunbridge Wells.

The end of the century brought solemn and sacred thoughts, which he put into verse as follows :

'Tis sweet to remember our age of gold,
Life's early and radiant day,
For the world now decayeth and waxeth old
And is ready to vanish away.

'Tis sweeter to ponder the glory in view,
And to think that the best will be last,
When beyond all that dies comes the endlessly new
And our passings alone will be past.

December 30th, 1900 [In Diary].

and again at the end of another year he writes :

Change and decay in all around I see ;
So runs for ever Earth's long mournful story ;
But God's own gift for ever sets us free,
A present Saviour and a coming glory.

The end of the old century brought him another literary task, a brief but pregnant account of *The Evangelical School in the Church of England. Its Men and Its Work in the Nineteenth Century*. It was a powerful historical sketch of the work and witness of the men whom he once called in a memorable phrase “those old, despised, mighty Evangelicals,” and of their successors in his own day. His account, as an eye-witness, of Moody’s Mission in Cambridge, of the Keswick Movement, and of the growth of the Church Missionary Society is of special interest.

The Round Table Conference of October, 1900, and the important part played by Professor Moule is dealt with in Chapter XV.

With the new century came a new and very painful

anxiety about the health of "Tesie," the beloved elder daughter. The London specialist consulted, Dr. Symes Thompson, took a "grave but not unhopeful" view of her condition. Tuberculosis was undoubtedly present in the lungs. Tesie was at once taken to Bexhill to get "open-air treatment." In April, 5, Salisbury Villas was let to friends "for an indefinite time." Mrs. Moule went to Bexhill and Dr. Moule moved into his rooms at St. Catharine's. It had been his practice from the beginning to spend Thursday afternoon and evening at the College, attending the Chapel service, dining in Hall and seeing friends afterwards in his delightful panelled rooms in the front Court. Two windows of this room looked across to Corpus and two looked the other way through the buildings of Queens' to "the Backs." Now he lived altogether in College, "a strange, solitary life, but with many mercies. Many men," he writes, "have looked me up this month here. On Sunday night seventeen came in to tea and hymns, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cook helping me to receive them." In spite of his great anxiety about his daughter, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of the Term. He was Senior Examiner in June for the Theological Tripos. This involved an amount of work little suspected by the men examined, both before and after the actual examination-session. But at last the List was made up and taken to the Vice-Chancellor, and on Saturday, June 15th, at 9 a.m. in the Senate House, Charles Moule read out the Classical Tripos list, and his brother followed with that of the Theological Tripos. This was the last Academic work of a very busy term. On Sunday he preached as usual, and on the following day he left Cambridge to fulfil a few preaching engagements in England before leaving England with his family for Beatenberg. Little did he think that, when he returned in September, it would be as "Bishop-designate of Durham." But God knew. His whole previous life had been leading up to this, and the two months in Switzerland were a gracious interlude

between the arduous labours of the past and the no less arduous labours of the future.

In Part II is told how the offer of the See of Durham came to him and the steps by which he entered upon his Episcopal office and labours. These steps involved corresponding steps of farewell to his beloved Cambridge.

He returned home on September 12th. A month later he and Mrs. Moule held two "At Homes" at St. Catharine's College, one for undergraduates, and one for Senior University friends, who came to bid him God-speed. A fortnight later the town congregation, to whom he had ministered so faithfully for over twenty years, at a great meeting in the Guildhall presented to him a testimonial gift, with many expressions of love, gratitude and goodwill. He preached his last regular sermon at Trinity Church the Sunday before his Consecration, the church being "crowded in every part," and, immediately after his Consecration, he returned to Cambridge to preach in St. Catharine's College Chapel in the morning and at the C.I.C.C.U. gathering in the evening. At last, on October 31st, the Bishop enters in his Diary: "Went forth from our dearly-loved Cambridge. Lord, go with us in the new path and bless the dear old scene of life."

What it meant to him and his to say farewell to Cambridge, as a home, may be seen from the lines which he wrote in August, 1906, after revisiting the ancient haunts of his youth and middle age.

I love thee, Cambridge, with a love more deep
Than my own thought can fathom; life's advance,
And northern Durham, serve but to enhance
The yearning joy, in doubt to laugh or weep,
With which, on thy smooth picturing river's brink,
I see thee beautiful as dream at dawn—
Courts, gardens, groves, and willowy meads long drawn.
Much on thine earlier lovers here I think;
How Ridley's, Herbert's, Milton's, Newton's eyes
Were fill'd with thee; how Gray and Wordsworth trod
Thy turf; how Martyn walk'd in thee with God,
Thou home of saintly sons, and strong, and wise:
But most, with thoughts all tears, yet heavenly mild,
I love thee as the Darling of my Child.¹

¹ M.E.E.M., died 1905.

CHAPTER XIV

IN VACATIONS

LIFE and work at Cambridge during Term are very strenuous; in Moule's case they were exceptionally so. Over and over again the day's entry in his Diary ends with "Very tired." Mercifully he had his vacations, like other men, but they were often sadly too like Terms. Even when he was in Scotland or abroad, his mornings, as a rule, were given up to work and correspondence. But still he did get away from Cambridge two or three times a year, and there were days when books and papers could be put aside altogether, and then no one of the family party enjoyed the outings and excursions more whole-heartedly than he did. Between 1881 and 1901 he spent delightful vacations in Switzerland, Italy and the Riviera, Scotland, Wales and various parts of England.

Switzerland he visited six times—twice in the Easter vacations, four times in the late summer. He held Chaplaincies at Thun, Ballaigues, Villars, Glion and Beatenberg. Not a few friends still living remember with gratitude how helpfully he ministered to them on Sundays and weekdays. At Ballaigues he held a Bible reading on Wednesday evenings, attended by an average of forty people, and conducted family prayers each morning after breakfast. They also remember how gleefully he joined in the outings, when able to do so; how he revelled in the beauties of Nature—in "glacier, forest, flowery meadow, mountain, flood and waterfall."

His daughter Isabel writes :

" My first recollections of Evensong are of his taking it in the little blue-distempered church at Ballaigues, which we English shared with the Swiss—holding our

service just after theirs. This was a very happy time for my father, for he had a quite remarkable response from the hotel guests, and he used to speak of it with pleasure to the end of his life.¹

“ We were also on the Rhine and at the Riffel Alp, where he had some long glacier-walks, including one of twelve hours’ duration.”

Twice the holiday resort was Beatenberg. He was the Chaplain in 1901 for two summer months, a place and year ever memorable to him, because of the call which came to him, while there, to succeed Bishop Westcott in the See of Durham. The following verses were written at Beatenberg at that time—first in Latin, then in English :

AD MONTEM DICTUM JUNGFRAU.

Virginei quotiens oculis castissima montis
Culmina et æternum candida saxa sequor,
Non illa ætherias vi vix exstructa sub auras
Sed mage de cœlo sponte caduca rear.

TO THE JUNGFRAU.

Oft as the Maiden Mount, sublime in her purity yonder,
Veiled in a glory of snow, musing I mark from below,
Not uprear'd from the valley, methinks, was the radiant
wonder;
Rather a hill of the sky silently sank from on high.

“ We were often in Scotland,” writes his daughter, “ during the late August and September holiday—twice at Braemar, where in 1888 I can remember his taking us two small children for a walk along the Balmoral road, so that we might see Queen Victoria drive past in her pony-carriage. We happened to be the only people

¹ It so happened that the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Moule’s wedding day came round while they were at Ballaigues that year, and he received from the visitors at the hotel a letter of most appreciative gratitude for his ministry, accompanied by gifts of flowers and fruit for themselves and a donation to the Colonial and Continental Church Society. His reply characteristically took the form of verse, one line of which is quoted on p. 159.

on the road, and had a smile from her, all to ourselves. He delighted in long mountain walks and moderate climbs. Indeed throughout his life he greatly enjoyed walking. Those who walked much with him will remember his power of sustaining conversation on some subject which interested him, of repeating poetry aloud, mile after mile, or telling the story of some book he had lately read, all the while keeping up a very brisk pace. My impression of him on all these holidays is of great activity (though the days were seldom free from either literary work or correspondence). Dressed in a short black coat and breeches, he was always, when possible, walking and generally carrying sketching materials for a rapid sketch in water-colour or sepia."

He had many friends in Scotland, some resident, some visitors for summer months, who invited him to stay a few days with them. In 1890, for example, he paid six such visits. He records glorious days, tramping over the heather, climbing the hills, revelling in the glories of ravine and torrent, rock and river and sea. He takes Bible readings at various houses and speaks at conferences and conventions at Perth, Glasgow, Dollar and Polmont. He spends "long and busy" mornings and days over MSS. and letters and over two papers for the Church Congress at Hull.

In England his favourite haunts were Cromer, Malvern and, when he could go so far, his beloved Dorchester. Cromer provided him with the bathing he loved, and he could get rambles inland with his children and cycle rides with older friends, and he paid five visits there. He visited Malvern almost as often, either as *locum tenens* or as friend, and many there were and are eternally grateful to him for his witness in pulpit and in life to Christ and His power to save. When Ridley Chapel was built in 1891-2, his Malvern friends gave the handsome clock in the Tower, and Miss Gale, whose guest he so often was, gave Bible, Prayer Book and Office Book.

"Later in life," writes his daughter, "he took to cycling on his holidays. In 1899 he took a twelve days'

cycling tour with his friend, the Rev. C. Lisle Carr, in Devon and Cornwall." Omitting Sunday as the day of rest, in the remaining eleven days they covered 345 miles, an average of over thirty-one miles a day. He employed spare hours during the next three weeks in recording their experiences in playful verse. The record runs to some hundreds of lines. It is only possible here to quote a few lines from its earliest pages :

It was on a doubtful August morn, a Monday dash'd with rain,
(For Midsummer's long drought at last was breaking up amain)
We two adventurous Catharine men from Exeter did steal,
Each mounted, as in duty bound, upon a Catharine wheel.

They slept the first night at Bideford, with its reminiscences of "Amyas Leigh and lovely Rose Salterne," and next day reached Clovelly :

And who Clovelly's charm shall paint?—the plunging stair of street,
Where fuchsia bowers and gabled roofs run downward at our feet,
Fair vista, where the eye still paused, before its final leap,
From roof and garden and gray rock, into the sapphire deep.

On the tenth day they slept at Tavistock :

A golden sunset shut the day; we, seated by the stream,
Talked long of things unseen as yet, and grasped the hope supreme;
At length to bed—while from the door a sound of wordy strife
Came in, betwixt a cheerful man and his uncheerful wife.

Last, but not least, he paid a memorable visit to Palestine and the Levant, in the early spring of 1897. Mrs. Moule went with him. The *Midnight Sun* sailed from Marseilles, with 175 passengers on board, for a cruise, which appealed equally to the scholar and the saint. Naples and Pompeii, Etna and Sicily, Olympia and Athens, the Islands of the Ægean, Constantinople and Ephesus were of thrilling interest to one who was steeped in Classic lore. Dr. Moule gave two lectures to the company on board, one on Olympia and one on Athens in preparation for the actual visits to those two historic sites. In the first of these he reminded the company how for 1170 years (776 B.C. to A.D. 394) there was held at Olympia, once in every four years, a great assemblage of men from every part of the Greek world.

(Only one woman was permitted to see the games—the High Priestess of Demeter, seated in state on a throne of marble.) This assembly was at once “a religious festival in honour of Zeus, an athletic gathering, a national fair, and a conversazione for poets and philosophers.” For that one month the innumerable petty States observed a sacred truce, which it was considered sacrilegious to break. The numbers that assembled at Olympia belittle even the enormous crowds that in this country gather on the banks of the Thames to see the Boat Race or on Epsom Downs to see the Derby. Dr. Moule described the Temple of Zeus, the Gymnasium, the race-course and the palaestra. He pointed out the intimate blending of religious rite and athletic sports. He quoted Euripides (*Autolycus*) on the evil of exaggerated enthusiasm for physical exercises :

Of all the thousand ills that Greece is heir to,
No ill, methinks, out-ills the tribe Athletic

Slaves to their teeth and captives of the belly

Why toil to hold for them high festival?

Rather prepare ye olive coronets

For loyal sons, for citizens who serve

Their country, and for children of the Muse.

Finally he turned to the New Testament. He showed how the Epistles of St. Paul were dotted over with allusions to the Games, and how the great Apostle used the language of Olympia to set before his converts the Christian race and the Christian prize.

Athens provided the lecturer with an equally fascinating subject for discourse, of which he took full advantage. The historic glories of the Acropolis and of other ancient sites and buildings and the associations clustering round Mars Hill were set forth in preparation for the two days' visit which followed.

One who travelled with Dr. Moule tells of the great interest aroused by these lectures. He had to give his Olympia lecture a second time to an audience as crowded as on the previous evening, and for “a long

hour" he held their attention enthralled. An interesting story attaches to the Athens lecture. The visit to Athens happened to synchronize with the Cretan insurrection against Turkish rule. The six leading European Powers, generally spoken of as "The Concert of Europe," acting together, had intervened between the Turks and the Greeks, and only ten days before English men-of-war had had to shell Cretan forces and occupy Canea. Eventually the English Government obtained autonomy for Crete and the withdrawal of the Turks, but meantime there was intense resentment against England for its supposed pro-Turkish policy. It so happened that the very intelligent Greek guide who had shown them over Olympia and who was an ardent "patriot," was present at the lecture on Athens. He heard Dr. Moule extol the Greek nation and speak with enthusiasm of its history, its literature and its art. He reported this to one of the Athenian papers, giving the lecturer's name, the result being that, instead of greeting the party with stones, the populace gave them a friendly reception.

It was delightful to see the said lecturer during those two days in Athens. He was like a boy in his keenness and enthusiasm, and it was a great gain to his group of sightseers to have one with them who knew so intimately the history and associations of every ancient place and building.

On leaving Athens he thus recorded the impression left on his mind :

"It has left a quite peculiar memory of dignified, chastened beauty of form and colour; a sort of aristocratic fineness of surrounding scenery; not exactly rich, for foliage is nowhere abundant, save at Daphne; but the 'bright air' of Euripides' chorus does indeed light up a landscape which, almost stern in general colour, yet displays under this a hundred subtle tints and always falls into levels and horizons of beautiful effect. The Acropolis and its satellite Areopagus tower out of the modern capital with a dignity which could not be greater."

Constantinople was absorbingly interesting. In the Museum were seen the beautiful white marble sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, a cast of the Siloam inscription of Hezekiah's date, recording the cutting of the tunnel through the rock,¹ and "the lion of Marash," which has graven on it the most perfect Hittite inscription known. But the grandest sight was San Sophia, the famous cathedral church built by the Emperor Justinian and now a Mohammedan mosque. Its wonderful size and proportions impressed Dr. Moule more than any sacred building he had ever seen. Over the entrance door he read the inscription, still legible, which bears continuous silent witness to Christ: "Jesus said: I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall . . . find pasture."

He and Mrs. Moule found time to visit "Robert College," one of the noblest of the many fine educational establishments of Americans in the Turkish Empire. It has accommodation for two hundred students, who are mainly Christian (Armenian, Bulgarian, etc.), but a few are Moslem. This, their "first visit to a work in any sense missionary," deeply interested them both. Before they re-embarked, Dr. Moule managed to get a glimpse of "the ancient walls of the city, a system of moat, wall and flanking towers, stretching as far as eye could reach, not far from the spot where the terrible Mahomet II burst in and Constantine Palæologus, the last Cæsar, heroically fell in 1453."

The visit to Ephesus, with its "vast solemn ruins," the sight of Patmos and later of Lebanon, were redolent of sacred associations. At Beyrouth he went ashore and saw the British Syrian schools, which have done work of such inestimable value for the Christian population. He met there "the widow of a murdered Armenian pastor," and "prayed with and spoke to the first class" of girls.

If Greece and Turkey and Asia Minor appealed to the scholar, still more did Palestine appeal to the loving

¹ 2 Chron. xxxii. 30. See Driver's *Text of Samuel*, p. xiv f.

follower of Christ and devoted student of the Bible. But Palestine is better known, and we can only make brief allusions to the manifold interests of the sixteen days spent in the Holy Land. Dr. Moule on horseback, and Mrs. Moule with other friends in a carriage, visited Carmel and traversed the valley of Esdraelon to Nazareth. A dear Ridley friend, the Rev. H. Sykes, met them there and took them next day via Cana to Tiberias. They revelled in the views of the Lake and of Hermon, which opened before them. They rowed along the Lake to Magdala. They visited the Missions at Tiberias, Cana and Nazareth. The return journey to Haifa was made under great difficulties, not to say danger. Storms of rain had caused the Kishon to overflow its banks and flood the valley. The horses in the carriage, in which Mrs. Moule was riding, were at one place up to their necks in water and only by frenzied leaps and bounds succeeded in reaching firmer and drier ground. The next carriage, in which Dr. Moule was (his horse having been handed over to one of the party, who was going overland to Jerusalem) stuck fast in the bog and was only extricated with great difficulty. The steamer arrived off Jaffa on Saturday, but the rough sea prevented a landing until Sunday morning. Our two travellers declined to avail themselves of the special train on Sunday, and spent the day quietly at Jaffa with Miss Newton at the Mission House. Dr. Moule preached in the Mission Room. They arrived the next evening at Jerusalem just in time to go to the house of Bishop Blyth. All the English-speaking residents had been invited, including many native Christian workers. At the close Dr. Moule spoke on 2 Cor. xii. 9. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "One felt," said one who was present, "that the man's own soul was in it, that he was speaking what he knew and felt." Miss Birks and Miss Elverson were their kind missionary hosts, and Dr. Wheeler and others laid themselves out to be helpful.

The next nine days were spent at or near Jerusalem. Mrs. Moule was far from well, but one or both of them

visited the Temple Area, Calvary and the Garden Tomb, Bethany and Olivet, Bethlehem, Jordan and the Dead Sea. Dr. Moule had a bathe in the Jordan, and drank water from the brook Cherith. Their kind hosts took them to see the Mission Schools and Hospitals. He preached on the Sunday in the English church on Mark xvi. 20, bringing out how the salvation which the Lord wrought "here" in such narrow limits was meant for "everywhere." The church had never been so crowded and the sermon was unforgettable.

Mrs. Moule was so unwell that they had to remain in Jerusalem on the Monday, when the rest of the party returned to the steamer. It looked as if they would have to forfeit their passages to Egypt and home. But they were not to miss their boat after all. On arriving at Jaffa on the Wednesday, they found that the tempestuous weather had rendered an earlier embarkation impossible. Some of the party had had to spend two nights of storm under canvas. Mr. and Mrs. Wolters welcomed them to their house at Jaffa, until the sea moderated and the whole party embarked once more. At Cairo they had two days' sightseeing; they saw the Sphinx, and Dr. Moule ascended the Pyramid; Sunday they spent quietly, and he preached in the evening. On the way home he lectured on "the scenery of Palestine in the Psalms." And, finally, early in April, they set foot once more on English soil.

CHAPTER XV

AS AUTHOR

THE years at Ridley Hall were memorable, not only for the services rendered personally by lip and life, but also for the large output of literary work, which extended Moule's influence throughout the English-speaking world—indeed further, for several of his writings were translated into other tongues. And, when he passed from Cambridge to Durham, incessant as were his activities as Bishop, his pen was no less busy. A considerable number of books and pamphlets were published during the nineteen years that he spent at Auckland Castle. Altogether he published about sixty books, and some forty booklets and pamphlets and poems, besides writing a large number of introductions and prefaces to the works of others.

His writings appealed to various classes and various interests. They fall naturally into four divisions—Theological, Expository, Devotional and Miscellaneous (Poetry, Biography, etc.).¹

I. *Works of Theology.*

It is a suggestive fact that Dr. Robert Mackintosh, in the note on Literature at the end of his article on Theology in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, quotes “H. C. G. Moule's *Outlines of Christian Doctrine*” as giving the best exposition of “Evangelical Anglicanism.”

H. C. G. Moule was a *theologian* both by instinct and training. His mind moves easily amid the intricacies of patristic and scholastic controversy. He thinks with

¹ See Bibliography, pp. 364–371.

wonderful clarity, he puts his points strongly and he exhibits a remarkable felicity in choosing the exactly right word.

Further, he was an *Evangelical* theologian. Less and less, as years went on, was he disposed to emphasize points of difference,¹ but also deeper and deeper grew his conviction that the Evangelical School could "humbly claim to be the truest exponents of the central principles of our English worship and confession." To him it was clear that the English Reformers and their spiritual successors, the leaders of the Evangelical Revival, based their whole teaching on the bedrock of Holy Scripture and observed Scriptural proportion as between doctrine and doctrine. Accepting their premises, their conclusions necessarily followed. The spirit in which *Outlines* is written is beyond praise. "The author humbly trusts that what he has written has been written 'at the foot of the Cross.' Certainly he has never willingly forgotten the Presence of Him 'Whom truly to know is everlasting life.' "

Within the compass of 267 pages he traverses the whole range of Christian doctrine. The Doctrine of God—One and yet Threefold—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—occupies 151 pages. The Doctrine of Man and of the Church, the Ministry and the Sacraments, complete the book. Specially noticeable is his treatment,

(i) of the Holy Scriptures as Divine Revelation and the ultimate Spiritual Authority (pp. 4–9);

(ii) of the Unity of God.

"The Divine Nature is not, like the human, realized in a class of individuals; it is the Nature of One Being, Who is at once the Individual and the Kind" (pp. 20–25);

(iii) of the Centrality of the Cross and the expiatory aspect of the Atoning Death of Christ, not as excluding many other aspects, but as including them all (pp. 75–87);

(iv) of the mystical Union between Christ, the Head

¹ See pp. 111, 193–8.

of the Body, and all His members as *the central truth* which carries all other truths about the Christian life with it.

“ The contact of faith is perfectly simple in itself . . . but it carries with it profound and incalculable results, because of the Object which it touches, Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of Man, Second Man, Mediator and Surety of the New Covenant. The man, awakened by the Spirit, and confiding in the Son; not only approaches Christ; he is joined to Him, one Spirit; he is *In Him*; partaker of His Life as branch with vine. . . . The effectual application of the Atonement . . . and the virtues of the glorified Manhood of the Head are equally for the member; he has put on ‘ the New Man.’ . . . But now all this is the work of the Spirit. The Spirit acts not as an instructor merely, external to his pupil, or an artificer, external to his work. He penetrates the man’s being as the vehicle of the New Birth, the breath of the New Life. . . . He is thus a bond of Divine strength and tenderness between member and Head ” (pp. 132–136, 189–193);

(v) of Sanctification as “ the very purpose ” for which we are justified and forgiven and as ours in Christ, secured and retained by faith and wrought in us by the Spirit (pp. 190–200);

(vi) of the Church as both visible and invisible (as Augustine and Hooker and Field) (pp. 202–214);

(vii) of the ministry as

“ a medium of highest value, but not a mediator ” (pp. 217–233) and

(viii) of the Sacraments as

“ Divine seals upon the eternal covenant, covenanting rites in which God in Christ, through ordered human ministration, is present to meet spiritual faith with material token, stepping out of His invisible and spiritual region of action just so far as to touch, as it were with a sensible contact, the believer in his faith. The water is not transubstantiated into the Spirit, nor the bread and wine into Christ; but the water, the bread, the wine, are

not bare signs. . . . They are the personally given warrants and witnesses of eternal realities; such that, as surely as they are used in faith, so surely are the blessings faith seeks certified by God definitely, infallibly, to the user" (pp. 234-248).

Mr. Moule took his D.D. degree in 1895. He presented as his thesis for the degree a valuable edition of Bishop Ridley's *On the Lord's Supper*, with introduction, notes and appendices, the most important being an account of the book which Ratramnus wrote against Paschasius in the ninth century, from which Ridley drew much of his own exposition.

His repute as a fair-minded and competent theologian was by this time established, and we are not surprised to find Lord Halifax in October, 1898, writing to Dr. Moule to propose a Conference of leading men of different schools of thought, at which explanations of points of view might be given, face to face, with a result of better understanding and greater agreement. "I write, because you could do so much to promote the peace we must all have at heart. Surely there is a duty imposed upon us all to try to understand one another; but how is that possible unless we meet?" At the time it did not seem to Moule that such a Conference could hopefully deal with the problem, and "with great pain" he felt "compelled to decline the invitation."

But further thought and the trend of events led him frankly to change his attitude. October, 1900, saw Professor Moule and Lord Halifax attending a Round Table Conference of fifteen Anglicans called together by Bishop Creighton at Fulham Palace to consider the doctrine of Holy Communion and its expression in ritual. As a matter of fact the two men not only took part in the Conference, but they walked together in the garden arm in arm and drew near to one another in spirit, if not in doctrine, as they conversed one with another. The Conference certainly had the effect which Lord Halifax foreshadowed in his letter two years before. There is good reason to think that Lord Halifax and those who

shared his views came to realize, as never before, the real nature and strength of the Evangelical position.¹

But while Dr. Moule wrote in *Outlines* for the theological student, he was not forgetful of the needs of the lay member of the Church. In fact the bulk of his writings had the lay Churchman in view. In *Veni Creator, The Pledges of His Love, Faith, its Nature and its Work*, we have doctrinal teaching clear and definite, but expressed largely in non-technical language and put forth in an attractive literary style.

A survey of Dr. Moule's theological writings as a whole brings out one striking characteristic. Some theologians modify their opinions widely in the course of the years; his theological system is the same throughout. As a young man he arrived at convictions as to the authority of Scripture which he never afterwards saw reason to modify. Upon Scripture he based all his teaching. And therefore in his theology "he wavered not." This was a great secret of his power. To many, who like Christian were "sinking in deep waters," his voice came like the voice of Hopeful, "Be of good cheer, my brother: I feel the bottom, and it is good."

II. *Expositions and Commentaries.*

Combining a reverent love for his subject matter with a mastery of both Greek and English and an inward knowledge of the spiritual experiences described, Dr. Moule was an almost ideal expositor of the Scriptures, and perhaps especially of the Pauline Epistles. He seems to get as near to the heart of the Apostle as it is possible for any one of a later age to do. His one aim, as he himself said in the preface to one of his *Studies*, was "to exhibit something of the treasures of edification, exhortation and comfort lodged for us by the inspiring Master in the wonderful work of the inspired servant. To this everything else" was "sub-

¹ A Report was published by Longmans in 1900, which shows the important part played by Dr. Moule.

sidiary, alike the brief historical and critical introduction and the occasional grammatical discussions. The highest ambition of the interpreter" in each of his expository *Studies* was "to bring the reader into closer contact with the 'Celestial letter' itself and with the mind and message of God in it." There was no neglect of those introductory studies which underlie exposition, but he always had in view the average reader, who had not the time or the training which would enable him to appreciate full scholarly treatment of such questions. Such an one "wants his drinking-water filtered, but greatly objects to gravel in his glass."¹

Those who knew Dr. Moule's powers often longed that he would give to the Church some great work, which would appeal to the world of pure scholarship and advanced studies; but who that knows the widespread influence of his writings will presume to say that this servant did not obey the Voice of his Lord, when he deliberately consecrated all his powers to meet the needs of the general body of Christian people? Moreover the duties of the Principal of a Theological College and of the Bishop of a diocese, and the calls upon time and strength which are involved in these offices, are extremely onerous. And when at Cambridge there were added the duties of a Sunday Lectureship and the many obligations which crowded in upon him in the spheres of the University, the town, and the Church as a whole, it is not surprising that Dr. Moule should have felt that he could best serve his day and generation by using his all-too-scanty leisure upon such writings as were in the line of his pulpit and platform ministrations.

When we view these writings as a whole, we can hardly fail to be struck by their number, their ability and their spiritual value. The Expository writings may be divided into three or four groups.

In the year that Moule returned to Cambridge (1880)

¹ *The Cure of Souls*, John Watson, p. 38.

there was published in the Cambridge Bible for Schools the Commentary on *The Epistle to the Romans* of which we spoke in Chapter VI. He followed up this line of work by further volumes in the same series on *The Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon*. The purpose of the series was definitely educational, and the Commentaries are cast in the form of scholarly notes. He also edited *The Epistle to the Philippians* in the Cambridge Greek Testament.

A second group of expositions may be said to balance evenly scholarly and devotional interests. In the Expositor's Bible he expounded the *Epistle to the Romans*, and in later years he wrote *Ephesian, Philippian and Colossian Studies*. In these volumes, instead of verse to verse annotation, he gives expositions of the main teachings of the Epistles in sections under appropriate headings. In this group may also be included *Grace and Godliness*, eight studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians, originally prepared for a gathering of clergy for study in the Long Vacation of 1894.

The Second Epistle to Timothy and *The High Priestly Prayer* are primarily devotional. The expositions are "after the manner of a Bible reading, in quest of Divine messages for heart and life." Somewhat slighter are *Messages from the Epistle to the Hebrews* and a number of other Studies. They are popularly and interestingly written.

This is the best place in which to say something as to Dr. Moule's attitude towards critical questions. It is well known that he adhered to conservative positions. We have already seen (p. 138) how in his view of the Scriptures he took as his own the attitude of his Lord towards the Scriptures of His day. The Lord "stated no theory of their construction; but, looking upon them as they existed, He recognized in them the decisive utterance of God, even in their minor features of expression." Dr. Moule therefore did the same, but it is important to note how, accepting this *ex animo*,

he dealt with, *e.g.*, Gen. i-iii. He regarded these chapters

“as records of fact—not parables or mere imaginative poems.” “On the other hand, these chapters by the nature of their contents invite us to interpret their language with a certain reserve as to literalism. They go back to a period absolutely antecedent to human experience, and when they do come to the creation of man they depict what is almost equally beyond our understanding. So viewed, these chapters suggest an element of mystery in their language which would be quite out of place in, *e.g.*, the story of Nehemiah. May we not say that they find a real analogy in the two closing chapters of Scripture? There we have facts of the deepest certainty put before us, a coming state of glory, the abode of the saints of God in a blessed eternity of joy, company, worship and service. But we do not regard the language of the description as necessarily literal. The streets of gold . . . we are quite willing to read rather as hieroglyphics than as pictures or photographs of scenery. Is not the like probably the case with Gen. i-iii? We are not bound to believe that the Creator literally spoke syllables meaning ‘Let there be light.’ We are not bound to literalism in the mysterious details of the creation of woman. We are not bound to every particular of the temptation. They are matters of fact, but fact not necessarily painted exactly as it happened, but conveyed in hieroglyphic signs. When I read in Rev. xii. of the Church as a woman pursued by a dragon, which pours a river from its mouth, I take it as a prophecy of fact, conveyed through non-literal symbols; and I think the action of the serpent in Gen. iii. may be of the same class. We thus have Scripture beginning and ending with facts so mysterious that they need in our present state mysterious representation.”¹

Again, lecturing on *The Religion of the Psalms*,² he made “a frank confession,” viz.: that he was

“one of those who are advocating, very guardedly, such a change in our Church rules touching the public use of

¹ From an undated MS. headed Ridley Hall, Cambridge. See also pp. 296-7.

² Published by Mawson, Swan and Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

the Psalter as to make it possible to omit in common worship the most prominent passages of malediction, such as those in Ps. 69 and 109. Our Lord by His teaching and example has brought in a new and higher law for the Christian mind as such."

Further than this he would not go. He had neither the inclination nor the time to go into the minutiae of criticism, and contented himself with laying down broad principles which satisfied his own mind. Many of his pupils and some of his colleagues took more advanced positions. To them he showed a large-hearted tolerance asking only that they should be loyal to the Master Himself.

III. *Devotional Writings.*

These consist of six volumes of sermons, a large number of smaller devotional books and over thirty tracts and papers.¹ *Fordington Sermons* (1878) show his earlier style, already forcible and lucid, but not yet fully matured. Five other volumes—from *Christ is All* to *Cathedral, University and other Sermons*, form a very striking series. In one sense the sermons they contain “have but one theme . . . and it is, first and last, a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ.” But that theme is expressed and illustrated and enforced in a hundred delightful ways. A considerable number of the sermons were preached in University pulpits or in College Chapels. They are models of what such sermons should be, perfect alike in matter and in manner.

The practice of reading sermons is not as common as it was. It requires an effort of sustained attention which modern conditions seem to make increasingly difficult. A very large circle of readers accordingly have welcomed *Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year* and *Meditations for the Church's Year* as exactly meeting their need. They consist of fifty-two and fifty-four

¹ See Bibliography.

readings respectively of four pages each, terse, pointed, beautiful in thought and expression. The *Thoughts* are meant for use by Christians generally, and they begin with the first Sunday in January. The *Meditations*, on the other hand, have been arranged to "assist the sons and daughters of the English Church." They begin on the first Sunday in Advent and include readings for Christmas Day and Good Friday.

We have already spoken of *Thoughts on Christian Sanctity*. This was followed in steady succession by *Thoughts on Union with Christ* and many other volumes (see Bibliography). No writings have done more in our generation to maintain and deepen true religion and "virtue" in Christian hearts. *Secret Prayer* has helped thousands to pray. *Grace and Virtue* has shown men the secret of victorious virtue. *The Call of Lent* has summoned Church people to a truly fruitful use of that oft-dreaded season. *Pledges of His Love* and *At the Holy Communion* have guided the thought of Communicants, and *Our Prayer-Book* has expounded the history and contents of that priceless book in simple language to loyal but busy members of the Church of England. But, above and beyond all these, *Christian Sanctity* and its companion booklets have set before all Christian men the glorious possibilities of life in Christ, and called upon them to "possess their possessions."

In this section may also be placed yet another group of writings. No one in recent years has ministered more helpfully to sore and stricken hearts than the great-hearted Bishop of Durham. There was in him a wealth of sympathy which poured itself out in fellow-feeling for others—not a mere "weeping with those that weep," though that was in itself helpful, but a comprehending sympathy, which, with understanding of the sorrow, poured in the oil and wine of that Divine consolation of which he had experienced the healing virtue himself. *The School of Suffering* is the record by her parents of the last four years of life of their

elder daughter Mary (Tesie), who died in her lovely youth at the age of twenty-two—"a difficult and delicate task," undertaken at first "for friends only," but "made more public" in the hope that the lessons learnt in the school of suffering might come as a message from the Lord to other sorely wounded lives. That hope was realized beyond expectation. The first impression (December, 1905) was one of only five hundred copies. Within two years fifteen thousand copies had been printed, and August, 1918, saw the issue of the thirteenth impression. It has been translated into Japanese. Many a bereaved heart, after reading this book, has "set out on its remaining stages of travel towards the sun-rising, sorrowing, but also able to rejoice."

Blessed ones, a little while
 Ye are gone before,
 Where eternal sunbeams smile
 On the happier shore;
 Ye have joined the Church at rest,
 Never more to roam,
 Gathered to the Saviour's breast,
 Deep in endless Home.

Yet, e'en there, we feel it well,
 We to you are dear;
 Yet through Him with Whom ye dwell
 Ye to us are near;
 Still, through him, in spirit-love,
 Friend embraces friend;
 Thus, through Him, to you above
 We our greeting send.

H. DUNELM.
 (Paraphrased from the German.)

During the War the Bishop was greatly moved and exercised by the problems raised by that terrible time, and by the sorrows and sufferings of countless torn and stricken hearts. To those who were within reach he hastened with uplifting and cheering words of faith and hope and love. But he did more than that. He set his pen to work and by his *Christus Consolator* and *Christ and Sorrow* he brought to many sorrowing hearts

all over the world untold comfort and rest. *Christus Consolator* was speedily translated into French, and thus reached another circle of readers. These two books are built on the same plan. The second was written in simpler language and in shorter form for busy people who could only give a few minutes in the day to thought and prayer. Both books have done a great work. The last words of the Foreword to *Christ and Sorrow* give us the clue to their remarkable power and tender-heartedness.

“ I carry about a ‘ stricken heart ’ myself. Only last summer a great grief fell suddenly upon me. He Who was once a ‘ Man of Sorrows ’ has wonderfully upheld me, making my darkness light with His Presence. And I think He will allow me the joy of comforting other mourners, humbly pointing them to Him Who was sent on purpose ‘ to bind up the broken-hearted.’ ”

That joy was indeed given in abundant measure. The vision of the Great Sufferer and the Great Consoler, and then the vision¹ of the Land of Sunshine Beyond have enabled countless mourners to look up and to see indeed that “ *God is Love.* ”¹

IV. *Miscellaneous Writings.*

(i) *Poems*.—Bishop Moule was a true poet. His poetic gifts suffuse all his best work in prose as well as in verse with a colour and fragrance which delight heart and mind. Reference has already been made in Chapter III to *Imitations and Translations*, and in Chapter V to his *Poems on Subjects selected from the Acts of the Apostles*, the six Seatonian Prize Poems, and his *Dorchester Poems*. In 1883 appeared *Christianus and other Poems*. A poem from this volume, entitled “ *Worcester Cathedral*, ” is quoted in Chapter VI.

¹ On the inside of the front and back covers of *Christ and Sorrow* are photographed the “ wrong ” and the “ right ” side of a book-marker, on which this text was worked in blue silk. “ Here on Earth we see the ‘ wrong side ’—There above we shall see the right side.” “ The one is worked out *through* the other.”

Here also we find his well-known quatrain "Heaven and Home."

What joys are lost, what hopes are given,
As through this death-struck world we roam.
We think awhile that Home is Heaven;
We learn at last that Heaven is Home.

and the hymn "To the Departed," quoted above.

In 1896 he published *In the House of the Pilgrimage*, a collection of sacred verse unsurpassed for beauty of thought and melody of words. Here we find the well-known hymns, "My Glorious Victor, Prince Divine," and "Come In, O come" (republished from *Christianus*). Another beautiful poem is "The Sacrament."

The Church is silent, the white Table spread
With ordered elements, the Wine, the Bread;
The Pastor lifts the hand and speaks the word,
And lo—Thy Blood, Thy Body, dying Lord!
So Faith can see. To her illumined eyes
The Scene around puts on another guise:
The Chancel seems a Chamber; in the shade
Of evening see the Paschal board arrayed.
The mortal Pastor here no longer stands:
Christ speaks the word and spreads His hallowing Hands:
Christ breaks the Bread and pours the purple Wine,
And carries to His guests the Meal Divine.
Again the Vision melts: the Syrian sun
Sets slowly on the great last Offering done;
Yon Cross the broken Body yet sustains,
The spear-drawn Blood yon rock of Calvary stains,
And man is ransomed by Messiah's pains.
Faith scans the Deed: Faith proves the Covenant good;
And in that Sacrifice finds heavenly Food.
Soon, all too soon, from this blessed Sacrament
Back to the glare of day our feet are bent.
But we who from that Paschal Chamber come
Still in its shadows find our quiet home,
Safe in its precincts, near our Master's heart,
'Midst all the stress of travel, school and mart.
And still that Cross goes with us on our way;
We feast on that great Sacrifice all day.
The sealing symbol comes but then and there;
The Truth is ever ours and everywhere;
Faith needs but stretch her hand and lift her eyes
And ready still for us her Banquet always lies.

(ii) *Biographical and Memorial*.—In 1892 appeared *Charles Simeon* in the "Leaders of Religion" series:

a masterly sketch of a most remarkable man. Other memorial volumes, inspired by filial and fraternal and parental love, have already received mention.¹

(iii) *Historical or Descriptive*.—The great Manor House, in which the Bishops of Durham have lived for many centuries, was very dear to him as the home of his later years. But it was also the object of his eager study by reason of its historical associations, and in 1917, while on a summer holiday in Ireland, he wrote *Auckland Castle, a Popular History and Description*. It is an accurate and most interesting account of the “Stately House and Chapel fair,” and of their growth, changes and associations, through more than five centuries.² It illustrates happily the keen interest and delight of the writer in other things than theology and edification and episcopal work—his joy in all things noble and fair and memorable; his affectionate and grateful memory of the past.

(iv) *Classical and Literary Lectures*.—Some of these have been referred to already; others are dealt with in Part II., Chapter X. It is hoped that the list given in the Bibliography is a complete one.

Looking back over this long series of writings, the thought uppermost is gratitude to the great-hearted man who so self-sacrificingly laid himself out to serve Christian people wherever he might find them. Many of his writings were more or less ephemeral, but there are some which, it is believed, the world will not willingly let die.

¹ *Memories of a Vicarage* (see p. 1); *The School of Suffering* (p. 177); *Harriot Mary Moule*—privately printed 1915; *George Evans Moule, D.D.*, Missionary and Bishop in China (1920); etc.

² See Part II, Chap. XII.

PART II
DURHAM
(1901-1920)

BY
FREDERICK C. MACDONALD, M.A.
HON. CANON OF DURHAM
VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, WEST HARTLEPOOL
AND RURAL DEAN

A : M : D : G :
ET : IN : MEMORIAM : NON : PERITVRAM :
HANDLEY : CARR : GLYN :
IN : DEO : PATRIS : NOSTRI :
QVI : AEQVE : ATQVE :
IOSEPHVS : BARBER : ET : BROOKE : FOSS :
NON : OBLIVISCENDVS :
E : VISV : NON : E : VITA : NOSTRA :
AD : DOMINVM : MIGRAVIT :
PRO : OMNIBVS : FRATRIBVS :
DVNELMENSIBVS :
HOC : PIETATIS : DOCVMENTVM : QVALECVNQVE :
TRIBVIT :
F C M : M. CM. XXII

QVID : RETRIBVAM : DOMINO.

PART II

CHAPTER I

CALLED TO THE EPISCOPATE

THE momentous call to be Bishop of Durham came most unexpectedly to Dr. Moule in the midst of a summer holiday at St. Beatenberg, where he was acting as Chaplain. His daughter, Mrs. de Vere, writes :

“ I can remember his genuine grief at seeing the placard announcing the death of Bishop Westcott. A fortnight later we went for a day’s outing. We were back at Interlaken late in the afternoon, and took the Funicular up to St. Beatenberg. I think it was when we were actually in the little mountain train the postman handed us our English mail for the day. It contained the following letter :

“ ‘ Downing St., S.W.
“ ‘ August 11, 1901.

“ ‘ REVD. SIR,

“ ‘ I have His Majesty’s permission to ask you whether you will accept the See of Durham, which is vacant by the lamented death of Bishop Westcott.

“ ‘ I need not dwell to you on the opportunities for usefulness which it will afford you; but I hope you will be influenced by the opportunity of taking up the work of such men as Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Westcott.

“ ‘ Believe me,

“ ‘ Yours faithfully,

“ ‘ SALISBURY.” ”

“ This,” says Mrs. de Vere, “ was a complete surprise. When the news came of Bishop Westcott’s death, no thought of succeeding him had ever crossed his mind.”

The offer was at once acknowledged by a short note explaining delay, and asking for a very few days to make decision. Three days later the reply was sent :

" *St. Beatenberg,*
" *August 17, 1901.*

" **MY LORD MARQUIS,**

" In humble reliance on the mercy and grace of Almighty God I venture to accept the See of Durham.

" My conclusion follows, as your Lordship will believe, upon a time of anxiety and conflicting thought; which without prayer would have been nothing less than anguish, when I have considered my weaknesses in view of this great and sacred charge.

" But I dare not refuse what finally seems to me a Divine call conveyed through your gracious letter. In that faith I find hope.

" Your Lordship's kind words of reference, for my help, to Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott much move me.

" On one side, those names only dismay me by contrast. But my reverence for the latter, and my reverent personal affection for the former, my College tutor, are uplifting motives also.

" With great respect, I ask leave to remain

" Your Lordship's faithful and humble servant,

" **H. C. G. MOULE.**"

The news was received with a chorus of approval.

The *Guardian* observed that Dr. Moule was known to have refused more than one Bishopric, and said his appointment to Durham was generally approved. As a scholar he was no unworthy successor of Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott. His profound personal piety was an inspiration. His breadth of view gained for him in a marked degree the confidence of all schools of thought. Evidence of this was seen at the Bishop of London's " Round Table Conference " the year before, where Dr. Moule contributed greatly towards clearing away misunderstandings.

The *Record* said, " There can be little doubt that the appointment will be generally welcomed. Dr. Moule is held in high estimation by people who do not in the least agree with him. Again and again when some new

book of his has appeared High Churchmen have warmly praised its high spiritual tone. They have regarded him as no mere controversialist. Yet Dr. Moule is a controversialist nevertheless, and a courageous one. He has not been afraid to break a lance even with his great predecessor at Durham on the critical question of the Atonement."

The *Church Times* said the nomination would surprise no one. "He is no mean scholar, he is a theologian of distinction in a certain line, he is a man of deep and genuine piety. We could pick many holes in his equipment for the post to which he is called. We prefer to dwell on his excellences, and to express a confident hope that a man of intense spirituality will bring to the Episcopate qualities at least as important as those which go to make a great administrator."

The *Times* : "As far as scholarship is concerned he will worthily uphold the traditions of the See of Durham, and will be a welcome acquisition to the Episcopate." A correspondent of the *Times* remarked that "perhaps most people will be struck with the fact that one who has been so closely connected with Keswick should attain to one of the foremost Bishoprics. . . . One matter in particular he shares with his immediate predecessor—a great zeal in the cause of Foreign Missions."

The *Yorkshire Post* : "To men in Cambridge Dr. Moule undoubtedly comes nearer to filling the position once occupied by Dr. Lightfoot than any other University Professor of the day. His teaching has left an abiding impression on large numbers of Cambridge undergraduates. In his Church Congress speeches there has always been a fearless avowal of his Evangelical views, together with the genial tolerance that comes of wide scholarship, and a knowledge of theological controversy in all ages."

The election of the new Bishop by the Dean and Chapter of Durham took place on Saturday, September 21, 1901. And the same day the new Bishop wrote the following letter to the Clergy and People of the Diocese of Durham :

“ Dear Brethren in the Lord,—To-day I have been elected into the Bishopric of Durham. Since the notice of my nomination appeared I have the happiness of knowing that prayer has been ascending for me throughout the Diocese. I thank you humbly and from my heart for this inestimable aid. But now may I ask on my own part for yet more prayer? You through the Dean and Chapter have accepted me, and St. Luke’s Day, the day of my consecration to your service, God willing, draws on. More than ever I need and seek your prayers. Ask for me especially, I beseech you, a real effusion in me of that grace of the Spirit whereby Christ dwells in the heart by faith; a strength and wisdom not my own for my pastorate, and for the preaching of Christ Jesus the Lord; and a will wholly given over for labour and service at our Master’s feet.

“ I am, Dear Brethren,
with full purpose of heart,
altogether yr. servant in the love of God,
“ **HANDLEY C. G. MOULE,**
“ **Bishop Elect.**”

On Thursday, October 17, 1901, the quaint, historic “Business of Confirming the Election” took place in the Vestry of York Minster, before Archbishop Maclagan.

Then came the Consecration on St. Luke’s Day, October 18, 1901. It was a unique occasion, for, as Archdeacon Watkins remarked in a letter to the *Yorkshire Post*, “ It was the first time in the history of the Minster when three Bishops were consecrated within its walls at the same time; while the unity and universality of the Church was further illustrated by the fact that no fewer than seven of the Consecrating Bishops were themselves consecrated for its service in foreign parts.”

The two other Bishops consecrated with him were, (1) Canon J. N. Quirk, as Bishop Suffragan of Sheffield, destined in after years to be his Suffragan as Bishop of Jarrow, to whom fell the heavy task of guiding the Diocese during the interregnum after his death; (2) Canon E. Hoskyns to be Bishop Suffragan of Burnley, and afterwards Bishop of Southwell. The Consecrating Prelates were the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan),

the Bishops of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter), Manchester (Moorhouse), Chester (Jayne), Carlisle (Bardsley), Wakefield (Eden), Liverpool (Chavasse), Sodor and Man (Straton), Bath and Wells (Kennion); the Suffragan Bishops of Richmond (Pulleine), Beverley (Crosthwaite), Hull (Blunt), and Bishops Marsden, Royston, Thornton, Sandford and Newnham (sometime Bishops of Bathurst, Mauritius, Ballarat, Tasmania and Moosonee respectively). The Bishop of Ripon was Celebrant, as the Archbishop was in frail health. The Preacher was an old friend of Dr. Moule's, the Rev. Prebendary H. E. Fox, who belonged to a well-known Durham family. The text was, "I seek not yours but you" (2 Cor. xii. 14).

On Friday, October 25, the new Bishop went to London and did homage to the King. The brief entry in his diary records, "To Marlborough House—to homage—soon over, very interesting. King most kind." He often referred in his Confirmation addresses to this scene, to illustrate the way a candidate must vow himself to be faithful to the King of kings.

The new Bishop made his first formal entry to his Diocese on October 30, at Darlington. According to ancient usage, as soon as a new Bishop entered the Diocese, by crossing the Tees on Croft Bridge, the Lord of the Manor of Sockburn presented his Lordship with the falchion, still held by the present Lord of Sockburn. The last time the custom was observed was in 1826, when Van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop, made his state entry in his coach. There was some talk of its revival for Bishop Moule's welcome, but it was decided instead to welcome him, as in the case of Bishop Westcott, at the railway station. Accordingly, when the train drew up, the new Bishop found the platform crowded with ruri-decanal and civic representatives. First the Mayor read the Corporation Address, then the Rev. F. W. Mortimer, Rural Dean, read one from the Rural Deanery, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Rothwell, who spoke on behalf of brethren of other Churches. The Bishop replied in one speech to all.

“ It was the office, not the man, they honoured. The man was a stranger, the office had been their neighbour for a thousand years. . . . A great office could not make a great man, but it could lift that man to the very height of the purpose for which he longed to live, to give all that he could to the service of his brethren in the service of God.”

That night the Bishop received three similar addresses at a Public Meeting at Sunderland, the largest town in his Diocese.

Next day, All Saints’ Day, was a red-letter day for all Durham Church folk, when the new Bishop was enthroned in his Cathedral. He was received by the members of the Chapter, etc., most of whom he was destined to outlive. The Cathedral was crowded by a most representative congregation, and the Bishop preached a memorable sermon from the words, “ We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake.” It was a moving description of the ideal set before him by all that he saw and felt, and contained allusion to many of his great predecessors, and to Nicholas Ridley, designated to be Bishop of Durham, and only intercepted from it by the martyr’s crown. Finally, he pictured Bishop Westcott “ just landed dryshod on the immortal shore, a saint, as true a servant of the Lord and of his brethren as the great Culdee St. Aidan. With looks of light he points his poor successor to the love of Christ for motive and for power, and to all the human needs of Christ’s brethren for his field of service.”

Bishop Westcott, on July 20, 1901 (six days before his death), preaching in his Cathedral at the Great Miner’s Annual Demonstration Service, in a sermon that was regarded at the time as strangely prophetic, said towards its close :

“ Since it is not likely that I shall ever address you here again, I have sought to tell you what I have found in a long and laborious life to be the most prevailing power to sustain right endeavour—however imperfectly I have

yielded myself to it—even the Love of Christ: to tell you what I know to be the secret of a noble life, even glad obedience to His will. I have given you a watch-word which is fitted to be the inspiration, the test, and the support of untiring service to God and man:

“THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US”¹

This passage was clearly in the mind of his successor standing in the same pulpit at his enthronement sermon, ‘*et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.*’

Next day his busy life began. His diary records:

Saturday, November 2.—Business all morning. “At Home” at Archdeacon’s 3–6; very nice time.

Friday, November 8.—At 11.30 took my first Confirmation. Twenty-five Durham School boys in Cathedral; deeply moving to me, very much exhausted over it.

Sunday, November 10.—Preached in Cathedral, “A man in Christ.”

Many years after, a little child in her letter asked him why he was made a Bishop. As will be seen later, he revelled in children’s letters and sayings, and he replied:

“February 15, 1915.

“MY VERY DEAR MARGARET,

“What shall I say to you, in answer to your question: Why I was made a Bishop? Darling Margaret, it is a most puzzling and difficult question to answer. And unfortunately the person who *could* answer it best cannot now be asked, for he died many years ago. His name was Lord Salisbury, and he one day sat down (having nothing better to do, I suppose) and wrote a letter asking me to be Bishop of Durham. *But he never said why!* So I fear we must leave that question unanswered !”

¹ Life of Bishop Westcott. Vol. ii., p. 394.

CHAPTER II

WINNING HIS WAY

“It is worthy of remark,” says Dean Hook in his life of Archbishop Parker, “that it is seldom that really ambitious men reach the height at which they aim, and that honours are frequently thrust upon others who, though alive to the advantages of their position, would, under a deep sense of the attendant responsibilities, have chosen for themselves the second place rather than the first. So it was with Matthew Parker.”

So it was also with Handley Moule. Writing to his friend Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, from St. Beatenberg, at the moment of his appointment in August 1901, he says :

“And now I tell you of news which to me still seems more like a solemn, almost awful dream than anything else. Like a bolt from the quiet blue sky, a few days ago, came a letter offering me—Durham.

“I cannot at all understand it. But the fact is so. Flesh and heart would say ‘Would God it were not !’ But after long thought, and I hope very simple prayer for light on the Lord’s will, I have to-day written to accept this great charge, poor unworthy creature that I am. You will pray for me in my great need. An Evangelical failure would be awful. God can avert it, and will, if it is His call.”

The Diocese, no less than himself, realized at once that the new Bishop was a prominent member of the “Evangelical Party,” and it enhances the wonder of the harmony, that came to be, between High Churchmen and their beloved Father in God, to recall the undoubted fact that

the new Bishop was received by some of the clergy with more than misgiving. On the other hand, there were many, both clergy and laity, who joyfully gave him welcome for just that reason. But it was not so with all. Trained under the moderate and impartial Bishop Lightfoot, and serving under Bishop Westcott, whose whole outlook was also utterly above party, some dreaded the prospect of being ruled by one who was also well known as a leader at the Keswick Convention.¹

The problem presented itself at once, for how would Canon Body and his band of Deaconesses and licensed Church workers work with one whose attitude was so different from their own? Personal intercourse was all that was needed. Much the same thing happened as took place at the first meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva. There, we are told, "the representatives met each other with misgivings, and distrust in some quarters, as entire strangers and quite unable to understand each other's speech. But as the sittings proceeded there came a sense of trust and confidence which gave place to enthusiasm, and they parted with an appreciation of each other's sincerity and point of view in a truly marvellous way."

So too it was in Durham. Canon Body and men of his school had been brought up to speak a different ecclesiastical language to Dr. Moule, but soon "misgivings" gave place to "enthusiasm."² They found (as one of them puts it) that "so long as there was real spiritual conviction, and a true sense of our Lord, the Bishop could lay aside his own views and see things in question from that standpoint."

The result was a mighty love spreading everywhere.

¹ Not that the Keswick Convention was connected with the Evangelical Party as such. Very few Evangelical leaders ever attended it. It was quite an independent movement, and Moule suffered for a time on account of his joining it, even from those same leaders. See Part I, Chap. xi.

² The Bishop, in one letter of this period, says that a friend told him "how Body had said kindly about me, 'He has conquered the whole Diocese, and the High Churchmen are by no means his least warm friends'; and added, 'I love him, though I fight him.'"

Bishop Nickson, of Bristol, bears witness to the great appreciation that the Bishop and Canon Body had for each other's spiritual character. "I was constantly (when Bishop of Jarrow) the recipient of that appreciation from both of them." When his daughter lay dying the Bishop records in her memoir that "Canon Body kindly visited her occasionally from Durham." And after the death of the Canon Missioner, no one who was present can ever forget the glowing tribute to his memory which the Bishop uttered to an assembly of Old Auckland students. It revealed the sincere affection that each had for the other.

It was the same story everywhere. No one was more opposed "in views" to the Bishop than the Rev. Wm. Theodore Jupp, Vicar of St. Columba, Sunderland, who was in many ways the leading Ritualist in the North of England. But they became the most devoted and loving friends. The Bishop took special delight in making Mr. Jupp an Honorary Canon, and he wrote in a Foreword to the *Memoir of William Theodore Jupp* this touching tribute :

"On some great matters of belief and practice our convictions differed widely and deeply, and we well knew it. But this made it to myself only more certain and more delightful that I saw in him a Christian man and minister wholly devoted to his Lord, with the dedication of intimate while worshipping Love, and wholly given, without one inferior aim, to His service for his flock. . . . I bear witness to two very beautiful and very potent elements in this good and dear man's power over others; I mean his genial pleasantry and the greatness of heart with which he could see through the eyes of others on matters of debate and difference."

That was precisely what Canon Jupp recognized in his Bishop. His tender affection for him is quite beyond description. Shortly before he died he spoke of the Bishop in a way that seemed to anticipate their closer union in Paradise.

Another illustration of the Bishop's conquering love

in very different circumstances will best be told in the actual words of the man who was conquered. He writes :

“ I am afraid I must own that I could not endure his appointment, and he had not been here three months before the Bishop and I were involved in a dispute, which was settled by his giving way in the most generous way. Not long after we had a much graver controversy which went on for months, and was not without extremely unpleasant moments. There came, for instance, an interview in his study at Auckland at the close of which I said I could not accept his hospitality to lunch after our very acrimonious discussion. In the most charming way he prevailed upon me to stay, and treated me with overflowing courtesy, and saw me into his brougham to drive to the station.

“ A year or two later a fresh and still more unpleasant dispute arose, and ended, as I thought, in a final breach between us. Six months later there came another letter, marked, as usual, Private and Confidential. I opened it, wondering what fresh trouble was brewing, and read :

“ ‘ MY DEAR ——,

“ ‘ May I rather abruptly put before you an important question ? Will you accept the living of —— ? It is a most important point of vantage. And it is one where I should rejoice to see *you*. Do not hurry your decision, of course. Your Lord will guide you.

“ ‘ Ever sincerely yours,

“ ‘ H. DUNELM.’

“ ‘ Well ! ’ I said to my wife, ‘ he’s a man after all, a man that can bear no grudge.’ ‘ Yes,’ she answered, ‘ a big man, and a Christian, and a gentleman.’ I used to say that the Bishop was beaten in every one of our disputes ; but he won absolutely at the finish. After all that had happened I felt I had no choice but to go, and for years till his death he had no more devoted slave in the Diocese than the man who had so often bitterly opposed him.”

One more example. A serious breach of Church order

came to the Bishop's knowledge. In answering the incumbent's explanation he writes :

“ You make it very plain that your action was absolutely *secundum bonam fidem*, and *that*, may I say, where you were concerned, needed no letter to give me assurance. I absolutely confide in the ‘ good faith ’ of yourself, my dear brother.”

The said dear brother was of the extreme opposite views to the Bishop; but he writes :

“ I need hardly say how glad I should be if I could in any way contribute to the Memoir of one for whom I had so deep regard, for his very conspicuous quality of large-hearted toleration. I remember him saying that he quite recognized that those who held the Catholic standpoint had a perfect right to be included in the Anglican Church. And his letters breathe the spirit of kindly sympathy with this point of view. He desired that ‘ all essential requirements of the High Anglicans should be met.’ ”

So far we have only seen what might be called the negative side of the Bishop's winning his way—by overcoming differences. The positive side, of advance into hearts, is more difficult to depict. It is easy to relate episodes, but quite impossible to describe life, since life cannot be expressed in words; pre-eminently, life in Christ “ no mortal page can show.” And it was by this indescribable life that the Bishop really won his way. His simple spiritual earnestness, and the conviction that love for his Master was his main thought, arrested people. Differ from him as they might, men felt that one to whom Christ was so profound an experience must be considered first as a man of God, and not as an ecclesiastical authority whose views and methods might be open to criticism and even strong opposition.

It was the Bishop who won them, and not they who won the Bishop. For there was no weakening of his Evangelical position, no yielding to pressure, through weakness, for all it might seem. So anxious was he to be above party, he would have erred in favour to High

Churchmen lest he should even appear to be unkind. His attitude is best expressed in his own words written in 1919 :¹

“ It has been my happiness, not least in my later years, to know and to love, as friends in Christ, holy men of other types and schools, and to see with reverence their Lord’s likeness in the countenance of their lives. Why do I not quite forget our differences, or at least say that they are altogether negligible ? These men are beyond shadow of question at least as much Christ’s own as I dare to think myself. From their example, from their words, sometimes from words definitely shaped by their distinctive tenets, I have often received exhortation and edification. Why do I not, *sans phrase*, ‘ symbolize ’ with them out and out ? Or why, at the least, do I not forbear to write, as I am writing now, about our differences ? For many years, when thus questioning myself, I have found my answer in the reflection (it is as definite now as ‘ in my Christian spring ’) that the beliefs which are commonly called Evangelical, thoughtfully and temperately stated . . . accord better than those of other schools, *especially in proportion and emphasis*, with the New Testament standard.

“ I wish to speak thus with all humbleness and godly fear. I recollect that I have lived long, and that years are supposed to harden the receptivity of the mind, and to narrow its ken. But years have also power to moderate the spirit, and to open to new sympathies the soul, taught by the work, the affections, and the griefs of life. So I do not think that the abiding, and indeed deepening, of the conviction thus stated is nothing better than the obscurantism of a senior. It connects itself in the consciousness rather with life, love and hope than with antagonism. Certainly it leaves the heart more than ever sensitive against the spirit and the accent of the partisan.”

Lord Reading, when first made Viceroy of India, said, “ As a diplomat I have learned the need, the

¹ “ Evangelicalism and its Revival,” in *Towards Reunion*, pp. 40, 41.

inexpressible value, of human sympathy, which I have often thought really consists in the power to understand what others are thinking, and more particularly what they are feeling, or would feel if you did or said a particular thing. The human mind is perhaps the most tender and sensitive instrument ever created, and it is the delicacy and sensibility which is almost impossible to define that makes human sympathy. If only we can manage to understand each other's thoughts and see what lies at the root of things, we have travelled a long way towards that complete understanding which means so much between all people, more especially between peoples of different races."

And we may add, "of different religious convictions." The Bishop never aimed at being a "diplomat," yet he manifested in rich measure, as the stories above related testify, just the sympathy Lord Reading describes. It was one of his most marked natural endowments, which again had been enlarged and illuminated by the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost, whose first fruit is Love. Thus in spite of his own misgivings, in spite of opposition, there was no "evangelical failure." There was rather, in the ancient Gospel sense, an Evangelical success; for the love of God in him, and in them, enabled the Bishop to win his way into the hearts of all his clergy, till he was recognised by all as their true *Father in God*.

CHAPTER III

THE BISHOP AND HIS CLERGY

“WE are set apart to belong to other people for God.—We set ourselves to cultivate love for other people.—We shall see them from His point of view.—We will try to discipline and mould ourselves in a simple, self-sacrificing way to be as fit as by God’s grace we can be to serve them. Let us recollect that while doing this we are the dear ones of that Saviour, who sanctified Himself—and sanctifies Himself for us.”

These words, culled from one of Bishop Moule’s latest Ordination Addresses, well describe his own ideal, which his clergy saw realized in their Father in God. As one of them said, “How much there is that can never be told in a book.” Brief extracts alone are possible here.

During his Episcopate he was helped in various ways by Bishop Sandford (retired August 1902), Bishop F. F. Goe, Bishop Ingham or Bishop Royston (1902–4), Bishop Noel Hodges (1904–5). On the death of Canon Tristram in 1906, Dr. Nickson was appointed Canon Residentiary, and consecrated as first Bishop of Jarrow. He was succeeded in the same position and dignity by the present Suffragan Bishop, Dr. Quirk, who writes :

“I was appointed by the Crown, rather than by selection by the Bishop himself. But in spite of this, his kind confidence towards me was always manifested in the fullest degree, and he honoured me with his unbounded trust and friendship. Two characteristics I may mention of the dear Bishop.

“1. The courageous faith with which he faced and conquered all difficulties; the great war, which he felt

acutely; his own two serious operations, and then the death of Mrs. Moule, besides 'the care of all the Churches.' And yet he never was the least ruffled, worried, anxious, depressed or afraid. He seemed literally to apply St. Paul's words, 'I can do all things through—and in—Him that strengtheneth me.'

"2. The unqualified love and regard he won from clergy and laity alike of all schools and classes. So far as my experience goes (and I have served in several Dioceses), the Diocese of Durham has been exceptional in its entire freedom from ritual trouble and partisan division. Evidence of this was seen in the constant request he was in for sermons, addresses, Quiet Days and Devotional Retreats. The number of clergy at his funeral, on Ascension Day (a difficult day for them), is another proof. To say that his work was unfailing is unnecessary, but there can be few Bishops who had more calls on them for literary work, personal advice, and spiritual help outside his Diocese."

The following clergy served as Domestic Chaplains :— the Revs. L. J. Causton, F. W. Eddison, H. W. Workman, G. Wreford Brown, S. L. Petrie, A. R. Dolphin, E. H. Maish. Mr. H. Salwey acted as Lay Secretary for some months in 1903; and at the Bishop's Hostel: Revs. G. Foster Carter, C. V. Pilcher, P. F. D. de Labiliere, H. S. T. Richardson, J. C. Banham. Mr. Maish was also in charge of the Hostel for a year before acting as Domestic Chaplain. Mr. Foster Carter writes :

"I was a young and very new Chaplain of twenty-eight. He had taken me a walk through the Park, and as we were returning, he was speaking of the personality of St. Paul, when suddenly he looked up and became aware of one of those glorious sunsets which the smoke-laden atmosphere of that pit country made particularly beautiful. He stopped in the midst of the walk and spoke of the glories of that sunset sky. Then suddenly as we started to walk again, 'I am glad I am not a Jew,' he said. 'Why?' I asked. 'Don't you know what the Talmud says about just such a thing as I have been guilty of now?—"If two Rabbis shall be walking together and talking about the Lord, and one shall say,



Photo. Moffat

1910.

Look at yonder tree, or Look at yonder bird, let him be cast straight into Gehenna ! ” ” ”

“ In his Ordination talks,” Canon Lillingston says, “ he gave out his whole heart. He spoke fearlessly of the dangers and temptations of the clerical life. Sometimes he was well-nigh weeping as he pleaded with his younger brethren to be faithful from the first. His Examining Chaplains knew what this meant to the Ordinands, and how many had their hearts touched, their consciences searched, and their wills strengthened.”

In 1903 an Ordination of Deacons was held in the Bishop’s Chapel. One of the candidates held strict views on fasting Communion, and did not come to breakfast with the other candidates. Immediately after the Service he received an urgent message from the Bishop asking him to come at once for an interview. “ I expected to receive a rebuke for running needless risks by the line I had taken,” said the candidate in relating the story, “ but instead of a rebuke the Bishop said, ‘ I am told that whilst others were taking breakfast you were with the Lord; you must have a glass of wine at once, as it is not yet time for lunch.’ ”

Here are some sayings from his address on 1 Tim. iv. 12 to Ordinands at his Advent Ordination in 1919 :

“ St. Paul dwells again and again on personal character as one of the deepest essentials of the Minister of Christ. ‘ Let no man despise thy youth.’ How? By asserting claims? That would be a poor way. There is a great difference between demanding and commanding respect. Not for ourselves, but for our Employer and Lord, we are to earn an honest attention by commanding ourselves to every man’s conscience in the sight of God. You are sure to be watched; so take care in loyalty to the law of Christ. Set this before you as a great life object for Christ’s sake to be examples to the flock. Never forget, you are watched, even by those contemptuous of religion. If you are consistent it will make them think. . . .

“ The Apostle speaks here not of the direct functions

of the ministry, but rather of the conduct of the man as a man, citizen, neighbour, etc.

“Be an example :

“1. *In word.* There is no place and no time where and when we may not be in word either true or false to Christ.

“2. *In manner of life.* How much this means,—the tone, colour, conduct of the life. Punctual and considerate to others' convenience, remembering that everybody is the better for being treated with respect. . . . It will have great influence in a hundred different ways. . . . In dealing with foes, or with blameworthy, recollect the mercies of the Master to yourself.

“3. *In love.* ἀγάπη was elevated by Christianity to a moral beauty it never had in the finest of the classics. Learn this new Grammar :

1st Person	He.
2nd Person	You.
3rd Person	I.

In dealing with children, old people, the simple, the poor, and the slow, be known as the pastor who is the friend, the shepherd who would do anything for them.

“4. πιστις is here ‘fidelity.’ Be a man of your word, and your message will be taken for granted as true.

“5. *Purity.* Stainless cleanliness of life. We need the Almighty Keeper. The Devil is always lying in wait. We must see that the Lord is Master of us. That is the only way to full self-control.”

One of the ablest of the men he ordained said that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Greek Testament readings he gave them. Another clergyman who was present recalls a day when the Bishop gathered round him clergy and Nonconformist ministers each with his Greek Testament. The Rev. Frank Lenwood, the eminent Congregationalist, was among the listeners, and spoke with enthusiasm of the keen scholarship and the deep spiritual knowledge and help that was given.

It has been justly said that he was happier in his appointments than in his acceptance of candidates for Ordination, whose admittance was not infrequently

questionable from an intellectual point of view. The Examining Chaplains might perhaps be thought responsible for this, but in all cases the final decision rested with him. No doubt the standard was very much lower than in the days of his predecessors; but war conditions were partly to blame. And among his choice there are some outstanding names. It is not forgotten that he brought both the future Bishops of Bristol and Peterborough to work in his Diocese. Bishop Lightfoot's policy had been to appoint young men, so Bishop Westcott had comparatively little and Bishop Moule a very large amount of patronage, which was to him a matter of almost ceaseless anxiety. Bishop Nickson writes :

“ I should like to bear witness to the care with which he always approached the question of patronage and the fairness he showed in his appointments. I am aware that these were often criticized, and that they were sometimes subject to unlooked-for revision before the final appointment was made, but whenever he took me into council, which he frequently did, I was struck by his evident determination to preserve, as far as possible, continuity. . . . When he discussed appointments with me he would always approach the question from the spiritual character of the man. This was always uppermost. The question of views was secondary. If changes were felt by him to be desirable, he sought for a man who could ‘lead gently, as people were able to bear it.’ ”

The Rev. S. R. P. Moulsdale, Principal of St. Chad's College, Durham, says in the 1920 Report :

“ We always experienced the greatest kindness and encouragement from him. I would bear testimony to the scrupulous fairness with which High Churchmen in the Diocese were treated by him. It fell to his lot to appoint incumbents to many parishes where the teaching and practice were not in accord with his personal convictions, but he was always at pains to secure the continuity of the tradition of such churches.”

Very many of the clergy cherish private letters, veritable love letters, from their Father in God. Two are

permissible here, written to one, now passed, like the Bishop, to his rest, who differed widely from his theological standpoint: The first is on the death of his mother, the second on the clergyman's own desperate illness:

"Auckland Castle,
"March 25, 1905.

"MY DEAR —

"Your kind note just received moves me deeply. The Lord of life, the ever-blessed Son of a Mother's love, be very near you indeed. He is the only entirely competent Friend for the great griefs of life. Very, very few hands know how to touch a stricken heart without jarring its whole sensibility. But He does. May He give you a very realizing sense of the nearness in Him of your beloved. It is but *His other Side*. Our precious ones walk with Him on the side of light, He walks with us on the side of the (transitory) shadow. They are not in some remote sphere of the universe. *Vadunt latendo*—and the hiding-place is not far away. 'Thou art near, O Lord.'

"I had not heard of your beloved sister's call Home. Never shall I forget my visits to those two sick-rooms —by your kindness; and how particularly I recall your mother's longing outlook for the blessed coming of the King! Yours is a bereaved house indeed now—but the windows of it will only seem the better to command a view of the eternal Jerusalem, where

Morbus abest semper sanis senectus juvenibus.

"I am sincerely yours *ἐν κύριῳ*
"H. DUNELM."

And twelve years later:

"November 8, 1917.

"MY DEAR —

"I have just heard of your illness. . . . You need no assurance of my affectionate and earnest concern. It troubles me much to hear you have suffered much, and though progress is being made, are liable to that great trial, very bad nights.

"'We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.' But the poor tabernacle is still the temple of the Spirit. And 'if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell (as He does dwell) in you, He who raised up Christ shall also vivify your

mortal body, because of His spirit which dwelleth in you.'

" May that vivification be graciously given in measure now, in anticipation of its glorious fulness hereafter.

" You will be daily in my prayers.

" All peace and blessing be with you and within you.

" I am yours in the Lord,

" H. DUNELM."

Canon Sykes, Vicar of St. Ignatius the Martyr, Sunderland (the church Bishop Lightfoot built), who is the recognized spokesman of the Auckland Brotherhood, writes :

" It is well known that Bishop Lightfoot gathered round him at Auckland Castle a band of graduates preparing for Holy Orders. They were generally known as the Auckland Students, and more intimately as ' sons of the House ' or the ' Auckland Brotherhood.' There was no break of continuity under Bishop Westcott, and the Brotherhood grew in numbers from 86 to 166 between the years 1889 and 1901. Year by year on St. Peter's Day the members had held Reunion under the most highly privileged conditions of great memories, great leadership, great friendships. The brothers were very keenly desirous that such fellowship should if possible be maintained and remain connected with the Castle and Chapel as their ' spiritual home.' Dr. Moule soon dissipated all apprehension by his cordial greeting and generous welcome. He too gathered students about him. Fifty more names were added to the roll between 1901 and 1920. But for the six years of unsettlement caused by the war and the call of young manhood to the colours this number would doubtless have increased. The heartful recognition accorded to ' the Brotherhood ' by the Bishop was very warmly appreciated by the men of the earlier days. The gracious welcome every other year by himself and Mrs. Moule will be gratefully cherished until the last of them is added to the roll of those who are designated on the list as ' *migraverunt ad Dominum.*' "

The Bishop held that great benefits would flow from home clergy serving abroad for say five years, and he assured any thus going that he would forward their reinstatement on return, as far as he could. But he

made a distinction between going "abroad to the Colonies" and as "missionaries to the Non-Christians." Having to "learn a foreign race" might mean a life-long service. While ready with his "lower measure of knowledge and counselling capacity" to advise as Bishop Westcott did, he could not fully share his view of the "sending" power of a Bishop as a General sends soldiers. He did not think the promise made at his Consecration¹ (in the context of the sentence) meant that. But he did thankfully recognize his call as a Father in God ("always, however, merging into the Elder Brother") to receive the consultation of any in the Diocese, who felt called "to the regions beyond," for such guidance and direction as he could give.

With all his guileless manner he was an extraordinarily shrewd observer, having, as Canon Cruickshank says, "an insight which takes the place of worldly wisdom in those whose minds are for ever fixed on the highest things." A Vicar leaving a town parish was astonished to find that the Bishop, in his letter to his successor offering him the post, displayed as intimate a knowledge of all that was going on as if he had served there as curate. And his keen sense of humour worked with this insight at times. A clergyman improperly hinted to the Bishop that he would like a change, as he had worked there many years. "Many years! my dear brother," said the Bishop, grasping his arm, "how you must be wedded to the place! you must know every stone, and you will feel that you never could part with the dear place, never!"

Another side of his attitude to his clergy is seen where he is arranging with Canon Walker, Rural Dean of Darlington, for a luncheon during his Visitation.

"There are two points to be remembered :

¹ "Will you be faithful in Ordaining, sending, or laying hands upon others?"

"Answer.—I will so be, by the help of God."

—*Book of Common Prayer,
Consecration of Bishops.*

"1. I wish to dispense with all 'alcoholics,' but to have the non-alcoholics provided as well as possible in quality, and in (so to speak) 'get-up' on the table.

"2. It is *Friday*, and so of course special provision of fish should be made."

"I am heavily pressed just now," he tells Bishop Stileman, "with normal work, and with a little group of sad moral problems (clergy) which are the woes of a Bishop's life." Several of his Chaplains speak of the intense pain he suffered in such cases. When this bad news came it was impossible to get him to attend to other letters, so one Chaplain would deliberately keep such letters to the last. Another tells how the Bishop was leaning over his shoulder as they read a terrible report, from beyond the Diocese: "I shall never forget the way the Bishop said, 'It makes me tremble to think of my own sinful self.' " A clergyman came to him with a sad story. The Bishop burst into tears and said, "It's the sixth this week." But he never ceased his resolute efforts to restore the delinquent. He closes a letter to one who had asked for special spiritual help:

"Spare *me* a little special petition. I have seldom, if ever, had such a number of sad personal problems on me, appeals to intervene in clerical and other quarrels, cases where men are their own enemies, and so on. Every day brings the need for grace to begin with me, as it were, over again *da capo*."

And to Prebendary Stone, who had sent him a letter telling of blessing brought to someone by one of his books, he writes:

"November 24, 1908.

"— even to Bishops. I think that few men can much oftener stand in need of loving cheer, in a life so constantly beset with even sickening anxieties, and so continually liable to misunderstanding. Your letter was a perfect cordial to me."

Canon Patterson, Honorary Secretary of the Durham

Lay Helpers' Association during the whole of Dr. Moule's Episcopate, writes :

" His warm support of the work of the Lay Helpers' Association shows how strongly he felt the need that lay work should be carried on under due control and organization and, wherever possible, with the Bishop's licence.

" Respecting the services of Readers in consecrated buildings, he wrote : ' No one feels more deeply than I do the value of our Lay Helpers' work, and the probably growing demand that will be made upon it in these anxious times. On the other hand, you will feel with me, in view of the high and sacred work in question, the imperative need of careful while reasonable safeguards.' His attitude to the Readers was very much more than official. He took a personal interest in the individual welfare. All who came into touch with him felt that they had in their Bishop a Father in God ; all knew themselves to be welcome guests at the Auckland gatherings, and never failed to carry away encouragement from the addresses in Chapel. On two successive days he gave a Bible Reading to a number of Readers gathered at Durham from the Northern Dioceses. Never have I seen a body of Church workers so deeply moved. His words were a revelation to them of what the Scriptures had to teach when interpreted by one who was at once a scholar and a saint."

The Rev. H. Greenway, formerly Vicar of Felling, and now of Westgate, tells the following story :

" One Sunday in the summer of 1911, the Bishop was due at Felling for a men's service at 2.30, and to preach again at 6.30. He started in his motor-car with Mrs. Moule, who was to address a women's meeting. On Wrekenton Hill, three miles from Felling, the car stopped with engine trouble, which would take an hour to mend. The Bishop, saying ' I must keep my promise to Felling,' jumped out, to walk, in a torrent of rain, with no coat, no umbrella. Finding he would be late, he started to run, in a sodden condition for the last two miles. The last mile was down a steep hill, where his pace quickened so much and his distress was so apparent that he was twice stopped by police to know if he needed assist-

ance. He stuck to it, and reached the church just as the last hymn was being sung. Drenched to the skin, and winded as he was, in spite of the Vicar's protest he insisted on doing what he came for, and went with dripping clothes and disarranged hair, without his robes, into the pulpit and gave a remarkably fervent address.

“After service he went to the Vicarage, just as Mrs. Moule arrived in the car. A hot bath and a complete outfit in the Vicar's clothing soon revived him, and he preached at night a characteristic sermon, and motored home, saying he must keep his engagements on Monday. His boots were so wet he could not wear them to go home, but he wrote a few days later to say he was none the worse.

“As an illustration of fervent zeal in work, self-forgetfulness in preaching under great difficulty, and gratitude for any little help, this would be difficult to surpass.”

The story is also evidence of his athletic vigour as a septuagenarian, and is a fitting conclusion to a chapter on the Bishop and his clergy, as it shows how thoroughly at home he made himself with them all.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE DIOCESE

WHEN Dr. Westcott was nominated as successor to Bishop Lightfoot, the question was asked, "How can that mystic seer ever take the place of the great organizer?"¹ In due time it was found that the mystic seer had work to do, and did it in ways that were not open to his predecessor.

In the same way men questioned how Dr. Handley Moule could possibly follow these two great Bishops, but time showed again that "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Though so different, Bishop Moule proved abundantly that the prayer at his Consecration was answered; he "duly executed" "the office to which he was called, to the edifying of Thy Church, and to the honour, praise and glory of Thy Name."

That he was not an organizer like Lightfoot, nor a leader of men like Westcott, he would have been the first to admit; he had not their gifts; but he was richly endowed with his own. "The truth is," as was said at the time, "that Bishops differ," and it is unreasonable to expect each to have all the talents.

A picture without shadows is untrue to nature, and

¹ This question was put by Canon Churchyard of Newcastle to Mr. Searle Hicks, who replied on a postcard:

" 'Twere unreasonable
To quarrel with a left hand
Because 'tis not a right foot,
To wear no more a left sock
Because 'tis not a right boot,
To cast away a best coat
Because 'tis not a light suit,
To criticise a Westcott
Because 'tis not a Lightfoot."

a biography that omits failures is an unreal portrait; and for very love and admiration of our hero it must be recorded that he lacked some qualities looked for in a Bishop. He was not a great Diocesan. He often failed to give a lead in such matters as Educational policy. He was not at times a good chairman, though at other times, as at a Diocesan Conference, he shone in the chair. He had an extraordinary, alert power of picking up the thread of discussion of matters with which he was not familiar, and knowing every speaker, and remembering his points.

Diocesan finance was distasteful to him; he struggled manfully, but as time went on he took less and less part in it, feeling doubtless that it was better for him to devote his energies to that spiritual sphere in which he was unsurpassed, and to leave the wretched questions of finance to those more in touch with them. The result—which he did not perhaps realize—was that he rather lost touch with the laity, while the laity's interest also slackened owing to the absence of the Bishop's inspiring presence.

“Again,” as a layman writes, “he was almost too saintly to be a Bishop. He judged everyone by his own standard, and could not realize the weakness of human nature—the tenderness of the father was there, and I do not think he ever realized that any other quality than tenderness was necessary. The Bishopric must have been a burden to him, and everyone must have admired the courage which enabled him to bear that burden during those long years of his Episcopate.”

It was his saintliness that carried him through. Without it he would often have failed lamentably. Nor was he a good judge of character, being too prone to judge by men's religious phraseology. So we might go on, to tell of what seemed, to his greatest admirers, elements of weakness or even failure.

Paint in the shadows. The darker they are, the more the brighter parts shine out. When West London

was stirred by a great living preacher, an old gentleman said to Bishop Wilkinson of St. Andrews, "Why are people so excited about Dr. —? I have read his sermons, and there's nothing in them!" "Quite right," said the saintly Bishop, "nothing in them, absolutely nothing,—except God the Holy Ghost." How gladly would Bishop Moule have said the same of his Episcopate, "absolutely nothing except God the Holy Ghost!" Very few of those who were confirmed by him will ever forget him. And there are men who wavered in faith, but who were established by his clear incisive teaching. He seemed at times in preaching to lift the whole company of his listeners into a higher sphere; and everywhere, as he moved about amongst them, men felt the warming, inspiring influence of a man who had been with Jesus, and who unceasingly walked with God.

We may often catch glimpses of this secret walk, as we watch the Bishop in some of the problems and activities of his Diocesan life. However distracting these were, he seems never distracted from seeing Him who is invisible. Much here disclosed is from private letters, impossible to publish in his lifetime; but extracts are permissible now, with the consent of the recipients.

CONFIRMATION

The intense importance of Confirmation was ever present to his mind, and year after year he gave counsel about it in the Diocesan Gazette :

"To the Bishop it will afford a welcome and valuable opportunity of seeing incidentally something of the work and life of the Rural Deanery as a whole." "My brother of Jarrow and I look forward with prayer and earnest hope to our Confirmation circuits, and with confidence that you, my reverend and dear brethren, will bring to the preparation not only your pastoral experience, but the power of the Holy Spirit, sought continually at the Throne of Grace. The pastoral work of preparation is a golden opportunity for sowing

in our young people's minds, in the Lord's name, high and true standards of moral life, of common duty, of family and social obligation. Much may be said to the elder candidates which will be fruitful of good when they enter married life, and have homes of their own. To 'plant out' in the common world around us lives inspired with such ideals is one of the most hopeful works in which the Christian pastor can engage. The Confirmation which crowns the preparation will form at once the sacred means by which the young Christian, if such in spirit and in truth, can grasp the power for a true life, and the lifelong reminder that in that power only, to the end, can it be realized."

He issued the service in pamphlet form, with special lections of Holy Scripture at the beginning and special hymns, and desired that each candidate should have a copy. Husband and wife should be presented together, before other candidates. As to the age, he again and again stated his conviction that candidates should not be "presented very young" :

"Just because of the moral greatness of the occasion, it may be only too probably *an occasion lost* when youthfulness makes a real thoughtfulness very unlikely. I strongly advise that candidates should be *ordinarily* not less than thirteen and a half years old, with a preference for a higher limit. A hard-and-fast rule is impossible, and the judgment of the incumbent will always be weighty with me. But I must request to be informed days beforehand (if not thirteen years old) and assured that the thoughtfulness and insight are unusual. Once more I am very sure that a premature Confirmation is a serious loss in the candidate's life." And again, "The moral and spiritual opportunity of Confirmation as ordered in our Church is inestimably precious, and the use of it cannot be all we desire and pray for without some real development of thought and conscience in the candidate."

The Rev. A. J. Bott writes :

"After speaking at a big Men's Meeting at Stockton, in October 1917, the Bishop had kindly arranged to

confirm an old man of eighty-five in one of the poorer parts of the town in St. John's parish. The candidate, who was bed-ridden, possessed a stentorian voice, and was formerly connected with the Salvation Army. After accepting the Church's teaching he had expressed a great wish to be confirmed. The Bishop vested, as his custom was, as completely as for service in church; and the service proceeded with due solemnity until the Bishop put the question to the candidate; but instead of the simple and expected 'I do,' the old man shouted, 'That's what I sent for 'ee for.' And on went the service. At the end of the prayer at the laying on of hands, the confirmed person concluded, not with the usual 'Amen,' but a loud 'Thank the Lord for that.' The Bishop afterwards remarked that he regarded the responses as some of the most earnest that he had ever heard. It was very delightful to see the beloved Bishop so perfectly at home and full of sympathy amongst the poorest of his flock."

"The Confirming Bishop," Dr. Moule says again, "would welcome any details (sent to him before in private confidence) as to the circumstances and preparation of candidates, which may place him in closer connection with the parish as well as the candidates." In this spirit he sat in an arm-chair and listened on one occasion while an incumbent examined a lad in the Catechism; and 'Frank,' as the Bishop affectionately called the boy, will never forget the little talk that followed.

Within a few weeks of his death he was shown the note-book of a girl he had confirmed the night before, with her notes on the Preparation Lessons. When she got it back, she was delighted to find he had written, "I am glad to have a sight of these notes. They are sure evidence of keen, intelligent and reverent attention, and of an earnest spirit, which God will meet and bless. May he ever defend you with His Heavenly Grace. March 8, 1920. Handley Dunelm."

In his old-fashioned courtesy he always wrote to thank his hostess for hospitality. One such letter concludes with a sentence that shows how keenly he watched to see how his clergy were doing the work of preparation;

“ My specially interesting and happy visit is a memory which will always be a marked one. I was so struck by what must be the exceeding care and wisdom of the Vicar’s Confirmation teaching. God bless it.”

His attention was called to Bishop Lightfoot’s action in agreeing with a convert, who had received Roman Confirmation in childhood, that he should seek the Gospel ordinance of the Laying on of Hands. The Bishop replied :

“ I have taken on previous occasions exactly the line which I see Bishop Sandford took and Bishop Lightfoot before him. Should the converts positively *not* desire the Laying on of Hands, we cannot insist upon it, but it should be strongly advised. Not only is the Romanist Confirmation distinctly defective in form, but it quite fails to give the candidate the noble opportunity provided in ours for public confession of faith and obedience. Meantime, nothing in our Service throws any positive discredit on what has been done to the candidate before. As regards admission into our Communion, I hold that in this case the act of Confirmation will be quite adequate for this purpose. A rigid adherent to the Canons might say otherwise, but I am sure I follow a largely accepted use, and I think a wise one at the present day, in waiving the requirement of a public renunciation and admission where union with our Church is heartily accepted and sealed by Confirmation.”

Writing of another case where a lapsed Anglican sought to return from Rome, he says :

“ It is a beautiful story and full of suggestion. As life advances, I feel less and less the value of controversy, where spiritual matters are concerned, and more and more confidence in the presence of the Spirit so to approach the soul that the mind sees light by the awakening of the conscience and the manifestation of Christ. God lead this deeply interesting inquirer into the fulness of the joy of His Light.

“ There are assuredly many Romans that know that light, as Fénélon and his friends so beautifully did, and they know it in spite of their system, and one longs to see such believers led into the air and sunlight of the open Bible and immediate intercourse with God.”

EVENING COMMUNION

Soon after he became Bishop, controversy arose in one of his parishes about evening Communion. The letters we have been shown cannot be printed in full, as there were other considerations involved. But extracts may be made which give impressive testimony to his own spiritual experience at evening Communions, and also reveal his admirable tact in handling his man.

“ I, for one, should be slow in a parish, in view of the large usage of the Church in the past, to *introduce* evening Communion; I should not do so unless I were sure it would be welcome and helpful to a good number of my people. But granted I knew it *would* be so, I should without misgiving practise it. Purely personally, I love an evening Celebration, the Lord’s own hour, and have had wonderful times of refreshing at such Communion. . . .”

“ For the view so widely and often intolerantly held now, I am deeply convinced that primeval Christianity, and above all the primeval New Testament, gives no sanction; it too easily connects itself with beliefs about the Holy Supper, the ‘Abendmahl,’ the Evening Meal, which square more with the medieval than the Apostolic idea. . . . I not only think the evening Celebration of the Lord’s Blessed Supper lawful, but I have long personally found it a particularly happy, strengthening and holy help to my own soul. Should it come in my way (not out of it) to act as Celebrant on an evening occasion, I should do so now as much as ever with a willing and thankful heart.”

Such being his views, on hearing from a parishioner that a new Vicar was about to abandon evening Communion, the Bishop wrote at once to the clergyman, who was almost a stranger, a letter in which these sentences occur :

“ My dear Mr. ——, I am going to take you very much for granted, and write. . . . Let me premise that what I say is wholly and only an expression of opinion. If your judgment, and knowledge of all the

circumstances, lead you to decide against my suggestion, I shall accept your decision *ex animo* . . . so I state my case. . . . and now leave it without any reserve to your prayerful judgment. You may be sure of my confidence, whatever your decision."

An interview was suggested and the Bishop wrote to name a time. "But remember, I absolutely confide in your own prayerful conclusions as to the matter, talk or no talk." In the next letter he drops the 'Mister' in addressing the Vicar and writes more and more freely :

"If [the protest] represents even a dozen genuine people, it deserves the utmost attention. . . . Heart and soul I feel with you [in another matter], a firm hand is needed for the Master's sake. But I do venture to think that you would be all the stronger strategically, for action there, if at the same time you would show your strength in a frank concession in the matter of the evening Celebration. . . . No one will really think that a concession in this matter, frankly explained (with a reference, if you care, to me), means a weak hand, and wobbling steering. Done as you would do it I believe the effect would be the opposite, and you would put your foot down about other matters in a way more effective than ever. . . . The strong and wise Pastor will see, I think, that he will win the deepest and most lasting victories for peace and truth by not letting his judgment be overmuch swayed through even advantage gained by crossing wishes of [those opposed].

"Remember, my dear brother, you are the commissioned teacher all the while, and have practically a free hand, out and out, to say all you think about the Ordinance, about self-discipline, about Sunday habits, etc., etc. And you would say it with double impressiveness, so I think, if you did *not* change the old order in this respect. . . .

"In one thing I make no change—my affectionate honour for you, and my desire that you should ultimately decide what is the wisest, largest, truest action. (O guide us, gracious Lord and God.)

"Your co-curator,

"HANDLEY DUNELM."

THE USE OF INCENSE

At one of the more advanced churches of the Diocese there was a desire to use incense for a very special occasion. In writing to the incumbent the Bishop says :

“ You put me, I need not say, a question which carries grave practical problems with it. I can quite understand your own attitude towards the question of incense in the abstract—little as I can agree with you in thinking that such an adjunct of worship is likely to be welcomed in proportion to our growth in the spirit of worship. But the question for me is, of course, not merely abstract, but complicated by many practical matters, administrative and others. And I must ask to postpone a definite answer for a few days. You know me well enough to be sure that I have no wish to take a line inconsiderate of the convictions of others; certainly not where a question has been put before me with the care and loyalty that mark your letter. But you need no reminder that I am bound, particularly at this moment, to think and act with the greatest care.”

“ I have carefully considered your letter. You may be sure that my thoughts have been all instinct with the wish to look above and outside my personal preferences, and to meet as far as I can the ideas of yourself, so truly respected as friend and brother; while yet I am bound, of course, to consider the general aspects of such a question, and its bearing on administration at large.

“ I take note of your limitation of your request to the special occasion, and (largely) special congregation. Personally you would welcome a normal use of incense, but for this at present certainly you do not ask. I think I shall best meet the conditions as to both positive and negative ruling if I ask you to take the following as my direction and ruling :

“ 1. Incense may be used in connection with the service of Holy Communion.

“ 2. Its use must be ‘ non-ceremonial,’ *i. e.* it is not to be used for the censing of persons or things.

“ Quite frankly speaking, I am sorry that the question has come up, for I shall, of course—and fairly—be known to have given ‘ permission for the use of incense,’ and

this, without explanation which I cannot and would not give, will certainly be mistaken in many quarters. But I lay that thought aside, as against the call to meet, to the utmost I think I rightly can, a case such as yours. Happily I am at rest about your entire loyalty to the Order of the Prayer Book. I have no fear that our Anglican Eucharist will be 'interpolated' from other Orders. *That is a far greater matter.*"

"Very cordially I appreciate your letter of Thursday. Its words and the tone of perfect understanding and loyalty are deeply welcome to me.

"My impulse would be to sanction the use of incense in the evening as well as at the Holy Communion; but in another church in which some time ago I had to deal with the like question, I thought it right to confine my sanction to the Holy Communion, and it would not seem, at least, to be equitable that even for this special occasion I should difference the two churches. Regretfully, therefore, I will ask that in your case also incense should be used at the Holy Communion only."

With regard to the other church referred to, the Bishop wrote to the Vicar :

"I have decided to take the course described by yourself as permission with regulation. I believe that that course will, as you believe, conduce to peace, without, so far as I can see, leading to other developments of those ritual divergences from the simpler traditions of the whole English Church as it was in my youth, which I personally deplore.

"As regards regulation, I explicitly request that incense be not used ceremonially, that persons and things be not censed, and that it be not employed at Evensong (*i. e.* I assume in the Magnificat). I do not wish to be unduly repressive, as you know, but I gravely think that we are in face of a perilous revival of an unlawful cultus of the Holy Virgin, and I would fain avoid even the semblance.

"I do utterly trust your truth and honour, and so value your friendly loyalty that I say no more in detail. Our conversation showed us each other's mind, and we shall each respect the other's position.

"I will not deny that it is with a heavy heart that

I, the old Reformationist, watch the present current of the Church. But what I see of the truest and wisest course in this case looks clear to me."

RESERVATION, AND FASTING COMMUNION

He replies to a request to permit Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament thus :

" I appreciate the loyal and true-hearted tone and ' attitude ' of this communication ; I do indeed value your unsought assurance of the straightness and singleness of purpose with which this request is put before me. My reliance on your spirit is, if possible, more full than ever for what you have said, and for the mode of saying it.

" The question is, of course, not a facile one for me. It is an anxious thing for a Bishop in these very anxious days to sanction a method, in such a matter, which cannot be said to fall visibly within the provisions of the Prayer Book. And the *misuse* of such concessions in other districts of Church life—the avowed claim to use reservation for adoration, even when the ministry to the sick was made the ground of first appeal—gives one's heart pause, inevitably. And you will not mistake my spirit when I say that I do regret that your convictions about fasting, which beyond doubt, historically, was not an apostolic or primeval rule, should be such as to add, for you, to the difficulty and requirements of the matter.

" But I place opposite to all this your responsible assurance that such reservation would be of *real* helpfulness in quite special (not normal) cases. And I do hereby give my assent and sanction, absolutely relying on your assurance, given me, as I have said. For no unworthy reason, but in order to avoid, if I may, regrettable possible misunderstandings, I will ask that the matter may be as little as need be ' published,' *e. g.* by mention in your Magazine."

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

The Bishop writes :

" My own thought is about *this* : Perpetual greetings

to the beloved ones gone are my delight, or at least my sweet solace. I daily and by name greet my own beloved child, my dearest parents, and others precious to me. And I regard every prayer for the Lord's coming as specially a prayer for their 'perfect consummation and bliss.' And I think it no sin to follow them with just such 'suspicio' for their ever-growing light and joy in the heavenly home. I, no more than the Prayer Book in the Visitation prayer for the child, hesitate about the word 'heavenly'¹ as meaning, *no doubt about it*, concurrence of soul with the Lord in it. And I think it is a sweet and blessed help to realized and indissoluble oneness with them.

"If to *such* prayers we could always keep, I should never be shy of the practice. But, alas, the craving to return to the Middle Ages and their gloom is so strong. I dare not talk about it.

"The Lord give you great and holy liberty in intercourse with Him about your Dorothy. Oh, how He understands our hearts. I dare not limit what your Lord may permit you of insight into your darling's present personal bliss and intense spiritual nearness to you and union with you. To some the Lord grants what can only be called visions. We have never had one, only one or two deeply sweet dreams; one in which her dear face turned suddenly on me with an extraordinarily radiant look of bliss in herself and love to me.

"But we honour the Lord most by simply living on His Word about them and us, and growing into *that*.

"'Ye are *come unto* the Spirits of the just made perfect.' That is close neighbourhood."²

THE NATIONAL MISSION OF REPENTANCE AND HOPE

No one worked harder all through the National Mission than the Bishop. The mere list of Pamphlets, Letters to the Diocese, Sermons, Quiet Days, and private interviews show that all through 1916 he was fully

¹ " . . . or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. . . ."

² See also the Bishop's teaching on Prayer for the Dead in *Christus Consolator*, pp. 96-9, where he commends the prayer by the late Rev. Wm. Griffiths issued by Phillips, Northill, Biggleswade.

occupied in this, to say nothing of his other work. The “setting,” so to speak, of the National Mission he thus describes :

“ The Great War is not only the biggest struggle of the nations ever seen ; it carries with it, from our God, a call of earnest warning ; but of Divine kindness too. He is not afflicting us for nothing, or carelessly deferring the victory of a righteous cause. He wants us to be fit to be trusted with triumph and peace. This means that He bids us turn from our evil ways. The Archbishops and Bishops feel this, and they have called us to engage in this Mission.”

He issued “ Practical Suggestions,” “ Outlines of Courses of Sermons,” and special prayers. He had gatherings for the churchwardens and for the lady workers of the parishes. But toil as he would in these ways, his greatest labour was for his clergy. Surely never was there a more faithful *servus servorum*, or more devoted father in God, spending and being spent for his “ dear and reverend brethren.”

Three days stand out in memory when he sat in St. Mary-le-Bow Church, Durham, with his clergy all round listening to two addresses daily, that were heart-searching and quickening with life-giving power. With intense reality he actually laid bare his own secret life in confession of sin. A very High Churchman who was present was profoundly stirred, and said, “ There is not a Bishop in Christendom who could prepare us as our Bishop is doing.”

And day after day at his home for several days he had fifteen-minute interviews, through the livelong day, with each of his Messengers. One had a mysterious experience :

“ At my interview, he laid his hands on my head, and gave me his solemn blessing for the work. I distinctly *felt* that it was something *very real*. This was not a matter of faith, but a distinct physical experience, as definite as an electrical shock. It was not *like* an electric shock, but something both spiritual and physical

which I cannot properly describe. It was not imagination—I am a very matter-of-fact person—I did not expect it. It had *results*, for both in my parish, and where I was Bishop's Messenger, the Mission was much more successful than it usually was. I have never mentioned this, but it is a fact, and has very greatly helped me to realize the unseen and to believe in spiritual forces."

At a great Dismissal Service in the Cathedral he preached a memorable sermon on 2 Cor. viii. 23, "They are the messengers of the Churches and the glory of Christ." Again here, before the great congregation, as he spoke of national repentance, he went on :

" If anyone should take this attitude and tone of confession I, your Bishop, should do so first, and in the presence of you all. And so I will. . . . I have bared my heart to you. But I am not afraid. You will meet your servant and friend with the gracious sympathies and aid of Christian love. And it shall turn to my salvation, through your prayers, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. . . . So we close our solemn service of valediction and blessing. Friends, brothers, sisters, in the great family of the Diocese, you have done well to assemble here, and to co-operate in bidding our dear Messengers go forth in the peaceful strength of their Lord, to witness for Him to His worshipping Church. . . . Pray, dear Christian people, pray now and often, for the Bishop's Messengers themselves. . . . Pray that each may so live near his blessed Master, before he goes, when he goes, while he is in the parish, that the life of the Lord Jesus may be manifest in His loving servant. Pray that he may have vision in and for himself, of his own crucified and living Lord and Life, every day and every night. . . . Pray that where he goes he may utterly renounce the part of the critic, whether of pastor or of people, and be always and only the brother, the friend, the fellow, the willing, humble helper in the Lord. Pray that he may have wisdom and loving-kindness, if he has to deal with individual consciences, troubled and burthened, seeking counsel of the Lord's servant, about victory over sin and power and wisdom for service. . . . Pray that he may be always the consistent man; the same in the house as in the

church, as mindful of his Lord at the domestic table as at the table of the Communion. . . . Pray that in any case the message delivered by him may have such success that, whether he knows it or not, it may never be spoken in vain.

And you, honoured brethren of the laity, in particular, so pray for yourselves as the Lord's Body and Bride, served, not ruled, by us your fellows of the Clergy, that more and yet more, in virtue of your own continual and manifest spiritual growth, it may be our joy to see you taking an always fuller part in the work and ministry of the community of Christ. . . . Pray thus, I beseech you. So shall the Mission of the Messengers show that God is in it of a truth. So shall the Church arise and shine, for her light shall come. So shall the world, in deed and earnest, look, and consider, and wonder, and love. So shall it believe and confess that verily the Father sent the Son. So shall the kingdom come, and be ever coming, until at last, in His own secret and longed-for hour, the King Himself shall descend the sky, making all things new, appearing the second time even as He went up, without sin, unto salvation."

At the close of the Mission he issued a careful summary of the Reports from 164 Incumbents and 93 Messengers. Among "Results" he notes :

- " 1. Clergy brought closer together as they are associated in the quest of souls.
- " 2. Very numerous revivals and recoveries of the lapsed and chilled.
- " 3. Hope revived in the pastor's heart.
- " 4. Prayer circles. One Vicar found it now ' easier to pray in his visits, because the people are more ready.'
- " 5. Family prayers begun in many houses."

The saying of a miner is quoted : " At last the Church is going to demand that Jesus Christ shall control all our life, personal, and social, and public."

PREVENTIVE AND RESCUE WORK

We have received the following brief history :—

" Of the various branches of Diocesan work there

can be no doubt that the Preventive and Rescue Association gained a leading place in the Bishop's affections. This was inaugurated at Auckland Castle on February 1, 1909, when the Bishop addressed a meeting on the need of Rescue Work, and Archdeacon Price and Canon Body moved and seconded the following Resolution : 'The need of Preventive and Rescue Work in the Diocese being so great, this meeting respectfully asks the Bishop to appoint a Committee to inquire into and deal with the matter as soon as possible.'

"In accordance with this a meeting was held in Durham a few days later (February 19), and the Bishop's formulated proposals for the work were agreed to in principle, and the Bishop was asked to invite the Rural Deans to put the matter before their Conferences. The Bishop and Mrs. Moule undertook to provide the expenses of training a Central Lady Secretary, and her salary for the first year.

"The work thus commenced grew, and it was found necessary to form an Association by which the work in the different parts of the Diocese could be linked together. In speaking of such an Association the Bishop said that 'not absorption but alliance was his desire.' A Constitution was drawn up in 1910 and was revised under the Bishop's guidance from time to time.

"Mrs. Moule, who was the head of the Ladies' Committee, took a very keen interest in the work : in fact the Bishop attributed the existence of the Association to her efforts. In 1915, writing to the Lady Secretary an acknowledgment of the letter of sympathy from the Council of the Association on the death of Mrs. Moule, he wrote : 'It has been a real solace in my ever-present loss. Particularly precious to me is the recorded remembrance that the Association owes its existence to her efforts. It was unspeakably near her heart.'

"As an evidence of the sacredness of the work to him it has but to be recorded that the Bishop drafted the following Resolution : 'It is earnestly recommended by the General Committee that secular methods should not be resorted to in raising funds for the work of Rescue and Prevention in the Diocese.'

"The suggestion of the late Mrs. Young, that each year a Woman's Offering should be presented to the Bishop for this work was very acceptable to him and

Mrs. Moule, and he noted with great thankfulness the steady increase in the yearly total of these money gifts from the women of the Diocese for the help of their sisters.

“The Bishop strongly pleaded for the insertion of Preventive and Rescue Work in the list of claims upon the newly-formed Board of Finance, and each year reported to the Diocesan Conference on the work.

“The work thus commenced in 1909 has steadily grown through the years under the Bishop’s fostering care and continued intercession, and to-day there is a Maternity Home and a Babies’ Home at Auckland : branches of the work at Darlington, Sunderland, Gateshead, Chester-le-Street, Durham, Houghton-le-Spring and Stockton; and the Women’s Offering throughout the Diocese in 1919 amounted to £606. Numbers of women and girls have been helped into paths of purity, and the fallen now have opportunities of rising up again such as they had not before the Bishop inspired the Diocese with a sense of the Church’s duty and possibility.”

MARRIAGE OF DECEASED WIFE’S SISTER

In the Diocesan Gazette, Nov. 7, 1907, the Bishop wrote :

“We have a very long-standing ecclesiastical rule against such unions (in Table of Degrees and 90th Canon). We have a widespread feeling that they are undesirable, in principle and practice, in the interests of godliness and home. I for one should not have invited a change of the law. But we have the will of the Christian State (for such, with whatever defects of Christian quality, it is), and included in it and completing it we have the will of the Christian Crown, giving a solemn and legal permission to such contracts civilly, and leaving clergy—as members of the State—free to celebrate or facilitate them, if they will. We have also a feeling in many quarters that such marriages do not call for the discountenance so long put upon them, that they are not only not immoral in principle, but in no way hurtful to the Christian home in practice. Such a view was held by large numbers of excellent people.

“Further, if I may express my complete personal conviction, which is also I think that of the majority

of competent inquirers, the Holy Scriptures do not in explicit terms forbid such marriages. . . . I add that after my best inquiry and reflection I cannot think they implicitly forbid them. Observe, I do not say the written Word commends or advises them. But I do not find it tends to censure them.

“ My conclusion is :

“ No Christian man or woman should so marry without the gravest and most special consideration.

“ They will remember the long Christian tradition of the past; the many minds that may be grieved; the all-important sacred and vital interest in the home, which never called for anxious safeguarding more than to-day.

“ On the other hand,

“ No Christian to whom such unions are repugnant should be intolerant of the many consciences which reverently before God are not so offended.

“ In the absence of an unmistakable censure of such unions in the language or in the manifest spirit of Holy Scripture, such tolerance is simple obedience to the law of charity in Christ.

“ On the duty of the parish priest . . . I hold myself bound as a practical administrator and pastor to commit it to the conscience and judgment of the incumbent, in any given case, to arrive, before God, after a full consideration of all the circumstances, at his own decision. . . .

“ I express my most earnest hope that no incumbent will debar from the Holy Table Christian people married under this new law on *the sole ground of such marriage*. . . . Remember—such refusal to Communion is the ‘greatest censure which we can legally lay upon an evil-doer.’ I believe such refusal to persons who have so married, with clear conscience, under the sanction of the Christian State, and unable to see a prohibition in Holy Scripture, would be to them a censure tremendous in itself, and quite failing to command a response from their own moral consciousness, which might be disastrous in its effects.”

“WILL YOU MAINTAIN AND SET FORWARD . . . LOVE AND PEACE . . . ?

Ans. : “*I will do so, by the help of God.*

A very unpleasant breach between two prominent men is referred to the Bishop. By chance his reply is delayed—the best possible treatment—yet he so magnifies this “deeply regretted inadvertence” as to make it appear “my fault,” till the letter reads as though he were chief offender; yet in the clearest way, with utmost delicacy, he shows the faults on both sides, and what ought to be done by each; and ends thus: “By my fault this counsel comes so long after the event that it may almost be superfluous. But I will give it nevertheless, and my prayer will be that both my honoured brethren may find themselves, in Christ, more friends than ever now, and henceforth.”

ADORNMENT OF CHURCHES

Writing to Canon Gouldsmith, Rector of Bishopwearmouth, the Bishop says :

“Your letter, just received, interests me much. I have been greatly wishing to know what form the memorial to my beloved friend Archdeacon Long would take. And I much like the proposal that it should take the form of such work in the Chancel of the fine old church as would complete its dignity and beauty. My impression is that this would have met the late dear Rector’s wishes, could we have consulted him. You know how deeply I love simplicity of ritual and the avoidance of all excessive adornment of our churches. More and more I feel the supreme necessity that worship in spirit and in truth should be vastly the first aim in all our Church arrangements. But I also feel increasingly that the due and reasonable beautifying of the House of God is not only pleasing to sight and feeling, but positively right where the means exist. By all means let us watch against excess. But the cultivation of quiet dignity and beauty within fair limits is a positive help to the worshipper. It aids, not hinders, the chaste

ened and tranquil mood of thought suitable for prayer and for the Word of God.

“ P.S. May I express the hope that if (as I think) the Commandments are on the east wall they may be retained ? ”

This postscript seems to contradict the letter, but in the minds of Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners it would have enforced it. They “ ordered that the Tables of the X Commandments might be comely set up, or hung up at the East end of the Church, to be not only read for edification, but also to give some comely ornament and demonstration that the same is a place of religion and prayer.”

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT

On November 4, 1914, came what the Bishop called “ the crown of a long series of kindnesses.” The great State Room at Auckland was filled with some 150 representative people from all parts of the Diocese, including the late Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, when the Bishop was presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Hugh G. Riviere, as the result of a public subscription. Lord Durham, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, who was to have made the presentation, was prevented, as he had just heard that his brother had been killed in action. Lord Barnard therefore presided, and he and Lord Londonderry spoke of the Bishop's ability and love of his work that had endeared him to every soul in the Diocese.

Mr. Riviere stayed at the Castle some days, during which the Bishop would sit to him in the Library, the famous carved chair and the Coronation cope being arranged in different positions daily to suit the artist. Only sketches were thus done, and the cope and chair were forwarded to London, where the final sittings took place.

Mr. Riviere thus tells the story of the painting :

“ I remember the usual, or perhaps rather unusual,

interesting talks on old College memories, literary subjects, etc., but perhaps what struck me specially was his unbounded admiration and devotion to his predecessor, Lightfoot, to whose character and power he continually paid tribute, as also to Westcott, but the other man had his heart. He seemed almost overcome with the idea that he should be chosen to fill the Master's place. I believe that he was *absolutely* sincere, and without any affectation in that extraordinarily modest estimate of himself, and in that almost extreme humbleness of attitude and manner, which one had to get over before one could really appreciate the full quality of the man and his real power.

“ I got a touch of this while I was there, for it was then that the Bishop of Zanzibar took that controversial step with regard to the Nonconformist clergy, and the Bishop of Durham was immensely stirred. I saw quite a different man, who, before he sent it to *The Times*, read me aloud what seemed to me a very broadminded, vigorous, and manly letter, ending somewhat in this vein, ‘ If these are heretics, count me amongst them.’ ”

“ I also heard him give a very stirring and fine sermon to a congregation of miners at a little out-of-the-way church to which we motored many miles through the snow.

“ His sympathy and interest in human beings were warm and real, and it was this leaning forth to help, this sympathetic humanity, that I tried to lay stress on in the expression and attitude I chose for the portrait.”

Someone with the limner's art, who exactly caught this motive of the picture, dared the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. By enlarging the carved head on the chair's arm, he represented the Bishop as the “ Lion Tamer ” with his hand gently stroking the head of his pet lion. All unobserved, truth lay hid in the *jeu d'esprit*, for not seldom has the wonderful gentleness of the Bishop tamed a fierce spirit in the Diocese.

CHAPTER V

IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

THOUGH, like his two great predecessors, he had spent his life amid "the busy silence of the study," like them he was alert to keep touch with the industrial life of his Diocese in his manifold activities. The following extracts illustrate his loving sympathy and shrewd observation, no less than his eager readiness with the message of the Gospel, or with wise counsel.

THE COLLIERY DISASTER

The colliery disaster at West Stanley Pit on February 16, 1908, when 168 men and boys were swept into eternity, stirred the Bishop's heart, and he showed himself a true father in God among the distressed people. He at once left Convocation at York, and went on February 17 with Mrs. Moule to West Stanley, where he gave two addresses at the pit-head, full of brotherly sympathy and divine consolation. He afterwards visited many of the sorrowing homes. On the Sunday following he preached at night to an overflowing congregation from St. Matt. xxvii. 46, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" together with 1 St. John iv. 8, "God is love." It was a sermon worthy of the occasion :

"He spoke of the suddenness of a friend whom we know familiarly passing into death, when they saw the same face in the indescribable majesty of death, looking with that look which hovers so strangely over the faces of the departed, as if the features betokened a knowledge

of a great secret which human wisdom on this side of the Vale could never reach. . . . Immortality lay hidden in the commonest and most ordinary moments of human life and in the most familiar inhabitants of our homes. . . . He had spoken personally to some of the bereaved and taken his departure as quickly as he could, for grief was a sensitive thing, and those who had had the greatest blows were thankful to be left alone for a time. . . . There was only one thing that could really and successfully touch that very delicate thing, a broken heart, and it was the hand of the once broken-hearted Lord Himself. . . .

“They were in the presence of an unspeakably solemn whisper from eternity to their living conscience. It was a joy and privilege at a time like that to call up all their faith in the untold and unfathomable mercies of God, Who never through all eternity would be aught but Love. . . . When they tried to imagine the supreme Intelligence and Love watching over that terrible explosion coming, and not stopping it, they were tempted to say, ‘Is there a God at all, a God of love Who cares? Is the atheist right after all? Are we just the victims of a blind universe which goes on crushing us, and leaving us to annihilation—for that is the alternative?’

“Yes, there was a God, supreme and personal, dealing with us in ways which He had not yet in His Wisdom seen fit to explain, because the time had not come. He (the Bishop) had been trying to look that in the face since the agony and mystery of last Tuesday. He thought he saw the best solution in the Crucifixion of their Lord and Saviour. He had gone through the tremendous ordeal, trial after trial, had been assaulted and outraged, scourged, and then crucified. And not even then was the bottom of the slope reached. There came a darkness at full noontide, and a deeper darkness in the Crucified, till at last the people heard in Hebrew, ‘My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?’ . . .

“There was a life lived in immaculate goodness, the most beautiful the world had ever seen—but look at the end; insulted by the roaring crowd, crowned with spiky thorns. Would not that be a temptation to say that a God of love and justice did not exist? But we know more than that. A few short days and that Life apparently crushed came out in such triumphant glory

of love and holiness from the grave that the world has been different ever since. We know that what looked like the pitiless heavens was really the infinite love of God. The very moment of that most awful problem about God, as if love was unknown in heaven, was the very moment when Eternal Love, in its self-giving, was working out salvation for the sons of men, because God loved them and would rescue them for Himself. That showed that what looked like a blank mystery in this disaster was only an occasion when Eternal Love was saying, 'Trust Me a little longer, and you will see the darkness turned inside out,' and that even last Tuesday was no break in God's love."

The Bishop also wrote in the Parish Magazine an affectionate letter "To my Neighbours and Friends at West Stanley," in which he said :

" Those two visits to you will live in my memory for ever. The silent multitudes around the pit-head, the sufferers in the temporary hospital, the scenes of such brave and patient grief in the houses I was kindly allowed to enter, and then that solemn Sabbath evening, the crowded church and the soul-moving hymns, all will be with me 'while life, and thought, and being last.' All bind me to you evermore in sympathy, affection and prayer. . . .

" Most reverently I just name the Name of the Lord Jesus to those who have lost beloved ones. He is the true 'Kindly Light,' to Whom the hymn was sung amidst that awful 'encircling gloom' in the wrecked coal-pit. . . . Grace, mercy, and peace be with you all, my dear friends.

" I am your faithful and loving servant and Bishop,
" HANDLEY DUNELM."

In May the Bishop wrote to the Vicar, the Rev. R. Watson : " The pathetic circumstances of the pit disaster, which touched the heart not only of Durham, but of England, make it only fitting that the church of the parish should contain a solemn memorial of the event (in the new south aisle) and should perpetuate by some inscription within it the names of the departed."

AGED MINERS

Miss Bothamley writes :

“ Three large garden parties were given (at Mrs. Moule’s suggestion originally) to the old people in the Miners’ Homes in various parts of the county. It was a surprise to find what large numbers were involved, and the much-needed new dining-room carpet had to be postponed for another year, to pay for the party. Nearly 600 guests were brought by special train, and were met at the station by a Miners’ Band, and brakes for those unable to walk. It was a pathetic procession through the town. Never did a party of any sort enjoy itself more. The Bishop and Mrs. Moule greeted them at the gate, and they were soon sitting about enjoying the garden and the lawns. As they were of all denominations, the Ministers of the various bodies in the town, and the Roman Catholic priest, were all invited, as well as the clergy. Tables were spread on the lawn near the house, and in three sittings down they had a truly princely meal. Then came sports, when ‘old ladies over seventy’ and ‘young gentlemen in the sixties’ took part, and there was great competition for the prizes. There was a concert, and they strolled all over the house. A service was held in the Chapel to which any who liked were invited to come, and they crowded it to the very last corner; and the Bishop spoke as only he could to such a congregation.

“ Before leaving, each was given a buttonhole and a bag with buns and bananas, and a twist of tobacco for the old men. Many were the handshakes to host and hostess, and afterwards came most touching letters of thanks for the ‘great and grand Garden Party.’

“ Owing to the Bishop’s interest there was a great forward movement in providing Homes for the Aged Miners. On the last occasion nearly 800 old people came. It was a chilly day, and just did not rain. All could not be in the house at once, and meals had to be on the lawn. When regret was expressed, all they said was, ‘That’s nobody’s fault. We know you would have given us the best weather you could if it had been possible.’ They were so cheery, though one old lady got rather a chill, and could only be restored by a pull at her husband’s pipe in a warm corner of the kitchen.”

The veteran miners' leader, the late Mr. John Wilson, M.P., wrote a glowing account, in the miners' official organ, of one of these garden parties. In reply to the Bishop's letter of thanks he wrote :

" If I had written all that is in my heart, it would have been very much longer. . . . My prayer is that you may both long be spared to act in such a Christ-like manner. ' Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these. . . .' You have the assurance that you will receive the Divine commendation, as you have now the recognition and gratitude of all who know of your kindness.

" Yours respectfully,
" JOHN WILSON."

This " Hymn for Miners " was specially written by the Bishop at the request of the Rev. A. C. Fraser when Vicar of Venerable Bede's Church, Monkwearmouth :

O Christ, Thine eyes of light and love
With Christians always go,
Alike on earth's green fields above
And in the caves below.

Thou with the miner in the dark
Dost down the shaft descend ;
Thou, while he plies his venturous work,
Art with him as his Friend.

No midnight gloom shuts out Thy face,
No silence stills Thy voice ;
Our Jesus in the dreariest place
Makes faithful souls rejoice.

Then hear us, Lord, and always bless
Our brethren's toil and ours ;
From danger shield us, and distress,
From sin and Satan's powers.

Add strength and skill to venturous limbs ;
Our homes with plenty cheer ;
And bid our hearts sing gladsome hymns
For joy that Thou art near.

Then by Thy cross and sovereign grace
Exalt us, Lord, at last,
To wake and see Thy unveiled Face,
Where darkness all is past.

On March 26, 1903, the Bishop writes :

“ Canon Brown and I, led by the manager and under-manager, were down the Houghton pit to-day, from 11 to 1.30. It was immensely interesting, and I understand my going caused quite an excitement, and is sure to bring men to church to-night.”

THE BISHOP AS RECHABITE

He was admitted a Rechabite, with some clergy and councillors, in November 1902, at St. Peter’s Vestry, Sunderland, in what he thought “a quaint, earnest ceremony”; and fourteen years later, on Sunday April 9, 1916, he preached at Holy Trinity, Darlington, in connection with the forty-fourth anniversary of the institution in the district. He claimed the Rechabite Order for Christ, applying to it the text, “The Body is for the Lord” :

“ One of the noblest features in modern English life,” he proceeded, “ is the existence of and growth of Institutions of this character, a spontaneous organization for combined well-being.” He notes with pride the large increase of numbers in Durham, and better still that 80,000 Rechabites joined the colours to fight for right and home, including 4000 from Durham County. “ Of these, 100 are known to have laid down their lives for their country, and, I dare to add, for God.

“ One other fact in connection with the war. It is good to know that the Bible precept, ‘ *Bear ye one another’s burdens*,’ has been acted upon by the Rechabite Order in a singularly happy way. Every member whose lot is cast at home, and who has not been called upon to cross the seas and face the Front, has voluntarily taxed himself so that the Rechabite contributions of their combatant brothers shall be paid for them while they are away.

“ The tremendous excitement of the crisis [of the war], the unsettlement, the uncertainty, have not shaken, among the great number of responsible persons in the county, the consciousness of the claims of this splendid philanthropic work.

“ Our Order is the energetic promoter of temperance

of body and discipline of habit. . . and thrift, which itself promotes independence, and develops the man's liberty of action in a hundred ways. Thrift rightly practised is a moral power. It releases the individual from relying at every turn on the aid of others, whether persons or the State. It makes him able to be his own friend, and so to build up strength and freedom of character.

“ Two factors, never to be separated from one another, are equally important for full social good. One is a right and steadfast individuality. The other is a right, steadfastly developed, sympathetic co-operation and cohesion. On the one hand the limb must be strong in itself, and then also it must not forget its articulation to the body. A society like the Rechabites is a noble school for the right sort of individuality on one side, and for the right sort of collective and combined assistance by man to man on the other. One of the most precious benefits of the influence of such an Order is the building of individual character.

“ Every exercise of will in a right direction is a mighty builder of character.

“ The man who desires to be a man indeed must be quite prepared to stand alone.

“ There is nothing more important to right co-operation than this, that on occasion you can stand alone, that you are not swept along by public opinion, as if it were a sort of resistless force; that you stand alone and look opinion in the face and determine calmly whether it is right or wrong.

“ One of the special and deadly dangers of our modern life is the peril that the individual conscience and will may be overwhelmed by the mass of public tendency. What a fatal thing it would be ultimately for the community, as it is immediately for the individual, if that tendency were allowed to carry everything before it. Look at Germany! As far as can be gathered the individual there has been systematically subjected to the community by philosophy, by ideals pressed home in every conceivable way, from the professor's chair to the village school. The community has been organized by the State into a condition in which the most flagrant violations of elementary truth and righteousness can be successfully presented to individuals of, perhaps, the

most elaborately educated nation in Europe, as if they were the laws of God !

“ The community has become almost the Deity of the individual. As far as we can see (God forbid that we should judge beyond the facts) there appears to be, to an extraordinary extent, among the masses of Germany, including the great Socialist element, an extraordinary incapacity to look boldly and with an open conscience upon the facts of right and wrong, and even to think against the decisions of the State.

“ The ultimate subjugation of the individual to the community is fatal to the highest interests of the community. For it dulls the individual conscience, and the collective conscience, after all, is but the summing up of the millions of individual convictions.

“ So I would say to every man here, whatever his special social or political views may be, ‘ So reverence yourself that you shall never consent to be merely a cog in the vast wheel. Refuse to rank with those who have no independent moral judgment of their own, and who dare not stand, each for himself, as those who, when the occasion calls, can face the world for a principle, and say “ Yes ” to God, even if millions on the other side say “ No ” to Him.’ ”

His estimate of the miners is shown in the following letter :

PUBLICITY AND THE STRIKES

“ To the Editor of *The Times*.

“ SIR,

“ Your recent repeated appeals for ‘ publicity ’ about national finance have been much more than welcome to many who realize too well the character of the social war now upon us. I am the neighbour and, in many things moral and religious, the servant of a great industrial population. Inevitably I am kept aware, in many ways, of movements of mind and will among the Durham miners, to name them only. Thus far, I think, no overt disturbance has occurred, on any noticeable scale. But there is much restlessness, impatient, sometimes angry. A competent witness said lately to a friend of mine, ‘ No man is more reasonable than the miner when you get him alone ; it is in

masses that they are difficult.' This is specially so just now, if I am right, because the influence, which at present touches the masses most, is too frequently not that of the responsible union officials, men often of large good sense as well as ability, but that of people who mean, not a higher and better level of life and equality of opportunity, but industrial war *à outrance*.

"A prevalent impression, partly due, no doubt, to their own teachings, gives one great opening to these leaders. A host of working men, including many of the thoughtful, are sure that the wealth of the country is a bottomless store, deep enough certainly to make everyone comfortable, with a low minimum of work, and that this is selfishly held back by 'capitalists.' This great illusion is a vantage-ground for the revolutionary. To meet and break it is infinitely well worth while. The means to this must largely take the form of 'publicity.' The broad truths about both resources (and their sources) and liabilities must be 'understood of the people.' Will not the Chancellor of the Exchequer set going, and promptly, a publicity campaign? He must use popular methods, condescending even to boldly legible posters. The official dialect must be entirely dropped. But the plain words must state scientific and verifiable fact. All this touches only one element in the peril. It lies apart from the sinister signs to-day of a heavy shake to the old English instinct for duty and for 'honour bright.' And it does not touch the supreme need for a steadfast common righteousness, for that old-fashioned secret of a true life, godly fear. But I am confident that the publicity which you call for will do much to clear and steady men's minds. These minds will then be all the more receptive of the highest things.

"I am your faithful servant,
"HANDLEY DUNELM.

"Auckland Castle,
"February 8, 1919."

SYMPATHY WITH THE UNEMPLOYED

At a time of terrible depression in the shipyards at Jarrow, the Bishop sent this message by the late Rev. Canon Loxley, then Rector of Jarrow, as he could not be present :

“ I want to tell the meeting what an intense feeling of fellowship and sympathy I have with the workers who at this dark time are in such great need of the work that will not come. It fills me with a solemn sort of pride to think how splendidly brave and patient my brothers on Tyneside are now. I belong to you all and your sorrows are mine. Longing to do what I can, and do it wisely, I am just now trying to take counsel about it. . . . God bless you all.”

PLEADING FOR PEACE

During the strike of 1910 the Bishop sent a long letter on the same day to the Shipowners’ Federation and the Boilermakers’ Society. To both sides he says, in much the same terms :

“ My pastoral office will be my justification. . . . I am not so unwise as to intrude myself as a self-offered arbitrator, but my close relations with the working people . . . and the friendships I am happy to claim among employers, forbid me to witness without anxious emotion the present controversy and its inevitable issues. . . .

“ I am writing these two letters to express my views on some points, speaking simply as a Christian minister.”

To both he deplores the refusal of the men to accept the terms offered, and the sudden unannounced strike, and on the other hand the proposal to bar sick pay to recalcitrant workers. A more excellent way than industrial strife would be a frank appeal *de novo* to men’s sense of honour, rather than dictating strict conditions. To both sides he points out “ two deep principles of the teaching of our Lord ” :

“ 1. His followers will seek to be true to their duties and the claims of others rather than the reverse.

“ 2. We are members one of another. We are never in His sight antagonistic and nothing more.

“ The actual conditions of industry make it necessary that the employer should be able to reckon on fidelity to contract. That is his normal right. I have a deep belief in the importance of collective bargaining for the artisan’s protection. That is his right most certainly.

And the employer must just as carefully as the workman remember that right, and heartily respect it. It is the employer's sacred duty to remember his own duties even more than his claims. But the workman must as faithfully do his part, and maintain fidelity to engagements. He must show too that he is the man to whom a Christian's honour, 'honour bright,' is dear."

VISIT TO EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE

On July 25, 1919, the Bishop paid a visit to the Hartlepool Employment Committee, composed of representatives of Capital and Labour, and was an interested listener. At the conclusion he said :

" He would not have missed the meeting, as it had had a considerably educative influence upon him. He was much interested in the details of the Agenda, but far more in the remarkable spirit manifested in all the discussion. With such an atmosphere collisions were impossible. It illustrated the old saying that ' however you may dislike a man, your dislike vanishes when your legs are under the same table.' It was possible to have a perfect understanding when all met on fraternal terms of consultation. It would be out of place for him to remark upon the subject of their debate, but he could and did cordially observe the spirit of frank friendliness. In the present position of the country this occasion threw a ray of encouragement and hope. Speaking as one who would never again see his seventy-seventh birthday, he could say with at least sixty years' vivid recollection, that this country had hardly ever been in more critical and difficult times. Yet he clung to the hope that there would yet be a survival of that precious English sanity which had so often brought the ship of State through packs of ice and stormy waters and made England what she is.

" What struck him also was the splendid educative influence on our common life of such an assembly. It had been said by a great psychologist that it was unthinkable that personality could come to its best if it was isolated. Only by contact with other personalities, and even by collision, could real character be formed. And what is true of the individual is no less true of corporate personality. No great group or circle or

order of social life could come to its best if its outlook was only for self. Contact, discussion, mouth to mouth in frank friendly converse, was essential. The collective mind was much more than the sum-total of individual opinions added together. And this collective mind becomes more powerful, wiser, more independent and more sympathetic by such intercourse as he observed there. The Local Employment Committee's work accentuated this thought in his mind. . . .”

He was intensely amused at the speech of a Labour man, who, in supporting a vote of thanks, remarked “that in coming to a Meeting of Employers and Labour men, where contentious matters were discussed, the Bishop had come where angels might fear to tread.” The Bishop remarked, with a droll smile, “He couldn't say that I ‘rushed in.’”

The Trades Union Council of Hartlepool crowded the ancient church of St. Hilda with hundreds of working men on Sunday, September 16, 1917. In the course of the service the Rector, the Rev. Bertram Jones, read a message from the Bishop, in which he said :

“ My mind is deeply occupied with the conviction that the peace and goodwill we so long for within the nation, and particularly in the problems of Capital and Labour, can only be reached by a strong convinced recognition all round of the supremacy of the law of Christ in our whole life as men.

“ That law puts God first, neighbour second, self last. And that way, and only that way, lie peace and goodwill.”

In the afternoon, at a crowded Conference of these Trade Unionists, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to the Bishop for his kindly interest in the men and his splendid message. The Secretary conveyed this vote in a characteristic letter :

“ The one topic in the works ever since has been your message, and the preacher's sermon. I wish you could be among the men and hear their conversation. You would, I believe, be delighted.”

CHAPTER VI

IN WIDER FIELDS

“My whole heart is in the Diocese. It is my life,” said the Bishop in his last illness. So much was this the case that there is not much to record of his work in wider fields.

The life of a statesman had no attractions for him. “Thank God, there isn’t much of the House of Lords in my life,” he wrote after his first attendance there; “I don’t love the atmosphere more for this first taste of it. It was a fine scene and interesting in many ways, especially when Lords Rosebery and Goschen had a brilliant word duel.”

But he was in his element wherever there was work to be done, as evangelist or pastor or teacher. And when occasion called for it, he spoke out in the cause of truth with no uncertain sound. He was prominent as a Vice-President of the Church Missionary Society, at its Annual Meetings, etc., and shared alone with the great Daniel Wilson of Calcutta the distinction of being twice asked to preach the anniversary sermon—(“the blue riband of Evangelical Churchmanship,” said Bishop Magee). Like Wilson, he did so once as presbyter and once as Bishop.

He was also a Vice-President and warm friend of the Bible Society. He spoke at its Annual Meeting more than once, and contributed articles to its publications.

He conducted the Bishops’ Devotional Day at Lambeth on May 26, 1903, and remarks on the kind welcome

he received from all, especially from Bishop King of Lincoln, who was "most brotherly."¹

In the Pan-Anglican Congress of 1908 he was chairman of the section that dealt with the Church's Mission to Non-Christian Lands. And in 1910, at the great World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, a devotional address he gave is remembered as singularly impressive.

Like a true man, the Bishop enjoyed telling a story against himself, and laughed with delight as he told the following incident, so characteristic of both men, that occurred in one of his London visits. After the consecration of Bishop Every at St. Paul's Cathedral, he was driving back to Lambeth in a brougham with Archbishop Temple. In the course of the long drive the Archbishop started several topics of conversation, "to which the obvious reply," said the Bishop, "was 'Yes, yes.' There was a long pause, Dr. Temple looking out of the carriage window; suddenly he said, looking over his shoulder at me, in his harsh, lovable voice, 'Yer should say *NO* sometimes.'"

It fell to his lot to attend only one Lambeth Conference, in 1908, for he died just eight weeks before the 1920 gathering. In 1908 he served on two Committees : No. VI, on the Conditions requisite to the due Administration of Holy Communion, and No. XI, on Reunion and Intercommunion. Bishop John Wordsworth of Salisbury was chairman of this latter large Committee of fifty-seven Bishops. But Bishop Moule acted as chairman of the "Group Committee" which dealt with our relation to the "Unitas Fratrum," and he drafted

¹ The texts of Bishop Moule's four addresses that day at Lambeth are worth recording :

1. Heb. vii. 8 : "One, of whom it is witnessed that he liveth." See *My Brethren and Companions*, X.
2. Luke i. 19 : (I am Gabriel) "that stand in the presence of God." See *Christ's Witness to the Life to Come, Sermon, XV.*
3. 2 Cor. iii. 6 : "Ministers of a new covenant."
4. Acts xx. 28 : "Take heed to yourselves."

the Report as it stands printed with the Encyclical Letter,¹ as well as the Resolution No. 73 therein.

Kindred to this subject was a proposal, in United Methodist Churches, to sanction lay ministration at Holy Communion. The question came up at the Wesleyan Conference at Newcastle in 1919, and at the request of several Wesleyan ministers the Rev. C. B. R. Hunter, Rector of Ryton-on-Tyne, wrote to ask the Bishop's opinion on the effect such a proposal might have, if it became a Church rule, on the prospect of union between Anglicans and Methodists. The Bishop replied :

“Auckland Castle,
“Bishop Auckland,
“July 24, 1919.

“I cannot hesitate to express my very earnest hope that this may not be carried into a Church rule. From the view-point of practical results it would, I am afraid, almost more than anything else, put back the prospect of organic union, or let us call it formal alliance, between the Methodist and Anglican Churches.

“We were, before the war, approaching near, I think, to an ‘alliance’ (so Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury called it: he was full of hope about it) between the Moravian Church (*Unitas Fratrum*) and ours. The fact that in recent times the Moravians have sanctioned Communion consecration by *Deacons* put the hope back more than anything; not only our High Churchmen, but historically-minded Evangelicals were disturbed, and obliged to pause there. So with this proposal.

“I am bound to say that I do not think that in the abstract, so to speak, or again under wholly abnormal conditions, ‘desert island’ conditions, if I may put it so, there is to my mind (under the silence of Scripture) anything ‘unthinkable’ in a Christian, unordained, say father of family, or head of group or company (as in the Jewish Passover, if I am right), acting as *præses* at the Holy Meal. There is a place in Tertullian where he refers to such a latent competency, so to speak

¹ Published by the S.P.C.K., pp. 64 and 178.

(though I can't at the moment quote it). But as to the *norma* of the Church, it seems to me practically certain that the virtually universal use of world-wide Christendom since, assuredly, early in the second century at latest (I mean our evidence is at least as old as that), ought, above all in these unsettled times, to be held to with humble firmness."

YORK CONVOCATION

He first attended the York Convocation in February 1902, when he read the Latin Litany. "Somehow," he says, "it laid great hold on me, and I read it *con amore*." Several thanked him afterwards: "It was never so read before;" and Archbishop MacLagan, in his brief but warm welcome, said, "The prayers were read in a way characteristic of the man."

His Grace, the present Archbishop of York, has most kindly contributed the following appreciation :

"I have been asked to write a few words about the place which the late Bishop of Durham took in the deliberations of Convocation, and about his relations with his brother Bishops in the Province of York.

"As to the former, it must be admitted that the atmosphere of ecclesiastical business and discussion was not his native air. He was, indeed, always most regular and conscientious in his attendance at Convocation. He took a deep interest in all that was said or done. When any statement was made or quoted which touched his own most cherished convictions he was wont to express assent by a deep sigh, or dissent by an audible groan. But he was not quick and ready in debate. I cannot remember his ever making what would be called a debating speech. Where he excelled was in deliberate and measured statement of his own views, or, on special occasions in the life of Church or State, of the common mind of his brethren. I always found him particularly helpful in the composition of the addresses which it is the privilege of Convocation to present from time to time to the Sovereign. He had the scholar's instinct for the right word. His literary sympathies and wide reading gave him the

command of a singularly rich and varied diction. He was one of the few speakers whose words delight by their own quality and illustrate the beauty and fullness of the English language. While he always resolutely maintained the principles to which he had given a lifelong allegiance, his speeches were marked, not only by dignity of word, but by charity of spirit. Those who heard his speech on the proposal to permit a white Eucharistic vestment will not forget the impression given of a man moved by Christian charity to make a sacrifice which cost him real trouble of soul. Whatever the subject of discussion might be, he always instinctively tried to relate it to the Gospel of his Master. He was only a sojourner, unwilling yet dutiful, in the region of ecclesiastical affairs. Where he was at home was in the region of spiritual faith and experience. I think I may say without exaggeration that no one could have sat with him in Convocation as I did for twelve years without realizing that he was there as one whose true citizenship was in heaven.

“ As to his relations with his brother Bishops in the Northern Province, they were always most cordial and affectionate. It has been the happy custom for the Bishops of the Province to stay at Bishopthorpe for the meeting of Convocation. In the frank and brotherly fellowship of these gatherings his nature expanded. He was genial and eager in conversation; he loved the give and take of story and reminiscence; his delight flowed out in quiet ripples of laughter; and he gave full vent to his appreciation of humour. There was something very innocent (that is the only word I can use) and lovable in his mirth. The memory of what he was during these days at Bishopthorpe is one which I shall always affectionately cherish.”

The following Addresses, to His Majesty on his accession, and to the Archbishop of York on his return from America (as drafted in the first instance, in the Bishop’s beautiful handwriting, with scarce any corrections), are allowed by the Archbishop to be printed, as illustrations of what his Grace describes as his “ singularly rich and varied diction,” and also as recording two outstanding events which occurred during Bishop Moule’s life in Convocation :

ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

“ May it please your Majesty, we, your Majesty’s devoted subjects, the Archbishop, Bishops and other Clergy, newly assembled in our ancient Convocation at York, humbly approach your Majesty with the heartfelt assurance of our entire loyalty to your Person and Authority, and of our reverence for the steadfast Purpose with which your Majesty, true son of so great a Father, watches and labours for the highest good of this imperial Realm.

“ Our prayers are and ever will be offered on your Majesty’s behalf in the Name of the Mediator. We pray, and will pray, that the sevenfold Spirit, the Lord of counsel and might, may daily enable your Majesty for the supreme duties of the Throne, to the continual benefit of the Commonwealth. Above all, we shall ask from the All-Giver that the religious example of your Majesty, and of your Royal House, may evermore be potent for the growth among us of true Religion and of the Virtue, public and private, which is its sacred Fruit.

“ May the Crown, so soon, by Divine permission, to be set upon your Majesty, be always glorious with righteousness, peace, and loving-kindness, throughout a Reign long in years and memorable for ever.”

ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

“ *May 2, 1918.*

“ I am commissioned, in the name of the Convocation, your Grace, to bid you welcome back, with all our hearts, on your safe return from your visit to America. We sent you out over the ocean with earnest and grave Godspeed, grave with the recollection of the present grim perils of the seas, and with the sense of the weight of your mission and its momentous possibilities. We see you with us again with gladness and thanksgiving. The Atlantic has been twice crossed in safety. And your weeks on that great other side, crowded and arduous to the utmost with ceaseless private intercourse and public utterance, have been—(this we know, though only partly, the facts have evidently been greater even than the reports, public and private)—fruitful of highest and far-reaching good. It has been

your happiness to hold from the first to the last the intense attention of the American nation, represented by ceaseless great gatherings, and reached by Press reports. From the vast rank and file to the leaders of action, thought and religion, to the illustrious President himself, you have touched and moved the United States with a definitely fresh call and stimulus to follow the noble ideals which have won the common heart in ever stronger action. You have had the grand privilege of clasping yet closer the bond of that amity between Britain and her mighty Daughter which is of boundless possible benefit for the world. We bid you joy of your glorious experience and achievement. And we congratulate ourselves, this Northern Convocation, on our chief.

“ Not the least valuable element in the power of your Mission is the fact that an Archbishop was, however informally yet really, the representative of England to America. It is no little thing that, just when many voices are loud in saying that organized religion is aloof from the world’s life, it is precisely a great Minister of the Church of history who looks the most modern of all worlds in the face, speaks to it with a wholly human accent, and so that its enthusiastic attention is won,—and is all the while, and above all, the unmistakable vassal and servant of the faith of Christ.

“ So we thank God for your going, and your coming, and this glorious work well done between the two, and we bid your Grace welcome with all our hearts.”

Bishop Moule’s place in Convocation was also well described by the Bishop of Wakefield :

“ In that House of Convocation he instinctively raised every question he touched into a higher atmosphere. He very seldom initiated any debate, nor was he eager to make speeches, but when he did speak he left an impression of quiet confidence, which came of study, insight and solitary contemplation. . . . |

“ Even in controversy he had the broad view of the real scholar, and the unfailing courtesy of a refined and cultured nature. Never was this more conspicuously shown than in the long debate about the Revision of the Prayer Book, and the part he took in regard to the Ornaments Rubric. He fought then, not without great

pain, and serious risk of misunderstanding, in favour of a distinctive dress for the Holy Eucharist. Dignity, grace and charity distinguished his services in Convocation, and these three words fittingly summed up the portrait of him which they would carry away."

KIKUYU AND "HERESY"

In June 1913 a Conference was held at Kikuyu in East Africa, when the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa joined in Holy Communion with missionaries of Presbyterian, Methodist and other denominations. In consequence of this, the Bishop of Zanzibar wrote a formal protest with somewhat grave charges to the Archbishop of Canterbury. One result was the following letter :

" To the Editor of *The Times*.

" SIR,

" Your article of December 4 on the text 'Kikuyu' has called attention widely to the Missionary Conference named from that place, a Conference whose significance is great indeed, not for missions only, but for Anglican Christendom.

" I do not pretend to deal with the details of the Kikuyu programme. I remark only, after a careful study of the full text of Bishop Willis's luminous statement (printed in the *Record*, December 5), that the federation of missions proposed (it is only proposed) is not an amalgamation of systems of ordination, but a co-ordination of methods and relations in local work, and of quite elementary Christian worship, with a view to stronger co-operation. Organization, not spiritual government, is in view. And it is clearly likely, so far as I can see, that the effect upon the common Christianity will be, not a low minimum for the sake of agreement, but an elevation of the whole faith and life. In face of a solid and watchful Moslem propaganda, such a closing of ranks should be invaluable. More and more will it be called for inevitably in the future.

" But my chief aim here is to comment on the charge that the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa, by their recognizing in this conference a reality in the orders and ministry of non-episcopal Churches, and by their welcome of non-episcopalians to communicate at an

Anglican Eucharist, have at least 'condoned heresy,' if they have not acted heretically. I believe that a formal appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in some such sense, has been sent home by the greatly respected Bishop of Zanzibar.

"I cannot, of course, examine this tremendous charge at length. But I may say this, that if the English Church comes to pronounce authoritatively such action heretical, a new epoch of vital, or mortal, import will enter her history. It will be officially avowed, for the first time, that we have no part nor lot with non-episcopal Churches; to whom, by the way, in a sense unknown to history, the great word Protestant is now being applied as a term exclusive of Anglicans. We shall be committed to the tenet, never before affirmed with authority by the Church of England, Catholic and Reformed, that grace runs only, for certain, in the episcopal channel; that all other ministries, as not irregular only but invalid, are to be shunned in the name of spiritual truth.

"I shall not ask to impose a mass of quotation on your readers in proof of the greatness of such an innovation. I can only affirm a broad fact, easy of verification. Passing by the silence of the Prayer Book, which amply asserts episcopacy as our own historic order, and as dating 'from the Apostles' times,' but never draws a ruthless and untenable inference against the Church life of others, a cloud of Anglican witnesses for the larger doctrine can be called from one century only, 'the great century,' the seventeenth. Of the many I cite only four: Bancroft, who carried his colleagues, including Andrewes, with him in consecrating Presbyterian ministers Bishops for Scotland, in 1609; Andrewes, who claims 'our government to be by Divine right, yet it follows not that a Church cannot stand without it'; Ussher, who says (to Du Moulin), after a solemn assertion of the greatness of episcopacy, that he is prepared 'to receive the Blessed Sacrament at the hand of the French ministers if he were at Charenton,' 'loving and honouring the (Huguenot) Church of France as a true member of the Church Universal'; and Cosin, asserting in his Will his union of soul with all the orthodox, 'which I desire chiefly to be understood of Protestants and the best Reformed Churches.'

“ It will be an evil day for the Anglican Church if in the twentieth century she renounces the large mind of her illustrious sons of the seventeenth. My High Church friends know well that I seek to understand their convictions and to revere their consciences. But I must also regard my own conscience, and not be ashamed of my own convictions.

“ If the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa are arraigned for heresy for their share of responsibility for a programme which I think to be true to the mind of our Master and full of promise for His work, I for one would willingly, if it may be, take my place beside them.

“ I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
“ **HANDLEY DUNELM.**

“ *Auckland Castle,*
“ *December 11.*”

Next day messages crowded upon him, by post and telegraph, in admiration and gratitude. A layman wrote “ Bravo ! bravo ! bravo ! So knightly a stroke does more in five minutes for English-speaking Christianity and real unity than a century of trimming.” Letters of thanks came from the late Bishop Jayne, Archdeacon Fearon, and Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, who said, “ How well I remember Bishop Mackenzie ! I was present at the great meeting in the Senate House in 1858 which practically sent him forth to die. How he would have grieved over such a wild fulmination ! ” Dr. Hensley Henson wrote from his Deanery at Durham :

“ *December 13, 1913.*

“ **MY DEAR BISHOP,**

“ I read the letter in *The Times* this morning with much satisfaction. If I may say so, it strikes me as strong, straight and illuminating. It will do much good, and help many people to see the real issues.

“ **Ever most sincerely,**
“ **H. HENSLEY HENSON.**”

Meanwhile, during many days, other views were expressed by such leaders as Bishop Gore, Lord Halifax, Canon A. J. Mason, Canon J. M. Wilson, etc. Our purpose, however, is not to re-open the controversy,

but to place on record our own Bishop's position. He writes again to the Editor of *The Times*:

“SIR,

“The temperate and weighty letter of my honoured friend Canon A. J. Mason (*The Times*, December 15) commands, of course, my respectful attention. It seems to me, however, to miss the main incidence of what I had said on the charge of heresy, or nearly heresy, actually laid against the Bishop of Uganda—a charge, by the way, whose principle would have excluded from the Anglican Eucharist the first inspirer of the Universities' Mission, David Livingstone himself.

“Dr. Mason's grave warning about premature welcomes to Communion, such as would commit Churches unduly, demands full remembrance. But let me note one feature of the occasion at Kikuyu which differences it widely from an act of indiscriminate fraternization. The communicants were all without exception pledged to acceptance of the Nicene Creed, as expressing their basal faith, and all without exception brought the sacred *tessera* of a life devoted to missionary service. They were not official delegates committing other people. They were orthodox Christian missionaries, met in amity, conferring for better co-operation. Their communicating together was not, I venture to say, a mistake, but an action in the noblest sense natural, and of happy omen.

“I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
“HANDLEY DUNELM.

“December 16.”

It should be added that the Archbishop of Canterbury referred the Bishop of Zanzibar's charges to the Council of Reference of the Lambeth Conference, and subsequently published their Report, and his own Opinion, both of which acquitted the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda of anything like “heresy,” while deprecating certain of the Kikuyu actions and plans. At a subsequent Kikuyu Conference, at which the Bishop of Zanzibar himself was present, the original plans were modified, while the “Alliance” of the Missionary Societies was maintained, and has met with general approval. The Bishop of Zanzibar, indeed, was pre-

pared to go further in the direction of a regularly constituted united Church, but it was felt that this went beyond the powers of missionaries responsible to their respective Societies at home. It should also be explained that the Missions concerned are all in what is now called the Kenya Colony, which is in the Diocese of Mombasa. Uganda is not in the "Alliance," because in that country there are no Missions but the Anglican and Roman.

IN DUBLIN

In the summer of 1914 the Bishop paid a special visit to Ireland in connection with the Centenary of the Hibernian Church Missionary Society, when he preached at the Thanksgiving Service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on Sunday afternoon, June 21, and also gave an address to a large gathering of clergy next day at a clerical breakfast. In the afternoon he attended a Garden Party of the C.M.S. in Lord Iveagh's grounds, and he is the leading figure in a photograph taken on that occasion. That same evening he attended the Centenary Meeting and spoke to a packed audience in Dublin's largest hall. In his sermon he commented on the enormous changes in the lapse of the century. At its beginning it was thought a great thing that some £1500 was raised in Ireland for missionary enterprise, when the establishment of British power in India made it possible to preach Christ in those vast dominions. But the year's gift had now reached £28,000. He offered the Hibernian Church Missionary Society the homage of an Englishman's admiration for its work done, and joined with them in thanksgiving to God. At the evening meeting he had a wonderful reception. The whole audience rose and cheered him to the echo. He made a strong appeal to parents not to keep their children from offering for foreign missionary work, in view of the great and crying need.

A SERMON TO DOCTORS

At Liverpool, in September 1913, he preached to the

medical profession in St. Luke's Church a remarkable sermon on the "sacredness of Ministry to the Body," from 1 Cor. vi. 15, 20, "Your bodies are the limbs of Christ . . . glorify God in your body." He described vividly the life of Christians in Corinth, a "focus and shrine of vice"—"in Corinth, yes, but first in Christ." Apart from Christ they might shudder and despair amid the sensual and sexual temptations around them, which they well knew could burst up from beneath within them, as an earthquake strikes upward at the foundations of a tower. But in Christ the body was articulated spiritually to their incarnate Lord. He traversed ancient and modern theories that "the body is an evil" or "a figment of the mind," but pointed out that the Bible will have nothing to do with either doctrine. It never discredits the witness of the senses, or identifies matter with evil. It surrounds the body with thoughts of wonder. He showed how recent scientific research fitted in with the statements in Scripture, and passed on to discuss the ministry of doctors and nurses. Their doings in the sick-room were parables of the clinics of the soul. He would hallow their gracious activities by reminding them of the holiness of the body. (*Cathedral . . . Sermons, VIII.*)

A CHALLENGE TO THE BISHOPS

In connection with a "Challenge to the Bishops," the Bishop of Durham saw fit to publish the following reply, because he had a request from a worker among soldiers, assuring him that they would be greatly helped by a personal testimony from him.

"I have read it, and read it again, with earnest attention," writes the Bishop. "No thoughtful man could treat otherwise an utterance so pointed, so remote from flippancy, and touching on supreme interests.

"This letter is no attempt to deal controversially with that article. But as it presents a challenge for frank confession of faith, addressed particularly to English Bishops, I for one will offer such confession,

with all modesty, while with the outspokenness of a profound conviction.

“ I speak as one whose life has not been wholly unversed in literary and historical as well as theological study. I think, with sincere humbleness, but not hastily, that I know something of the ‘ reason of the hope that is in me.’ And I am very sure that Episcopal brethren, sharers of my faith, counting among them one at least of eminent learning and historical judgment, would say the like.

“ But my utterance now is simply a confession, to be left as such with your readers, not for discussion but for what it is worth.

“ At the recent Church Congress my sermon contained incidentally an avowal of my own reverent belief in the ancient faith of the Church, and of my embracement of it, or rather of Him Who is the matter of it, as ‘ all in all ’ to me for the needs of soul and life.

“ Somewhat deliberately I confessed my expectation (not hastily formed) that ere very long the Return, in manifested majesty, of the risen and ascended Christ, the one true King of men, will rise on the human scene; no symbolical mystery, but a supreme event.

“ But to such utterances let me just add now that from my soul and with my whole mind I believe without reserve that the Lord Christ was born of the Holy Maiden Mother without human fatherhood, and that on the morning of that first day of the week, which followed the unfathomable wonder of His death, the tomb of Joseph was found empty, because the sacred buried body, transfigured into conditions of immortality, the same yet other, other yet the same, had left it.

“ I believe that, as so risen, He ‘ showed Himself alive after His Passion,’ again and again, in recorded ways and occasions as unlike as possible to figments of exalted imagination, and that He closed that time of manifestation by disappearance upward, under conditions at once simple and sublime.

“ With these supreme facts, as I without reserve believe them to be, I hold that His work for man and His message to man are so profoundly involved, are so vitally embodied in the facts, that for me they stand or fall together. And I humbly confess my assurance, for life and for death, that they stand.”



Photo, Maull & Fox.

THE BISHOP IN CORONATION ROBES, 1903.

CHAPTER VII

THE BISHOP, "SUPPORTER" TO THE KING AT TWO CORONATIONS

By a privilege, the origin of which seems untraceable, the Bishops of Durham can claim to support the Sovereign on his right hand at the Coronation. And our Bishop will take a place in history as one of the few who in the long line of the Palatinate's princely Bishops could have been called to exercise this privilege at more than one Coronation. There have been only three others, and they are notable companions :

(1) Cardinal Langley, the re-founder of Durham School, who has left his mark on the Galilee Chapel, was Bishop when Henry V was crowned at Westminster on April 4, 1413, and again when Henry VI was crowned there on November 6, 1429.

(2) Cuthbert Tunstal was one of the most important links in the continuity of the English Church, since amid many vicissitudes he remained Bishop of Durham all through the Reformation period. He was present to support Edward VI when he was crowned on February 25, 1546. He christened and was godfather to Queen Elizabeth, 1533, at Greenwich; and he stood on Queen Mary's right hand at her Coronation.

When Elizabeth came to the throne she wrote a kind letter excusing Bishop Tunstal's presence, on account of his great age and the long journey.

(3) Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, the princely benefactor whose name is still a household word in Durham, had the astonishing experience of seeing no less than five sovereigns ascend the throne while he was Bishop of Durham. He actually supported James II, Anne,

and George I. His Stuart sympathies brought him into personal peril when James fled, and he too crossed the sea. He was reconciled, however, at the last moment on submission, and would have supported William in the Abbey ("the Bishop of Duresme" has his place assigned to him in the Coronation Order of 1689) had the winds allowed him to re-cross the Channel in time.

Thus Bishop Moule, standing on August 9, 1902, in Westminster Abbey, at the right hand of King Edward the Seventh, and again on June 22, 1911, at the side of King George the Fifth, had much in common, as their lineal successor, with the medieval Cardinal of semi-regal state, the meek and learned and much harassed occupant of the See in Reformation times, and the Jacobite noble and prelate who saw the transfer of the crown from the Stuart to the Hanoverian dynasty.

And the unknown future of the Diocese was still more really represented, though undreamt of, for not far away in the Abbey, on both occasions, as Canon of Westminster, there stood Dr. Hensley Henson, who was destined to be his successor as Bishop of Durham. A few years later Bishop Moule was one of the Bishops who took part in the Consecration in Westminster Abbey of Dr. Henson as Bishop of Hereford.

By a singular coincidence, the late Dr. Kennion, as Bishop of Bath and Wells, who from like ancient precedent has the right to support the Sovereign on the left hand, was also present with our Bishop at both Coronations.

The Bishop recorded his impressions of these two great occasions in two little pamphlets written for private circulation among his friends.¹ By gracious permission of His Majesty we are allowed to reproduce portions of these accounts, partly in *précis* (but using the Bishop's language), and partly altogether in his own words.

The personnel on the two occasions was very different.

¹ *Recollections of the Coronation and Recollections of the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary*, by "one of the King's supporters."

In 1902 King Edward was convalescent after a serious operation. In 1911 King George was “ bronzed like a sailor and looked perfectly well.” In 1902 Dr. Temple aged and weak, yet “ a noble figure,” was Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Maclagan, Archbishop of York, and Dean Bradley of Westminster, were also old and stricken in years. In view of the King’s delicacy, the Sermon and the Litany were omitted. In 1911 our present Primate, hale and vigorous, was the chief minister at the great service. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, the young Archbishop of York, was preacher; and Bishop Ryle, lately come from Winchester, was Dean.

CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The personages in the great drama assembled in the Annexe, “ a brilliant forgery ” of a great temporary baronial hall, much larger than the Castle Hall at Durham, though much lower, hung with tapestries and armour, outside the west end of the Abbey. Here was a crowd as many-coloured as costume could make it: Peers in throngs; Knights of the Garter in full dress; Canons of Westminster and officiating Bishops in copes; Chaplains to the King in scarlet cloaks; pages picturesque in full eighteenth-century garb. There were many ladies also in white and jewels. In the long but not dull waiting time, since 8.50 a.m.,

“ I sat and read proofs, then walked about sometimes talking, oftener gazing. Once I went to the west door of the Abbey to get a view of the interior and its vast host of occupants: Guardsmen and Yeomen of the Guard, Indian magnates, Mayors from all over the kingdom, ladies and uniformed men past number. Organ and sometimes other instruments breathed life the while into form and colour.”

At last the “ royalties ” were arriving. Very beautiful was the passing of each Princess, her crimson train borne by a white-robed lady. Meanwhile the great

Procession had to be organized. The Earl Marshal's voice was often heard calling out the bearers of the Standards, the regalia, the swords: "Duke of Somerset," "Duke of Argyll," "Marquis of Londonderry," "Earl Roberts," and the like. And the Bible, the Paten, and Chalice were duly taken by the Bishops of London (Winnington-Ingram), Ely (Lord Alwyne Compton), and Winchester (Davidson) respectively.

"At last, a little before 11.30, the roar of cheers outside told us that the King and Queen were at hand. Then suddenly, after a long array of English, Indian and Colonial horsemen, and royal carriages, that wonderful State coach, worthy of old Spanish splendour, came into view swaying on its springs. The Queen first, and then the King in the long robes of crimson and ermine alighted at once. The King showed a grave cheerfulness, and walked with perfect ease and strength. The Bishop of Bath and Wells and I were kindly welcomed to his room, where there was a long interval of waiting, as the Queen's procession had to be formed and go up the church before the King moved. . . .

"At last the moment came. The King passed into the vestibule, the pages and two great officers of the Court took up the robe, and we, the two Bishops, placed ourselves beside the King and proceeded into the Abbey. I saw literally nothing. Circumstances seemed to concentrate not only thought but sight. . . . The Westminster boys chanted out their 'Vivat' loud and clear above us. Beyond this I have no certainty about the musical accompaniments to the entrance of the King. So we traversed the Choir. I stepped behind the King's chair of Repose. Lord Londonderry, sword-bearer, was just east of me, and above were the Canons of Westminster.

"Now the Archbishop called for the Recognition. At first his voice was faint, no doubt with emotion; the word 'Sirs' sounded like a loud whisper. But with every syllable there was more force, and the whole multitude must have heard the great appeal. It was met instantly with a chorus of 'God save King Edward' (in which I must own I scarcely found voice to join, feeling was so strong; I hope the King did not think me disloyal); and then organ and choir and trumpets

struck in with a mighty peal, sounding as music sounds in Westminster Abbey, every note a harmony.”

The Service of Holy Communion now began, the Archbishop ministering at the North end of the Lord’s Table. . . . The Questions and the Oath followed. The Archbishop, guided down the steps by the Bishop of Winchester, put the solemn questions. The answers were given in a voice of singular clearness and grave force, audible everywhere. After the last answer, the Bible, open at the Gospels, was brought from the Holy Table, and the Scroll of the Oath; and the King, in that firm and audible voice, spoke out his promise, kissed the Book, and somewhat deliberately signed the Scroll. The *Veni Creator*, then sung, never surely sounded nobler, and the solemn supplication was seldom sent up from more deeply moved hearts.

After this the Archbishop said the Prayer of Consecration over that quaint and very ancient vessel, the bird-shaped Ampulla of anointing oil; and the historic anthem “Zadok the Priest” was sung. Then the King rose, and, divested of the long crimson robe, walked in his court dress, “we escorting him,” to the Chair of Scone, wonderful with legend and history. Four Knights of the Garter stood there, holding a gold woven canopy over the chair on silver staves.

“We the two supporters, stood beneath it and watched the Archbishop approach, led by the Bishop of Winchester, and with them the Sub-Dean¹ holding the Ampulla and Spoon. He acted almost throughout for the Dean² (my well-remembered Chief at Marlborough thirty-five years ago), but the Dean walked beside him, as if to claim his place and part.”

The Archbishop then anointed the King, head, breast and hands, saying the prescribed words in a strong voice, from a large scroll held up beside him by the Bishop of Winchester. This was the plan all through. The Rev. W. J. Conybeare, in scarlet cloak, stood with

¹ Canon Duckworth.

² Dr. Bradley.

a sheaf of scrolls, and stepped forward with each as needed. "I held the Ampulla and spoon as the Sub-Dean touched the spots where the oil had been applied, with cotton wool from a little gold woven bag at his side." The King now knelt at the faldstool as the Archbishop spoke the solemn and beautiful Blessing. A series of interesting ceremonies followed, robing the King with the quaint but splendid cloth of gold, the *Supertunica*, the Spurs of Knighthood, the Sword of State, omitting the ceremony of Girding, as unsuitable so soon after his recovery. But he passed the sword over to his left side, leaning it against his throne as equivalent to girding.

"The King seized the chance of a pause here to lean forward and say to the Archbishop in the kindest way, in an audible whisper, 'I trust your Grace is not over-fatigued.' The brave Archbishop smiled brightly and said his fatigue was a mere nothing."

His Majesty having been then endued by the Sub-Dean, Bishop Moule and others, with the superb Imperial Mantle of pure cloth of gold and with its Stole, the "Armilla," received into his right hand from the Archbishop the great cross-crowned Orb. After this the King was wedded to his people, with a ring, used, as the King said, by King William IV, and put by the Archbishop on the fourth finger of his right hand, followed by the Glove and the two Sceptres.

The climax was the placing of the Crown on his head, with the bursting shout "God save the King," after which amid glorious music the Peers as by one act set their coronets on their heads. The Bible was then given with solemn appropriate words into the King's hand, and three pregnant and majestic benedictions followed. The *Te Deum* which should be sung here was left for the sake of the King's strength till the close of the Service.

The King, supported by his two Bishops, with the naked sword in front, went now to the "Theatre," when

homage was paid by Bishops, Princes, and other Temporal Peers in due order.

“ More than one touching unrehearsed incident took place. . . . When the Archbishop kissed the King’s cheek, His Majesty grasped the old man’s right hand; the Archbishop kissed the King’s hand, and the King instantly returned it on the Archbishop’s hand, a beautiful and most unpremeditated act. . . . The aged Archbishop’s strength then failing, he almost sank at the King’s feet as he knelt. In a moment the King grasped his hand, and two or three of us helped to lift our Chief up. He rose bravely and walked back to his seat, helped by the Bishops of Winchester, and Bath and Wells, getting leave from the King. For these few moments I was left standing alone with the King.”

The centre of interest then shifted to the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who moved from her Chair of Repose, supported by the Bishops of Norwich (Sheepshanks) and Oxford (Paget), and her train-bearers. Four Duchesses held the gold canopy, “a lovely picture.” The Archbishop of York with clear and measured voice placed the Crown on the royal lady’s head, and then the most charming sight of the day was seen. The multitude of Peeresses filling the whole floor of the North Transept, at the same moment, and as by one movement, put on their coronets. “ One instant we saw countless pairs of white arms lifted to the heads; the next they slowly fell, and all the heads glittered with their crowns. Strangely graceful and radiant it all was.” In another moment the Queen came, passing down the Sacrarium, to her Throne on the “ Theatre,” crowned, and bearing, like the King, two sceptres. As she passed him on his throne she bowed, and at that instant he stood upright and saluted her with chivalrous reverence. Both King and Queen removed their crowns as the Holy Communion Service began, the Archbishop and the Dean, “ two aged Ministers of Christ,” administering the Bread and Wine.

At length all rose, and the King by the South door, and Queen by the North, passed behind the reredos to

St. Edward's Chapel, for rest and refection. The King was there met by a Court officer with a basin of soup. He refused it and sent it at once to the Archbishop, with the hope that it would refresh him.

"A little later we heard from the Choir Transepts a voice (some thought it the Duke of Connaught's) calling for three cheers for the King, and then for the Queen. The response, strange as it might seem to cheer in Church, sounded majestic as we listened from the Chapel —long waves of echoing sound."

"At about 2 p.m. the Queen's procession had passed down the Church, and we prepared for the King's." The March began. It was a wonderful progress. Slowly down, past the "Theatre" and vacant Thrones, past the three royal Princes, and the ranks of Lords behind them, between the thronging sides of the Choir, and then the Nave. Organ and choristers sang aloud, and all the while there was one long and joyful acclaim from Stalls and Galleries, and all heads bowed to King Edward on his way, and he returned the greeting step by step.

"I have only a mingled consciousness of most that I saw: I remember well, however, the turbaned Orientals in the Nave stalls close to the door; some stood motionless, others deliberately clapped their hands, with delighted looks. . . . The royal carriage moved away amid thunders of cheering, and trumpet notes of 'God save the King,' and the peal of bells. The Queen looked calm and restful, and the King royally happy, and perfectly well."

The Bishop closes his vivid description by saying, "This is a simple narrative for friends. But indeed I ought to be grateful for such a sight, of such a scene, so vast, well ordered, splendid, so full of a mighty history, and the possibility of a wonderful future in the mercy of God: and so richly filled, alike by its solemn delay¹ and its glad accomplishment with the sense of the power and grace of the King Eternal."

¹ The Coronation was postponed, owing to the King's sudden illness, from June 26 to August 9, 1902.

CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY

As before, the Bishop of Durham had to attend several rehearsals, some with a “deputy King and Queen” and make-believe swords and sceptres—“when there was an occasional slight touch of the grotesque. It was hard to mimic reality with perfect seriousness when the reality was so soon to follow; the rehearsal of the Homage in particular had its amusing side.” Another day was very different. Their Majesties came privately and for well-nigh two hours went minutely into their parts. “Nothing could be more friendly, and at the same time more thorough and practical, than their Majesties’ questions, suggestions and remarks. Again and again the King’s cordial and sometimes humorous cheerfulness broke out, to everyone’s pleasure. As he graciously shook hands at parting he said, ‘I am sure everything will go perfectly right.’ ”

June 22, 1911, was ushered in early by the distant drum-like royal salute. “We left our hosts about 7 a.m., I carrying my cassock and rochet and the beautiful cope given by the ladies of the Diocese in 1902. It was a slow pilgrimage to the Abbey, held up by the dense mass of Coronation ‘traffic.’ We did not enter it till 8.50.” The two hours’ interval glided away fast. The throng was brilliant, full of suppressed and voluminous talk, *e.g.* two tall, vigorous, grey-haired and splendidly accoutred Gentlemen-at-Arms were discussing the origin of matter. “I got on my robes, and putting shyness in my cassock pocket I walked about, watching the brilliant throng, and listening to noble music that breathed soul into the scene. Every European State, and India, Japan, China and Abyssinia had its part in that array. At 10.30 the peal on St. Margaret’s bells told us the procession had started, and at that moment, as one of the King’s young pages, delighted, said, the sun burst out brilliantly. In due time the royal coach was opened to let the King and Queen descend and enter the Annexe.

“All agree that a high, grave, reverent courage marked the aspect of those two true servants of God and

of their people. . . . As the Queen's procession advanced we heard the Westminster boys shout their strong, vivid, musical 'Vivat Regina Maria' (I was pleased to hear the old-fashioned pronunciation); and then soon our signal came. Keeping step with the King, dimly aware of multitudinous surroundings, but greatly aware of *him*, we passed up Nave, Choir, 'Theatre'—past the Queen on her Chair of State to the King's own Chair. In a moment, as by instinct, I passed behind the Chair to take my place at the King's right hand. To the right stood Lord Roberts, The Duke of Beaufort and Lord Kitchener. . . . I suppose the 'Recognition' is a very old survival of the free Saxon warriors' free choice, and free acclaim of their Chief. The King, at his own express instance, advanced *far forward* so as to stand in full view of Choir, Transepts, and Sanctuary, so presenting himself to his people. A great shout, 'God save King George,' 'Long live the King,' responded each time to the Archbishop's question, 'Were they willing to do him homage ?' Faintly from outside came a great shout of people in the streets. The King and we now returned to the Chair of State for the Litany chanted by the Bishops of Bath and Wells (Kennion) and Oxford (Paget)."

The worshipping character of the occasion deepened as the Archbishop began the Communion Office. For as the ordination or consecration of Deacon, Priest or Bishop, so the Coronation of English Kings is a rite entwined with the great Sacrament of Passion and Redemption. After the Creed, the Archbishop of York was seen, already in the pulpit.

"It was a perfect sermon, only six minutes long, admirably delivered, weighty in every sentence. The glory of service was its theme; the service of God, in serving man; the call to the highest, in the footsteps of the Most High who humbled Himself, to see in the Crown the symbol of supreme self-sacrifice."¹

The Questions and the Oath followed, and then, still recalling the rites of Ordination, the "Veni Creator" was chanted, and the Prayer of Anointing. King George V stood erect, slight and spare, disrobed, but as kingly as

¹ The text was, "I am among you as he that serveth." *Luke xxii. 27.*

ever. “We escorted him to the venerable Chair of Scone. The gold-cloth Pall was held over him, the staves carried (very truly and evenly) by four Knights of the Garter. During part of the Anointing I held the Ampulla.” The Vesting of the King—that remarkable action—by the Dean of Westminster followed. “There were no accompanying words, but surely the acts were symbolic of the King’s entrance upon—may we not almost say?—*royal Orders*. The King as religious Minister was now also armed as a Christian Knight . . . with spurs, and the sword, not of State, but of Justice.” . . . Next came “the Investiture *per Annulum et Baculum*, by Ring and Rod.” “Just before the delivery of the Sceptres, which now took place, the Duke of Newcastle (as Lord of the Manor of Worksop) stepped between myself and the King, and offered the traditional gift of an embroidered glove, which was put on, drawn off, and returned to the donor.”

The Archbishop next approached the Holy Table, on which lay the “Crown of St. Edward,” for a sapphire once owned by the Confessor adorns it. He raised, and then laid down again, the heavy mass of gold and gems, saying the short uplifting prayer, and then walked towards the King, followed by the Archbishop of York and other ministering Bishops. The Dean held the Crown upon a cushion, and another cushion was also brought bearing the Imperial Crown, from which flashed the great African diamond. (This was silently substituted for the Crown of Edward by the King himself, shortly after the crowning act, as a physical relief, as it was of much less weight.)

Now came the mighty climax of the ceremonial. The King vested, anointed, belted and spurred, espoused to his kingdom by the ring, holding the sceptres of power and mercy, received at length the final consecration of the Crown, set with solemn deliberation on his head by the Archbishop.¹ This was the signal for a mighty

¹ Lord Crewe, as Bishop of Durham at the right hand of King James II, would witness a very different scene, described by the garrulous Bishop Burnet, no friend of King James, in

outburst of jubilant repeated shouts, “God save the King,” and every temporal Lord at the same moment set his coronet on his head.

Next came an incident comparatively modern (1689), but of profound import in its simple dignity. The Holy Bible, lying massive on its cushion, was held before the King for his acceptance, with these few weighty words;

“Our Gracious King, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the Royal Law; these are the lively oracles of God.”

“It was at once a contrast and a complement, as significant as it was majestic, to the feudal ceremony before and after.”

Then did the Archbishop “solemnly bless the King,” and turning to the congregation at large, he prayed blessing on them and the whole Realm. So closed the rites in and around the Chair of Edward.

“King George V rose, crowned, sceptred, robed with resplendent mantle, and we escorted him westward up the steps to his seat of state on the ‘Theatre,’ prelates and peers stretching out their hands to him as if to lift him into his place.”

“Now again the feudal ages seemed to live before us. It was time for the Homage; one by one the Chiefs of the Orders knelt at the first step, mounted to the King’s footstool, knelt again, spoke the solemn promise of fidelity, touched the Crown, kissed the Sovereign’s left cheek, and withdrew—a withdrawal that had cost some

his *History of his Own Times*. “As soon as the King had put his affairs in method, he resolved to hasten his Coronation, and to have it performed with great magnificence. Both the King and Queen resolved to have all done in the Protestant form and to assist in all the Prayers. The King, however, would not receive the Sacrament, which is always a part of the ceremony”—(in this omission he stands alone of British sovereigns with King John). “All things were gay and pompous in appearance, and yet on the whole it did not look well, though the Queen and Peeresses made a very graceful figure. The Crown was not well fitted for the King’s head, it came down too far and covered the upper part of his face; the canopy over him broke, and some other smaller things looked a little unfortunate, and by people of superstitious fancies were magnified into ill omens.”

rehearsing to avoid accident, as each man must keep his face to the King as long as possible, and must think also of his own robe.

“First came the Archbishop; and we Bishops, wherever in the church we were at the moment, all knelt and said the words with him.

“And then, before all other acts of homage, there came forward from his chair in the Transept, grave, earnest, almost anxious of look, a model of pure, true boyhood, the Prince of Wales. All the while the Anthem ‘Rejoice in the Lord’ was resounding, but where I stood I could hear every word of the Oath as he read it on his knees before his father—that most moving promise, to be ‘your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship: and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks, so help me God.’ The Prince, ‘*ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris*,’ duly touched his father’s Crown, and kissed his cheek, and then the King drew him close, and kissed him—a father’s kiss, no mere feudal greeting—and the boy kissed his father’s hand, and went his way. It was a momentary scene, but beyond words beautiful.”

The Duke of Connaught followed, vowing fealty to his nephew, and then came the Premier of each order, and the Homage was over.

The Archbishop here “left the King on his Throne,” for he was now, at the Holy Table, to crown the Queen. This was done in 1902 by the Archbishop of York, but that arrangement is not traditional. It was sanctioned, so King Edward expressly wished it to be understood, for that time only. Archbishop Temple’s age made it fitting that his just less aged brother, Archbishop Maclagan, should relieve him. “To us of the Northern Province it would have been welcome if the use were otherwise. But we were honoured in the person of our Primate by the committal to him of the Sermon, and his admirable use of the opportunity.”

“The King had resumed his sceptres, and in order to do this gave his Service-Book into my hands. During the beautiful rite that followed I took care to hold it well within the King’s sight, so that he might follow the

words. When, later, His Majesty stood up to descend the steps for Communion it was my charge (carefully arranged for like many other things) to move the large footstool so as to leave him free. To do so I laid the open book down for a moment on the carpet, and I believe that this occasioned a story that 'the Bishop dropped the King's Book'!

"I do not describe the Queen's Coronation, for it was impossible to see details across the throng of the Queen's supporters (one of them was Lord Durham as sword-bearer). The words of the rite are singularly fine, not least the last (due I believe to Tillotson, 1689), praying for a full blessing on 'the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue.' But we could and did see the beautiful procession of Duchesses advancing to hold the staves of the Canopy over Queen Mary at her anointing; and then that charming and arresting sight, the moment after the crowning, when the host of Peeresses in the North Transept, at a signal from a herald, who stood where he could see both the Queen and them, all as by one action raised their arms and set their coronets on their heads."

The great group at the East end now formed into procession, and the Queen, crowned and supported by her Bishops, Oxford (Paget) and Peterborough (Carr Glyn), passed in front of the King's exalted seat to her own, only less exalted, on the dais. As in 1902, so now, the King rose in honour to his most queenly wife, while the Queen curtsied deep and gravely to the King. Her fair train-bearers did their reverence too, "as when the wind sways the standing wheat." "Then she sate her down, and we saw them both in their full state, regal and gracious, with faces calm, strong and manifestly conscious of the source of sovereignty."

The Anthem sounded, "O hearken Thou unto my calling," and the King and Queen descended for their Communion, their crowns being solemnly removed by their wearers, and set each on its large cushion.

"The King's was taken by Lord Carrington, but he soon, as Great Chamberlain, had to place the 'oblations' of embroidery and gold in the King's hand, and I stood

ready to hold cushion and crown while he did so. It was no trifling weight, so massive was the cushion. Strange to say, I suppose because of the peculiar state of thought and feeling, I cannot recall a single detail now of the glories of that wonderful crown. But it is a moving thing to remember that for this short space I bore it at my Sovereign's side in that holy place. On two other occasions in the service, but I cannot now distinctly recall when, I carried for a few minutes the Sceptre of Justice.”

The King and Queen, having received the Holy Communion, returned, crowned, sceptred, and attended to their Thrones, there to kneel till the close of the office. Then arose the *Te Deum*, full and glorious, and the Sovereigns passed meanwhile, each solemnly attended, into St. Edward's Chapel behind the reredos, to rest and prepare for the Recess. “ Again and again and again the mighty English triple cheer swelled through the Abbey; it seemed like a resounding echo of the shouts of 1902.”

In due time the two Processions were formed; the Queen's first, and then the King's.

“ So we moved once more along that wonderful lane, over the glorious carpet of solemn blue, conscious of the innumerable presence round, thousands of eager gazers intent on one man, who stepped between us like one less aware of the nearness of a multitude than of the Prince of the Kings of the earth.

“ We found ourselves soon in the Annexe and at the King's vestry door. There he presently invited us in, quiet and cheerful in a kingly way, and spoke words of friendly thanks for ‘ the care we had taken of him.’

“ The State carriage was at the door, and ere long we had seen our Sovereigns seated, in their crowns and robes, setting out on the wonderful returning triumph.

“ All was over.

“ Then followed a long and not unamusing waiting at the Annexe door for our carriage. At length our turn came, and we returned for much-needed rest. The service ended about 1.35, but it was nearly five before we got home, thoroughly tired, to be sure; but who would not be tired for such an experience of historic glory and consecrated greatness? ”

CHAPTER VIII

THE BISHOP AND THE GREAT WAR

“A FRIEND of mine,” says the Bishop, “not long ago stood with a group of British officers on our trench front, near the field of Crécy, and told them how the Bishop of Durham, fully armed, took his part in the battle of 1346. ‘Ah,’ said one, ‘Church leaders were of some use in those days !’”¹

And all through the awful days of the Great War, the gentle-spirited Bishop of Durham, “fully armed” with the panoply of God, took his part, and was a leader of some use indeed.

His ceaseless eagerness for the cause of right and justice; his patriotism; his proud devotion to the fighting men; his ministry to grief-stricken hearts; and his manly, sportsmanlike interest,—all came out in various ways.

In the summer of 1918 he was at a garden meeting of the Bible Society, when a well-known Quakeress challenged him to state “how and when war was ever justifiable.” All within earshot listened keenly as, in his usual courtly manner, the Bishop pointed out several fallacies in the Friends’ attitude toward the general question of Armaments. The lady, rising from the table, said with excitement, “But, Bishop, we Friends have principles, and have held them for many years, and cannot, will not, forsake them.” The Bishop drew himself up and said, “Madam, may I remind you that we too have principles, *and* a conscience. One thing more, and only one thing will I say. Two days before England entered this war, I had sent out a letter to

¹ *Auckland Castle*, p. 10.

every parish in my Diocese, in which I declared it was England's plain duty to defend Belgium, even though such a step would mean declaring war on Germany." Turning on his heel the Bishop left the lady still expostulating.

When the "Man Power Act" raised the military age to fifty-one, the Bishop, acting with the other Bishops, wrote to the clergy of the Diocese under fifty-one,

"inviting them to place themselves if they will, after solemn consultation with conscience before God, *as nearly as may be in the position* in which they would have been had their proposed conscription become law. . . . Every case will be considered on its merits . . . the claims of spiritual work in the parishes *must come first*. . . .

"As regards the *combatant service*, I have held from the first that only extreme necessity can justify the ordained man in offering for it. My mind is still the same. But I am bound to think that a 'necessity' does now seem at our doors. Those who offer shall have my blessing, though it will be given with a heart awfully conscious that only a need unknown till now can bring about the position. . . .

"If I know myself, I should, were I twenty-five years younger, have made the offer of service which I invite others to make.

"The sacred causes of Right and Home, placed in a peril unknown in all our past history, as regards its bulk and nearness, alone can justify my call."

One of the very best incumbents answered by telling the Bishop that he was a conscientious objector. The Bishop replied :

"May 8, 1918.

"MY DEAR —

"Your letter has been read—I will confess with deep regret over a view which I can by no means share—with, I trust, every sincere desire to see the Lord's mind and will in the matter, but with deep and unfeigned respect for you and the strong fidelity to conscience breathed by your whole letter.

"I say nothing as to our divergence in views as to primary principles. I am only concerned now to express my personal attitude, which, however, you will not have doubted.

"It is a very difficult problem what course to advise as to your making your position known. I think you will agree with me that on many accounts it is not desirable that your attitude should be 'noised abroad,' while, on the other hand, you are not averse to its being known in any necessary degree.

"I think you should, briefly and without argumentation, state the fact of your *non possum* in reply to the inquiry circulated, and later perhaps . . . you may think it well to put a brief and guarded statement (possibly you may let me see it beforehand) into your Magazine.

"Believe me as ever,

"Sincerely yours,

"H. DUNELM."

In his June Magazine the Vicar wrote :

"During the past years of the war my convictions have steadily grown stronger that the one sovereign remedy for the evils attendant on the present phase of the world's progress . . . can only be found in a complete acceptance of the principles taught and practised by our Lord Jesus Christ. . . .

"Therefore I feel that to wage war is to pay homage to Satan, and to set up the ensign of fear and mistrust when only the standard of the Cross and the law of love can really conquer.

"With these convictions I could not offer to take part in what I believe to be a wrong method of building the Kingdom of the Heavens here upon earth.

"As the clergy are still exempt . . . I could, of course, sit still and say nothing, but I feel it only fair to myself and others that it should be known I refrained . . . because I cannot harmonize the old way of 'an eye for an eye' with the new commandment, 'Love your enemies.' I cannot square the way of war with the way of Christ."

The Bishop's comments on this letter are :

"May 18, 1918.

"MY DEAR —

"As you well know, I am quite unable to go with you in your interpretation of our Lord's precepts, which primarily affect the individual, and not the

organized community, whose organized multiplicity brings in quite new conditions.

“ But your convictions are your convictions. And in your draft letter you have expressed them clearly, gravely and quite temperately. You will, of course, put the letter just as it stands into your Magazine. It should win you nothing but respect for your courage of conviction and balance of expression.

“ If I may suggest, I would advise no allusion to my having seen it. This would inevitably in many minds produce the impression that I personally concurred to *some extent* in the statement and conclusion.

“ Meanwhile my warm regard and respect is only enhanced by the ‘manner’ of your letter.

“ Yours ever in the Lord,

“ H. DUNELM.”

An undated autograph letter intended for the Press sets out his view on this question most clearly :

“ SIR,

“ *Love your enemies.*

“ It may be worth while to call attention to a certain confusion of thought which attaches, surely, to some applications, to international matters, of this precept of our Lord. I take it that its Divine weight and force is to be received by the individual as unreservedly as can well be stated. And very little, if any, reserve should attend its incidence upon such bodies of individuals as are held together by spiritual ties only, or mainly, like the first disciples, for example.

“ But when the case of an organized State is considered, elements enter the problem which do call for large reserve, certainly if the precept is to be explained as forbidding hostile action by the State against another State, and denouncing indignation and resolute resistance as sinful.

“ There is no strict analogy between such a community, however much, and however rightly, to a certain extent we personify it, and a person. The State is not really a personality, but a vast complex of personalities. It is such a complex that its organization in large measure exists on purpose that the community may unitedly safeguard its individual components in their individual interests and liberties; and particularly its

weaker components. From this point of view the State is morally right, is morally bound, to take indignant action against another State if it violates or threatens its own members in their lawful interests. We are nowhere commanded to love other people's enemies as such. Where others are concerned a wholly new element enters the scene. A ruffian maltreating a child is emphatically not to be loved by me, but to be by all possible means quelled and punished. And the State is, in a sense, the third party called so to act when its members suffer wrong and violence."

The real man wrote those words, for on one occasion at home his friends were astonished to see the placid Bishop burst out in flaming indignation when mention was made of cruelties to girls in Belgium.

Pages could be filled of his activities by speech and writings for the fighting men, for the silent multitudes in long-drawn agony of suspense, and for mourners. "With the Bishop of Durham's Greeting and Godspeed," a letter was sent on a folded card to the Durham Light Infantry Brigade, in November 1914. And a second at Christmas 1916.

At Cambridge in 1917, at the Cadets' morning service in Trinity Chapel, the company and the place where "I knelt as a freshman in 1860," seemed to rekindle his youthful enthusiasm as he spoke to "men, men indeed, whose link with this College is not books and sports, but the proud discipline of arms in face of the greatest war of human history." "The one theme was the Lord Jesus Christ, the Man—Who claimed their *sacramentum militare*." He finished with a story of a Variety entertainment in London, for men going to the Front. "At the close of it a young officer voiced the soldiers' thanks, and then said, 'We are going to France, to the trenches, and very possibly of course to death. Will any of our friends here tell us how to die?' A great silence followed. Then one of the vocalists quietly found her way to the front of the stage and sang, 'O rest in the Lord.' There were very few dry eyes when she had done." "Would you really know," he went on, "what

that great word 'rest in the Lord' means? Then for the first or the hundredth time take your soldier's oath at His feet. He is Lord of us, dead or living."¹

Another day, in June 1915, Durham Abbey was packed with men and women from all over the Diocese, an occasion described by the Bishop a few days later as "the majestic service of confession and prayer, in Durham Cathedral, where surely the Lord was in the midst." He preached a sermon worthy of the occasion :

" We are here for an act of worship the like of which has not been seen beneath this great roof for ages. . . . We are driven to our knees not less, but more, as the world war advances. We are all aware at last of the great strength of the Teutonic enemy . . . of his resolution to trample right and pity in the mire on the way . . . to overcome and finally ruin England. We know that if he can reach us in our homes nothing will escape. At home meanwhile . . . we watch with wonder and shame the unhappy strife between Capital and Labour. . . . So we are driven in a new sense and degree to pray. . . . God knows there are many holy souls who have really laboured in intercessions, and not in vain. But oh! as a people we have not prayed, no, never yet. . . .

" Yes, we are here just to pray, to pray that we may pray. We meet that we may presently depart as missionaries of prayer, bent upon stirring up prayer all around us till it catches like fire in the dry grass."

Then he spoke of the "holiness of patriotism, the benediction of God upon the love of country" :

" I read, a few days ago, a long and able letter against the patriotic idea. It affirmed that Christ the Lord in proclaiming God as Father and men as brethren abolished nationality. . . . I boldly call this position a subtle and most dangerous fallacy. . . . It is no more sin to bar the gates of England against German outrage, although ideally all men are brethren, than it is to lock the home doors within which children sleep against a midnight burglar, though he, too, is potentially a child of God. . . .

" 'Who dies if England lives' is fit for the utterance of a soul whose life all the while is hid with Christ in God."

¹ See *Cathedral and University and other Sermons*, XIV.

Then "reverently, tenderly, and with deep personal humiliation," he spoke of our national sins, and closed with an earnest appeal "in love and fear, and as well-nigh worshipping my Mother England."

Mention, if only mention, must be made of his *Christus Consolator*, a book of solid teaching that has comforted tens of thousands; of *Christ and Sorrow*, the same message in simpler form; and of his sixteen-page *Letter of Comfort* based on the comfort he had in Christ in his own grief. As Luther said of the Book of the Revelation of St. John, "Without tears it was not written; without tears it can scarce be read."

At Archangel, on St. George's Day, 1919, the Battalion orders of the Durham Light Infantry ended thus :

" 4. *Message.*

" The attention of all ranks is directed to the APPENDIX published with to-day's orders.

APPENDIX TO BATTALION ORDERS No. 78 DATED 23.4.19.

The following message has been received by the Rev. A. Simmons, S.C.F., from the Lord Bishop of Durham, with the request that it may be communicated to all ranks of the 2/7th Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry :

" Soldiers and Friends,

" For the sake of dear old Durham, please accept a greeting straight from the Bishop of Durham's heart.

" We are very proud of you. Words cannot tell what we think of your courage, your patience, your splendid spirit. We owe a huge debt of admiration and gratitude to you, as you stand between us and the awful ruin, red with blood and fire, and worse, which we should suffer but for our glorious men.

" Numberless hearts beat with thoughts of you and prayer for you, all over the old County. You are loved where the Cathedral sits on its throne of rocks. You are loved where the Tyne rolls to the sea, past Gateshead, Heworth, Hebburn, Jarrow, South Shields. You are loved where the ocean heaves and thunders off Sunderland, Seaham Harbour, and the Hartlepools, and where the Tees runs from the great moors over High Force to Barnard Castle, Darlington, and Stockton, and where

the Wear hastens along by Stanhope and Wolsingham to Howden and Witten. We love you where Auckland Castle stands amidst the fields and pitheads of West Auckland, and Willington, Evenwood, Shildon, Eldon, and Spennymoor. You are thought of all over the green plains, in quiet places like Aycliffe, Sadberge, and Hurworth. They talk of you on all the banks and hills, from the furnaces of Consett and the pits of West Stanley, Annfield Plain and Leadgate, to Crook, Pelton, Chester-le-Street, Birtley, Houghton, Murton, Thornley, Wingate, Shotton, Easington, Horden, Brandon, Ferryhill. In the name of this dear Durham, I bid you all God's blessing. The Child of Bethlehem will yet vanquish the spirit of war, for He is Lord of lords, 'able to subdue all things to Himself.'

"To Him, on my knees, I commend you. This living Christ is all in all for us men. He is our peace, purity, strength, gladness and immortal life. He is tenderer than woman at her tenderest. He is mightier than man at his strongest. He is the broken heart's best Friend, as I well know. He is the faithful heart's glorious Captain. He died suffering that great Death, to save us. He lives to keep us, through Faith, even to the immortal Heaven.

"God bless you all and bring you back to us after your fight with the Arctic cold and those Bolshevik forces who represent ideas and aims so awfully destructive of all that makes life fit for living. We are all with you in heart and prayer, and I am glad and proud to be,

"Your loving Father and Bishop,
(Sgd.) "HANDLEY DUNELM."

The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Holland, wrote in reply :

"MY LORD BISHOP,

"On behalf of the Officers and other ranks of the 2/7th Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry, I wish to thank you most heartily for your message sent through the Rev. A. Simmons, S.C.F. It is indeed a great help to know that those at home are thinking of and praying for us.

"We are waiting for the White Sea to become clear, and then we hope to sail once more for home. We all

hope that we shall have the pleasure of having you to greet us at the port.

“At the request of the men I have had many copies of your message typed and distributed, and they are being carefully preserved and treasured by those who receive them.”

During a Confirmation at Hartlepool in March 1918, the first warning of an air raid came. After service the Colonel whispered to the Rev. Bertram Jones, “Get the Bishop to the Rectory as soon as possible; the second warning has come.” . . . The Bishop had just sat down to supper when there was a fearful crash.

“I ran to the front door,” says the Rector, “and quickly found the Bishop at my elbow. He was perfectly calm and collected, watching keenly, and asking every now and then, ‘What is that?’ ‘A bomb falling,’ ‘anti-aircraft shell burst,’ ‘aeroplanes attacking with machine-gun fire,’ ‘an aerial torpedo,’ and the like, were my answers. He was rapt in thought and then said, ‘I would not have missed this, it is sharing danger with your people.’ . . .

“Our little maid, confirmed that evening, was proud to have the Bishop to a meal in her kitchen. I remember how seriously she said, ‘You know, my lord, there is nothing to be afraid of in an air raid—if you lead a good life.’

“My little son, born just after the bombardment, was delighted with all the noise. ‘How strange,’ said the Bishop, ‘to think the child has never known the days of peace, and takes an air raid as an ordinary event in life.’”

Next day he went round the scene of the damage, visiting and praying with those who suffered, and chatting with the various groups. That night he took a Confirmation close by in St. James’ Church, West Hartlepool. The first warning came again just as he began. The candidates (forty or fifty) could not be told. He shortened the service, and spoke in veiled language just what was needed if trouble came. There was no haste, yet the service was over in half an hour,

All through, the Bishop had the air of one who was being kept in perfect peace.

Jim Anderson, a Sunday School teacher at Beamish, was found on the field "somewhere in France," badly wounded, lying with the Bible given him by his Vicar when he went away clasped to his heart. He afterwards underwent nine operations and died in Netley Hospital. His body was laid to rest in Beamish churchyard. The Bishop asked to be shown the grave, and afterwards, whenever there, he stood silently awhile beside it. He never forgot. He has been come upon without any previous warning standing there with bent head, and on one occasion, driving home from a Confirmation, he made the following verses, which he sent to the Vicar, the Rev. J. R. Philps, saying, "I shall never forget Jim Anderson's story."

"I bend, dear lad, above thy grave,
And faith and will grow stronger there;
From thee, so Christian and so brave
I learn anew to bear and dare.

In life's long war for Christ and right
May I like thee still take my part,
And clasp like thee, when ends the fight,
My Bible to my dying heart."

On October 18, 1918, less than a month before the Armistice, he writes :

"I think peace is really near. But to be a blessing, it must be a peace secured by Germany's real submission—and I am deeply sure that she must not go without some such retributory pains and penalties as will mark her awful wrongdoings with a brand of solemn condemnation."

The "Town's Thanksgiving" at Sunderland, the day after the Armistice was signed, was a memorable gathering in the Victoria Hall, when the Bishop made one of his grandest speeches, thus reported in the '*Sunderland Echo*' :

"We were living at one of the great moments in the story of mankind. We looked back on certain epochs

with awe at their greatness, at the triumph of Waterloo, for example, but its significance was very much less than to-day's. The German plan of tyrannical domination of the whole world had come to an end. All that was an immense mercy—he emphasized 'mercy.' He did not for a moment forget the glorious men who stood between us and RUIN; the men and women at home, who stood behind the mighty forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air, or those who had laid upon the altar of sacrifice their loved ones. To those who suffered he paid his homage with all his soul. But let us also thank God for having worked so wonderfully through human means, the strong, wise statesmanship, the wonderful tenacity at home, the glorious valour abroad, and that grand loyalty which made English armies perfectly willing for a great common cause to be ordered about by a French commander. Let them also remember there had been acts of God independent of the co-operation of man, manifest in the readiness and position of the British Fleet at the outbreak of war, and also during the retreat from Mons, while who could deny that during the last three months there had been a definite answer to National prayer? Since August 4, when at last the Nation knelt down in prayer, we had not sustained a reverse. There was no true thanksgiving unless it was followed by repentance and resolve. We must reverently back up the wonderful victory God had given. We had gained enormously by millions having realized the greatness of England. We had also discovered the grandeur of service, of liberty, of discipline. He thought we had also 'discovered' God. We had been the recipients of great mercy. Now we were going to be great in nationalism and patriotism. We shall look out upon the world from a land we love, and strive to be great, as God can make the weakest great, in His faith and fear."

At Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on January 22, 1920, the Bishop gave an address on the occasion of the Presidential Campaign, in the Northern District, of the National Council of Free Churches. His subject was "Personal Christian Life, and its immense importance for social good." A multiplied abundance of converted lives was the only foundation for "recon-

struction" so much talked of. In the course of a long address, he said :

" Strange thoughts are in the air, even in Christian circles, very far away from the Gospel of the Apostles. We must all have come across, in the course of the war, a set of opinion which makes the courageous soldier the spiritual equivalent of the Saint,—which makes it, to put it crudely, at least the highest probability that the man who shed his blood for his country would go to heaven with his robes washed in the blood of himself;—the doctrine of salvation by service, irrespective of a man's attitude towards God, or his sense of sin, or the glory of his Crucified Saviour, or the necessity of His presence and power at every turn. Again, men talk as if the life of a vigorous social reformer were a way to heaven independent of the Lord Jesus Christ.

" I often dedicate memorials to the fallen. No one honours them more than I, but I invariably point out that in the closing visions of God's Word we read of multitudes without number who passed through tests of courage far more severe than on the battle-field, martyrs called to face being roasted alive rather than deny Christ, etc. If you had asked any such martyr if he looked for heaven as a reward of his sufferings, think of the sanctified indignation with which he would have said, ' HE is worthy that was slain. I am for ever to be blessed because of Him, that is why I can die with joy.'

" I do not mean that God does not care for the brave sacrifices our sons have made. They who enter that world, because Jesus died, find the Father and the Son attentive to every tear.

" I say all this to emphasize that there is no greater fallacy than neglect of individual salvation. Personal conversion, if only for the sake of others, is infinitely momentous, and will be until ' this same Jesus comes again.'

" The thought of the glory of service (living for other people), which is, I think, the spiritual contribution of this time, is not a mere substitute for the old Gospel. It is one of the gold-mines which are all the while in the field of Calvary, still unexplored by the Church.

" I knew a few years ago a young hewer in a Durham pit,—I think I could go down on my knees if I met

him. He was nothing particular in the pit, except a steady workman, but Christ so lived in him, and shone out of him (for he was everybody's friend), that if he came where there was bad talk, it stopped dead till he was past, silenced not by anything he said, but by what he was, an out-and-out converted man to whom Christ was everything. Such a life as that tells as nothing else tells on the world around."

He was very proud when his godson, Mr. B. Handley Geary, won the Victoria Cross, and wrote to him :

"Auckland Castle,
"November 18, 1915.

"MY DEAR HANDLEY,

"At last I write with love and delight to say how intensely the V.C. has gladdened me, and how *very* proud (an innocent sort of pride) I am of you. My eyes are dim with (very rare) tears and my heart beats with a very deep pleasure.

"It is such a joy to think of your dear Mother's loving happiness. Her mighty faith and prevailing prayer have been powerful elements in your life, and have brought strength and victory, not in the soul's affairs only.

"And now I know you will lay this glorious cross, as another day you will lay a Crown, at the feet of the Lord of the Cross of Calvary. It will be consecrated to be a holy thing by Him. His supreme and victorious suffering, when He not only bore the agony, but despised the shame, turned the very word 'cross' from a word of frightful shame to a word of dignity and victory.

"More than ever you will feel yourself His, and His for ever.

"I shall constantly and earnestly pray that the sight may steadily improve.

"Blessings be on you every day and hour.

"I am your very loving godfather,
"HANDLEY DUNELM."

Mr. Geary¹ was wounded in the war and lost the sight of one eye. While in hospital in London he was visited by the Bishop, who spoke of the "tremendous privilege

¹ Mr. Geary became Captain. He is now Rev.

of having contact with anyone who had been through so much."

This chapter may fitly end with one of his latest letters, revealing his ceaseless gratitude to our soldiers; and his own ever-deepening humility, as he heard that his words had brought a blessing to a poor girl:

*"Auckland Castle,
"Bishop Auckland,
"March 20, 1920.*

"MY DEAR CANON AND FRIEND,

"I value much the beautiful inscription in memory of that very noble young soldier, whose death has given his dear father a glorious and 'joyful sorrow.'

"Oh may the too-forgetful heart of the community remember indeed, with memory that stirs up the conscience and will, such self-sacrificers in the days to come.

"Most gratefully, too, I thank you for those words about my Thursday night's address. That dear girl's words are more cheer to me than she can ever guess.

"What with the growing sense, as the years speed to their close, of what my life and work looks like from the Holy One's view point, it seems more and more wonderful that He should ever use me. But 'let Him send by whom He will send.' Your letter has been such a lift and help to spirit and hope.

*"Ever yours affectionately,
"H.D."*

CHAPTER IX

THE PASTOR AND TEACHER

“ FEW, I think,” says Bishop Nickson, “ realized how laboriously active he really was in the parochial side of a Bishop’s life. It was this which really appealed to him, and in which he excelled.”

Once preaching at Crook in memory of Humphrey King, a son of a former Vicar, who was killed in the war, he said, “ I am a clergyman’s son, and I know well how to a young man so placed the parish seems like a larger family, and the parish takes him to its heart with a family feeling.” For “ young man ” read “ Bishop ” and for “ parish ” read “ Diocese,” and the sentence well depicts the place he had wherever he went. “ He wasn’t a bit like a Bishop—he was so ‘ homely,’ ” was a Teesdale farmer’s verdict. And a pitman said to one of the Lady Pilgrims in the National Mission, “ The Bishop—ay, he’s a canny old chap.”

He was thoroughly at home at parish functions, and greatly delighted them by sitting and taking a cup of tea with the simplest people. “ One of our churchwardens was ill ” (says a letter from a poor parish), “ so the Bishop went down to his house, and prayed by his bedside.” This true pastor’s heart made him take the keenest interest in any special cases. “ I had asked his special prayers,” writes one of his clergy, “ for a young actress in terrible moral danger, and this is what he wrote :

“ I have been trying to respond to your moving letter, and to pray, oh, for more *ἐνέργεια* in prayer, more realization of the *hearer* ! But He is gracious, and does not measure His mercies by our poor asking. He loves

to be just asked. I am *deeply* interested, and if you can ever find time, should value any further word about the case."

A lad lay for weeks in painful illness. All he had learned in Sunday school and choir of the things of God seemed to blossom like a rose in his decaying life. Towards the end he had what seemed a veritable vision of God, Who, as he said, "told him he was to die," and he looked forward to the coming change with the most triumphant hope. Such a death seemed designed of God to radiate gladness and confidence, as it surely did. The Bishop hearing, sent this message :

" Is dear Erny Middleton still this side Jordan? If so give him my true love, and affectionate blessing. May I meet him with joy, when my time comes, in the presence of the King. Your most moving account of him has lifted up my faith and love. It all says He is near, He is real. I shall keep the letter with care."

While thus ready to minister to the poorest and humblest, he had the comfort of knowing that he was used of God in other spheres. Before the Birmingham Convention Bishop Gore wrote :

" I value your kindness more than I can say, and your books, especially *Veni Creator*, have been such a help to me that I feel sure what you say to us will do us a very great deal of good."

And after it :

" *Bishop's Croft, Birmingham,*
" *February 16, '08.*

" I cannot help writing one line to thank you for your addresses to the Convention; they struck to my mind exactly the right note, and made a deep impression. There was a unanimous feeling, as far as I can judge, of deep gratitude.

" Yours very truly,
" C. BIRMINGHAM."

Canon Barnes Lawrence writes :

" I was Bishop Gore's guest at the great Birmingham Convention in February '08. I asked him if he found

any of the speakers specially helpful to himself. He instanced Bishop Paget and Bishop Moule. The latter's subject was the Atonement, and he added, 'I should have liked to have said some of the things myself.' Subsequently his Chaplain, Canon Smith, told me he had never seen Bishop Gore so moved as by Bishop Moule's words. When the volume containing the Addresses came, I turned quickly to see what the Bishop had said. It was simply the old, old story, beautifully put in the power of the Spirit, that, and nothing more or less."

And the Bishop of Norwich wrote :

" *The Palace, Norwich,*
" November 8, 1913.

" MY DEAR BISHOP,

" How nice of you to send me your book, *Grace and Virtue*. You do not know how you have helped me by your books. I have since undergraduate days been a grateful adherent of yours.

" Yours most sincerely,
" B. NORVIC."

Lord Halifax wrote :

" *Hickleton, Doncaster,*
" July 11, 1917.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" How can I thank you enough for your very kind, your *most kind* letter ? It is impossible, but such thanks as I can give, I give from the bottom of my heart. *The Soldier and his Lord* is indeed most moving; except *The Presence*¹ and your Lordship's own letter, nothing has moved me more for a long time. I feel indeed, none can feel it more, that as between the soul and God no priest, nothing external, is necessary, as Cardinal Newman used to say, *Solus cum Solo*, but for all that, the Sacraments He has instituted, the Ministry He has ordained, are means by which He gives His Grace and helps the souls He has made to rise up to Him. And when we see the lives of so many with whom we are brought into contact, how little they love God, or fix their eyes and thoughts on the things that are eternal, can we afford not to make the most of all He

¹ " *The Power of the Presence, and its Relation to the Holy Communion.*" Paper read by the Bishop of Durham before the London Clerical and Lay Union. See Appendix, p. 356.

has given us to help our weakness—and our blinded sight? But in the thought of your letter and much else, I can say no more than to thank you, my very dearest Lord, with all my heart, for all your great kindness and goodness, as great as it is undeserved, to one who is little worthy of it.

“I am yours most sincerely and gratefully,
“HALIFAX.”

One of the most prominent business men in the Diocese writes :

“His letters were greatly valued by me. They brought with them a wonderful atmosphere of peace, which has refreshed me many times in days of great stress. He wrote with absolute freedom, and in his writings there was always the effulgence of his deep personal piety, which gave him his real power.”

A minister of the Danish State Church writes :

“Aaeborg, Denmark.

“This moment I have been reading your book on Romans. I beg you to allow me to thank you for all the blessings I have received by reading your books. I read them again and again. My most cordial thanks for the explanation of 1 Cor. iii. 21, etc., ‘the secret of the Presence.’

“Yours in the service of Christ,
“ANTON PEDERSEN.”

The veteran missionary, Rowland Bateman, of the Punjab, dictated a letter from his dying bed to tell the Bishop how he and his wife had been helped and supported by *Christus Consolator*. The Bishop answered :

“March 7, 1916.

“Your dictated letter, with its signature, is a sacred treasure to me till I too pass over to where the King of love and glory is carrying you. My eyes are dim with loving wonder that He should let me help you. It is *He*.

“And now, bright and blissful be your passage to the Mount Zion, to be ‘at home with the Lord,’ and with

His own beloved ones who will—what a company!—hail you in. Soon will He come (and you with Him).

“Yours with loving reverence,
“HANDLEY DUNELM.”

What his sermons were to the parishes he visited can be illustrated by quotations :

“A wonderfully moving and eloquent sermon at St. Ignatius’ Church, Sunderland, Dedication Festival, Heb. xii. 23. ‘Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect’ was the text, and the subject matter the inspiring examples of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, and Bishop Lightfoot, founder of the Church.”

“It was Advent Sunday at Christ Church, Gateshead, and he preached at Midday Communion on ‘showing the Lord’s death till He come.’ In a rapid, vivid way he described the institution of the Lord’s Supper in the upper room, and its continuance, in catacombs, monasteries, cathedrals, churches, and ‘here this morning.’ And in each case they were looking forward, showing His death till He come; ‘so it will go on, till—oh! by the way, HE IS HERE!’

“There was a holy stillness as he finished, broken by the singing of the well-known hymn, ‘Till He come—O let the words.’ At the close of the service the Bishop thanked the choir for their help in that hymn, in a way that cannot be described.”

A volume might usefully be filled with his Spiritual Letters of Counsel,¹ but room must be found here for one or two :

“My experience (blessed be God, it says also that there is a glorious deliverance) amply illustrates to me what you say of the sorrow of alternations between fervour, and brightness in prayer, and then failure in practical things.

“Let us begin by a quiet avowal to ourselves that such a life is *not* the Lord’s intention: that somehow He is able to make us walk evenly in spite of our miserable selves.

¹ See Canon Harford’s *Letters and Poems of Bishop Moule*, Marshall Brothers, London.

May I offer a few simple and homely suggestions :

1. First, as to your words about the possible advantage of self-denial in this or that habit. I do not advise exactly any acts of (so to speak) *invented* or *gratuitous* self-discipline. Fasting has a true place in Christian life, but it is not for all, if I am right. I don't feel sure it is for you. But I *do* counsel the sort of self-discipline which comes straight in the way of duty, a watchful avoidance of self-indulgent habits; such as carelessness about giving trouble, slowness to take or (for others) save trouble. Study an unpretending simplicity about comforts, luxuries, dressing, etc. (I speak, of course, utterly in the dark as to your actual ways.) Such things are 'in the path of His commandments.' Look for Him in the path.

2. Then, let me say, practise the remembrance that the Lord Jesus is a Living Person, *not* yourself; '*objective*' to you, and therefore to be addressed, consulted, appealed to, drawn upon, quite simply. Do you tell Him 'what is the matter,' quite as simply as you have told me? only, doing it at every turn, doing it (if I may say so, this is important) just *before* every turn?

"A few weeks ago a sorely tried friend found that very simple suggestion a mighty help, to remember that He is just a glorified *Someone else* on whom care is cast, in the way at least of consultation.

"Then, if failure does come, do you *at once* take it to the Cross for pardon (real, instant pardon: 1 John i. 9), extenuating nothing, but accepting full forgiveness? and do you take it to the Living Lord 'to manage it for you' (as an old Christian last century said) next time? Do not look too far ahead, one step at a time. Not, 'I will never do it again,' or even 'Let me never do it again,' but, 'Lord keep me *now*, and just *next time*,' and so on again.

"Lastly, remember the *facts* on which faith is to rest and walk. Remember Jesus bore for you *that* sin, and *that*, and *that*, the meanest, the lowest, worst sins. And, remember *your Body is the Temple of the Holy Spirit*, you have *Him on the spot*. Use Him. The Life of Faith is the Life that *uses* the Lord.

"Now I commend you to Him, and the Word of His Grace. Be of good cheer. We are well able to overcome in Him."

Again to the same :

“ I need not dwell on the deep sadness and solemnity of this present problem. Everything connected with sin, and the human heart’s reluctance to submit to the Grace of God, borders upon the region of the darkness which is the realm of the enemy’s power. And most surely the Word of God spares no warning and no appeal to man to fly for refuge, here and now, in this present life, to the hope set before us. ‘ Stay not in all the plain.’ And the believer (who has seen enough of the Lord’s *heart* of love to be sure that His Will may be absolutely trusted, in the deepest midnight of mystery, to do *right*) will seek, and find grace to ‘ hold his peace,’ as Aaron did over his dead sons; where no light seems given by the revealed Word, keeping a silence which is hard and hopeless, but submissive when *He* is silent.

“ But meantime I do venture to suggest some thoughts of hope and relief.

“ 1. Let us be sure of the eternal certainty that God *is* love, and is infinitely more desirous, therefore, to save than to condemn; is sure, if I may put it so, to take every possible way to save, under whatever difficulty, which will not violate His holiness.

“ 2. Let us recall the countless recorded instances of instantaneous conviction and salvation where the person has *all but* died, and then recovered, and has said that, in a moment of time, ‘ twixt the stirrup and the ground,’ Christ was seen and accepted, unto eternal life. One such I know of, whose after life of steady faith and obedience, for forty years, showed the reality of it.¹

“ 3. Then I would remind you that (so far as I see) Evangelical Truth has no quarrel with the thought of training and growth after death. I do not think that the Scriptures (our one oracle for eternal things) reveal purgatorial pains and the like. But I see nothing to forbid the thought that a convert brought to *Jesus* in the act of death may be, so to speak, set to learn lessons, in the Holy Place, ‘ in a low form,’ which the old disciple will have learnt already, and so grow humbly, and with an awful sense of past sin, above all of the sin of not yielding sooner. Even Hebrews xii., ‘ the spirits of just men *made perfect*,’ seems to me to allow this. There

¹ See the story in *Christus Consolator*, p. 94.

is perfection *and* perfection, perfect standing, perfect freedom from temptation, while yet a great need to grow in knowledge and likeness.

"I think you are entitled to a holy hope that your friend, so much prayed for, saw the Lord for salvation on the very border line, and is in His home school now.

"May a great confidence of his perfectness of love, skill and power possess your heart."

Other examples of his dogmatic teaching are found in his Primary Charge, 1904.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

"... More and more, as life advances, do I feel the sacredness of the conscience of other men; and the least harshness of thought as to conscientious beliefs, however different from my own, becomes to me always more repugnant. Who that has ever felt the agonies of doubt, aye, the distressing pains involved often in the mere growth of thinking, a growth which should be lifelong, will wish to deal harshly with the mind of another? But all this may be present in consciousness, while yet we may be constrained to protest, not that certain opinions are never to be discussed, or are to be simply reprobated, but that plain affirmations and undertakings, as sacred as possible, are not because of them to be loosely treated. . . .

"Our Lord was either the Son of a Virgin Mother, or He was not. The Creeds affirm that He was, because the Scriptures affirm it before them. Here is a question not of interpretation, not of consequential tenet, not of *modus*, but of ultimate fact. If the fact is at best doubtful it is quite out of place in the Creed. While it is in the Creed, not as a comment but as an article, it demands assent in order to recitation.

"I venture to go behind this reflection to the question of testimony to the Virginity of the Holy Mother. We are aware, to superfluity, of the criticisms upon it. The first Gospel has come in many quarters to be disparaged as history to a degree sometimes distressing in its disrespect, and the silence of the second and fourth Gospels is strongly insisted upon. . . .

"For me it seems pertinent to reply first, that the

largest mass of statement occurs in the third Gospel, written by a narrator who takes pains to emphasize his verifying care; and that the first two chapters of that Gospel contain abundant self-evidencing data. The contents and style of the rhythmical Canticles, for example, are such as exactly to suggest the transition-time supposed; and one touch of the narrative after another makes it at least reasonable to say that the basis of the story may well have been furnished from within the Holy Family—and indeed by the Holy Mother. Note further that the Evangelists who are silent over the Birth are silent as to the whole Sacred Infancy and Boyhood, so that their silence as to the Birth proves too much. Note again that St. Luke's fragmentary glimpses of the Infancy and Boyhood are perfectly restrained, singularly devoid of myth-like excrescences. How sublimely simple is the general texture of the narrative—the turtle-doves of the poor, the growth of the Child in wisdom, the attitude of the young Hearer and Questioner among the Rabbis, the home obedience at Nazareth! Can anything be more widely different from an apocryphal 'Gospel of the Infancy'? Can anything more reasonably suggest for the whole document a basis of contemporary testimony, and a use of it, worshipping and open-eyed, by a competent narrator?

"Then, behind all, there rises in view that supreme miracle, the Lord. As James Mozley long ago pointed out,¹ there is no miracle more properly miraculous than the *Jesus* of the Evangelists, in the profound contrasts and sublime harmony of His character. . . .

"To His surpassing glory, at once truly human and absolutely divine, no testimony is like that of the fourth Gospel. It does not indeed narrate the Nativity, though it alludes (as I understand it) with a refined *eironeia*, to the story of Bethlehem (vii. 42), recording the questions of the crowd about the pedigree and birthplace of the Christ, and leaving the reader, the spectator, just as Sophocles might do, to think how well *he* knows the secrets which are hidden from the actors. . . .

"I dare to say that the fourth Gospel moves in such a level, in its presentation of the Son of God and Man,

¹ *Lectures and Theological Papers* : VIII., "Of Christ alone without sin."

that it leaves us to feel that a *normal* introduction into Manhood would for Him be the most profound anomaly. . . .

“To me the Sacred Birth, as the first and third Gospels record it, and as the earliest and most inchoative Confessions of Faith in the Church confess it—for see Ignatius, and Justin, and Irenaeus, and Tertullian as they indicate, or almost quote, the formulated faith of their early (and let us remember highly disputative) age,—seems, the more I reflect upon it, to strike a deep and holy harmony with the whole truth of the sinless Incarnation of God as Man.”

OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM

“. . . Nothing is more needed over our Bibles now than first a reverent patience with the innumerable problems which of course the Book presents, and then a *personal perusal* of the whole, and of the parts, again and again till life ends: endeavouring with humility and prayer to cultivate such a worshipping sympathy with the spirit of the Scriptures as shall make the very letter of them at least as sacred to us as are the stones of a Cathedral where we adore our God. I do not want to speak as a mere obscurantist. It is amply apparent that the thought and experience of ages, researches into nature, revelations of forgotten history, have to be taken into account in our interpretations. Cosmical, geological and historical discoveries have combined, as it seems to me, to show that the earliest pages of the Book of Genesis are to be read, not as mere legend, nor again as mere allegory, but as a *record*—written not in alphabet, but in symbol, in hieroglyphics. We should be as slow there to insist on mere literalism as we should be slow to do so at the other end of Scripture, in the final visions of Patmos. But at both extremities of Scripture we should look for facts—in mystery. This point of view leaves room to the believer at once for tranquillity in face of natural and historic research (not forgetting, meanwhile, that research is one thing and inference from it another); for a wide toleration of diverse provisional explanations of the record, and yet for an unshakable acceptance, as from an Oracle, of its utterance to us about God and man, even as our Lord Christ Himself accepted them. . . .

“ I do not forget that large recognition has often and obviously to be given to the presence of many documents or ‘sources’ in one writing, and to many an after note or comment usefully embodied in the text. But I do with emphasis plead for a reverent persistence in the long-tried faith of the Church (our direct inheritance through the Lord, from the elder dispensation) about the vast solidity and trustworthiness of the Holy Scriptures as a whole. Truly, if ever a tenet could pass that difficult and sifting test, *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*, it is the tenet of the veracity and the authority of the Holy Bible. . . .

“ All I can do now is to implore my Reverend Brethren, for their very life, to deepen every day (we have all promised to do so, before God, at our Ordination) a personal knowledge of the Holy Scriptures . . . not first the literary critic, but first the Scriptures, along with prayer that He Who spake by the Prophets will work in our hearts a reverential sympathy with that mysterious Volume which alone in literature appears as a Library yet a Book : the product humanly of a minor race in Western Asia, yet never more than now the Book of universal Man : aye, the Book of the Son of Man—the Oracle of the Father to the Incarnate Son. I believe that only the Christian who really knows his Bible, and, so to speak, kneels to its study, can understand it aright, and can judge aright, in a spiritual sense, of its nature and its glory.”

NEARNESS OF OUR LORD’S RETURN

He lived in the most triumphant expectation of our Lord’s return, “ an event which will prove as concrete and historical as the Nativity or the Passion.” Ten years before the Great War, in January 11, 1904, he wrote these remarkable words to Miss Marsh :

“ The thought of His coming gets more definite and more bright to me as life goes on. Surely the signs gather. Are we not on the verge of an almighty Armageddon at last? It is then that the voice says, Behold, I come quickly.”

In 1919 he looks back to General Allenby’s entry into Jerusalem as one of “ signs many and profound that

something supreme is coming before very long." He expected "such a presence of the Son of Man in the human world, such a governance of our race by its one sufficient King, that an age of heavenly gold shall be lived below the sky."

In later years he would often speak of this publicly. Dr. McCullagh tells how "at Etherley, in one of the most impressive addresses I ever heard, he spoke of the rapidly approaching end of the world. It caused a great sensation in the crowd. He spoke with such dramatic intensity that some of the audience became almost hysterical." He had not the least hesitation in so speaking, for, as he writes to another friend, "This expectation is a true factor in the present Christian life."¹

¹ See *The Hope of the near Approach of the Lord's Return*, an Address at Cannon Street Hotel, Jan. 29, 1919. Thynne, 4d.

CHAPTER X

THE SCHOLAR BISHOP

WHEN Bishop Lightfoot first came to Durham, a miner, seeing his thickset active frame, remarked, “They sp’iled a grand pitman when they made yon man a Bishop.” In much the same spirit, when Dr. Moule was appointed to Durham (as a letter in *The Times* recalled), “Handley Moule’s skill as a writer of Latin elegiacs is still spoken of among the ‘coaches’ with a sort of regret that such powers should be sacrificed to Theology.” But the gift which enabled him to win the Seatonian prize so often in youth remained with him to the end. He was one of the greatest of epigrammatists, and his facility in hitting on the exact right word amounted to scholarly genius.

The aim of this chapter is to show that the scholar was by no means “sp’iled when they made him a Bishop.” In the midst of absorbing work at Durham his heart turned often to Cambridge, and he found constant recreation in the ancient Classics. Canon Cruickshank writes :—

“ He was an admirable scholar of the old school, one who wrote and appreciated verses, but at the same time was alive to the interests of modern research. I remember once standing in the porch at Auckland when the motor was at the door; the Bishop darted into the study and emerged with a smile upon his face, with a well-used Virgil, which he brandished before me, and thrust into his pocket for perusal on the journey. It was to the Classics he owed the grace of his conversational style and his eloquence in the pulpit. He was interested in literature of all kinds, and especially in the development of modern poetry.”

He used to say that part of the curved drive in the park at Auckland, where the great beech trees grow, always somehow made him think of *Alcestis*. He loved to repeat, as he walked there, the passage in the sixth *Aeneid* about the Elysian Fields. And in his summer holiday at Alnmouth in August 1919 he would read with Mrs. De Vere the fifth and sixth *Aeneid*, and Homer, and the part of the *Georgics* which seems to have Messianic promise.

He hears from the Master of Trinity that his own "panel" is to find a place in the great oriel window in the Hall at Trinity.

"What a place," he writes, "that Hall is to an old Trinity man, who has lived in contact with the beloved College to any degree for forty-five years. There I struggled (in vain) for a Minor Scholarship in 1859. There I used to see Whewell sit in glory in the days when the old Prize-givings were still an institution—and a good one; there we scholars dined, with a world of distinction near us (to our self-exaltation) when the old Duke of Devonshire was installed in '62. (I remember dear R. Burns' very loud "Hear, hear" from a corner of the table when the Duke said that he—the Duke—was not a great speaker.) And how vivid the remembrance is of afternoon dinners with old and dear cronies, when we came but a little before from the boats, and of one May after another, and its fears and excitements. On one of those occasions I made three marks on a high Mathematical paper by describing a telescope in popular terms. F. Brown was the examiner, now the venerable Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. I reminded him of this when introduced to him at my induction in 1901, and he answered in a voice all his own, "And I dare say they were too many." One remembrance I cherish is of a day at the earlier Hall, when I was Dean, and (in King's absence) had to take the Chair. On one side of me sat Westcott and Lightfoot on the other, and a most characteristic talk they had about *σκῆνος* in 2 Cor. v. 1."

In January 1907 he paid a short visit to Rome, and wrote a long account of it, showing that to him Rome is still "the city of the soul." "The heart as well as the

mind is still stirred sometimes to tears of indescribable sensation by this wonderful world of history and power, with its strata, so to speak, of periods, primeval, regal, republican, imperial, papal and modern, often (like the strata in geology) twisted in upon one another in bewildering and interesting confusion."

On his way to Rome for this visit he says, "I occupied myself with a translation, from the *Georgics*, on a train journey across Virgil's own plains of Lombardy, then covered with snow." The translation extends to fifty-four spirited lines, and was printed privately on a sheet with another translation from Statius,¹ descriptive of the country seat of his friend Vopiscus at Tibur, now Tivoli. The Latin lines had been inscribed on a small marble tablet in the balcony outside the Divinity Professor's house in the College at Durham, placed there by a former occupant of that Canon's stall, because the poem, in its picture of the Villa by the Anio, "happens

¹ From Statius (*Silvae*, I. iii. 13-23).

"O LONGUM memoranda dies ! quæ mente reporto
Gaudia, quam lassos per tot miracula visus !
Ingenium quam mite solo ! quæ forma beatis
arte manus concessa locis ! Non largius usquam
indulxit natura sibi. Nemora alta citatis
incubuere vadis ; fallax responsat imago
frondibus, et longas eadem fugit unda per umbras.
Ipse Anien—miranda fides—infraque superque
saxeus, hic tumidam rabiem spumosaque ponit
murmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci
Pierosque dies et habentes carmina somnos."

(In English.)

"O DAY to memory dear ! O splendid prize
For well-pleased thought ! O wonder-wearied eyes !
The soil how genial here ! How fine the skill
Which leaves each charming spot more charming still !
Where to herself is Nature kindlier seen ?
On the swift river, lo, the woodlands lean ;
Bower smiles to bower—the features to the glass ;
Smooth waves unbroke o'er long reflections pass.
Anio himself (admire the loyal God !)
Transfigures here the temper of his flood ;
Below, above, he roars from rock to rock,
But hushes now his anger, foam and shock ;
As loth by day our Poet's peace to alarm,
Or break the tuneful dreams that e'en his midnight charm."

to give a charmingly true account of the view from that balcony over the woods and waters of the Wear."

"I have used," he writes, "two English metres to represent originals both written in hexameters. That noble metre, as elastic as it is strong, seems to invite now one English equivalent, now another; according to its use by Latin poets of widely different genius and of periods quite as distinct as those of Milton and Pope in our literature."

And to Mr. E. M. Oakeley he writes :

"June 15, 1914.

"There is a mysterious balance about Virgil's rhythm, which sometimes seems to want the most dignified sort of 'heroic couplet' to convey it. But for a *continuance* the rhymeless rhythm is the true thing."

Dr. Butler sends him a copy of his Translations into elegiacs. The Bishop, apologising for delay in reply, says :

"You will have said to yourself, 'Poor fellow, his literature must be nearly confined now to reading and writing letters from (and to) more or less aggrieved clergy. He looks at my *Camenæ* with longing but helpless eyes, waiting for the leisure in which alone they can be really hearkened to.' So it has been. Yesterday the quiet hour came, and I was able to read with quiet delight, and a sense of pure recreation, your perfect verses."

A year later the Bishop had to face a month in a Nursing Home in London, and in writing to Dr. Butler he speaks lightheartedly of the "gravity" of the occasion, which he desires humbly to approach *εν Θεῷ*. Then he thanks him for a book :

"I take it with me as a spiritual guide. If all goes well I look forward, in the month I am probably to spend under the rule of nurses, to a feast of quiet reading, unwonted luxury. I am taking some books highly unc ecclesiastical, *e. g.* Thackeray's two Anthologias, Greek and Latin, and *Joseph Andrews*, an eighteenth-century classic I have long desired to read. But books of a very different sort go too. Yours will

be treasured among these. Above all I hope to get some very quiet hours over the Bible."

He says also in this letter,—“ It will be pleasant to be just told what to do and what not.” He was treated as an ordinary patient, and answered to the name of “ Number Three.” Feeling convalescent he happened to stand up, when to his amused surprise came a decisive word of command from the nurse, “ *Sit down, Number Three!* ” When he told this story to the Bishop of Wakefield at York, Dr. Eden sent him this poem, to his great delight :

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF TERTIUS, 1915.

(*The footnotes are by Bishop Moule.*)

¹ “ Upon his terraced garden path he stood
And viewed his Park, his Deerhouse, and the wood
That climbed above the river to the plains;
And thought how much of glory still remains
To that exalted throne above the Wear ²
Where 'twas his lot the Church's rule to bear.

Back flew his thoughts : in peace Northumbria lay,
Owning the Bishop's undisputed sway.³
The fleeting shadows played on Cheviot's sides,
And Breamish ⁴ rolled his pebbles ; and the tides
Had girdled Holy Isle from night to morn,
And swelling chafed the pinnacles of Farne.⁵
There, mounted on his charger, sword in hand,
Sat ⁶ Antony, and guarded all the land.

Then changed the scene : in Auckland's castled halls
The learned Joseph ⁷ mused ; and planned his walls,
And drank his coffee ; though his heart was sore
For England's faith, which was not as of yore.
For men, whose pleasures bred their pallid doubt,
Had thought by argument to leave Christ out.
Then as God gave him wisdom he wrote down—
Nature and Revelation are of One.⁸

¹ A pretty word picture of the view from our garden walks ; a much-loved early promenade of mine, before chapel and breakfast.

² The Wear flows at the foot of the rock where the Cathedral stands.

³ The medieval Bishops had almost royal authority within County Durham : a shadow of it lasted to 1836.

⁴ A Northumbrian River dear to anglers.

⁵ Islands near Holy Isle : Cuthbert died on one of them.

⁶ Anthony Bek, Warrior Bishop, thirteenth century.

⁷ Bishop Butler, of the *Analogy*. His coffee-pot is still used in the Castle. He loved building, hence “ his walls.”

⁸ A good summary of Butler's great argument.

So in procession all the stately throng
 Of princely Bishops seemed to pass along :
 Bury and Hatfield, Skirlawe, Fox austere,
 And Wolsey, Tunstall, Hutton, all appear ; ¹
 And gentle Cosin, open-handed Crewe—
 Statesmen and builders, learned men and true.

Till, at the last, two Cambridge scholars came,²
 Of noble mind and European fame.
 Like them, with double honours,³ he was sent,
 A stranger from the South—but well content
 To learn and love the true and tender North,
 To train their souls, and find their sterling worth.
 (Yet in his humble mind he hardly knew,
 Third of that line, he would be princely too.)

But in Life's eventide the storm began
 That tried his spirit and revealed the man.
 'Twas his to drink the common cup, and come
 Prostrate and helpless to a Nursing Home.
 One touch of humbling sickness, and I see
 This Prince of Church reduced to—Number Three !
 Vain here to vaunt a mitre or a pall,
 Peasant and peer are numbers, that is all.
 Yet more : when waxing strong he stands erect
 (As pleading to be treated with respect),
 A gentle maid⁴ in Nurse's cap and gown,
 Whispers (but firmly), ' Number Three, sit down ! '

No question then : the categoric ' must '
 Demolishes all pride and pomp in dust.
 He in whose presence curates trembling stand
 Perforce obeys that voice of mild command.
 Tertius enthroned upon his bed I see,
 A mere obedient nonentity.

And yet, perchance, for those whose eyes are clear,
 'Tis not the highest throne that crowns the Wear.
 For, musing on the scene, methinks I see
 The only greatness is humility.
 Not swords and chargers, not the pride of place,
 Nor lineage, nor learning's gentle grace,
 Nor lusty strength—though God these gifts impart—
 Are half so noble as a childlike heart.
 And he who fain would win this princely mind
 Must as a little child his kingdom find,
 As did the ruler of this ancient see,
 Content an unknown Tertius to be."

" G. R. W."

¹ Bishops of the centuries from 14th to 18th.

² Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott, my two pre-eminent predecessors.

³ Not quite correct ! [Yes ! 1. Classical Tripos. 2. Theological Prelim.—ED.]

⁴ Shall we say rather " A lady kind, *or* strict " ? (It was not a whisper, but a decisive word of command !)

Scholarship and fun met suddenly one day. He was told how Bishop Lightfoot would allow himself to be involved with his students in the age-long question whether a pie or a tart was open or closed, and a new student attempted to closure the debate by “the well-known saying in the Classics, *Tars est celare tartem.*” “Oh !” cried Bishop Moule, with an indescribably droll look, and a voice of mock pain and real pleasure, “Oh ! I wish I had said *that !*”

The following are extracts from letters to Canon Cruickshank :

“ Your love of Euripides greatly interests me. I have always delighted most in Sophocles, particularly in the great Theban plays. But I am sure there are glories in Euripides far more than I have seen yet. Milton was at one with you about him. Yet *Samson* always seems to me Sophoclean.

“ Your remarks about Homer and Virgil are extremely interesting to me. I own that all my life I have more perfectly delighted in V. than (dare I say it ?) in H., and in these my latter days I find an almost inexpressible pleasure in parts of the *Aeneid*, in their absolute perfection of expression in the way of tenderness and dignity and their constant hint of the author’s meditative insight into the pathos of life. I don’t mean to endorse Voltaire’s epigram, but it has a fragment of truth : ‘ Si Homère a fait Virgile, c’est son plus bel ouvrage.’ I have lately read with admiring pleasure, Sir T. H. Warren’s poem, ‘ The Death of Virgil.’

“ Thank you for sending me Mackail’s lecture on Pope. I have read it with the greatest interest, and indeed admiration. I think I told you how from very early days I have been quite a Popian adherent. Two points only occur to me as inviting very modest criticism : both in connection with M.’s notice of the almost silence of lyric poetry at Pope’s era. One is that he does scant justice, I think, to the grandeur of some of the hymns of which he speaks as a ‘ last trickle of lyrical work.’ Some of Watts’s, C. Wesley’s and Toplady’s (a magnificent lyric is the latter’s piece inspired by Rev. vii., but then it came quite twenty years after Pope, I think) are very noble lyrics surely.

"Then I think he too absolutely depreciates Pope's own few lyrics. His twelve-year-old poem, 'Happy the man,' is truly Horatian. And 'Vital Spark' seems to me really beautiful."

His speeches and articles on English poets when he was Bishop, with his fine taste, exact knowledge and eager enthusiasm, rivet attention. The following is an extract from the opening of a speech on Milton :

"In our language we have, by the admission of modern continental students, perhaps the most perfect organ for the expression of thought ever given to man. And its power has been singularly illustrated in the record of our poetry. It is remarkable that it should be so, for the Englishman is not commonly credited with imagination or far-seeing temperament. And poetry implies that sort of writing which demands not only a rhythmic beauty in the phrase, but a certain subtle excitation in the thought behind the phrase, which is akin to what responds in us to the mysterious spell of music. Well, our race, against all probabilities *a priori*, has, as a fact, for all its workaday character, produced a poetry which I dare to call the most magnificent phenomenon among the poetries of the world.

"I know something of Greek and Latin poetry, something, though mainly in translation, of Italian and German, and I venture to say that the Muse of England has produced *in toto* a more wonderful wealth of power and beauty than ever there. From Cædmon (seventh century) to Tennyson (nineteenth century), what a wealth it is, to name only Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Browning, W. Morris, Arnold, and a whole galaxy of lesser but luminous names behind them.

"And Milton shines all but supreme, by Shakespeare's side. . . . *Paradise Lost*, one of the supreme poems of the world, was dictated in his blindness, sitting in an arm-chair. It moves among angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, yet never with an effort; often with a beauty and tenderness as wonderful as is the greatness, the sheer magnificence, of its majestic metre."

The peroration of this speech gives a living and vivid portrait of Milton :

“ This pre-eminent, intellectual and artistic luminary, this wonderful combination of the man of intense creative genius with the man of unwearied studious industry, is beyond parallel; the man of wide patriotic outlook, with the seer into heaven and hell; the stern and even proud censor of all that is not only wrong but ignoble, with the friend whom younger men loved to gather round; the accomplished student of pagan Greece and Rome, with the profound believer in the revelation of the Bible; the Puritan in his hatred of all that was licentious or tyrannous, while sensitive as any Cavalier to the charms of art, of beauty, of music, of an almost boundless culture.”

A still grander picture of the poet is to be found in the Bishop’s superb article in the *Churchman*, December 1908, p. 711. It would be vandalism to attempt quotation from these eight most brilliant pages, but they should be read by all lovers of Dr. Moule, for they reveal in him “ some sparks of a kindred genius.” He actually takes you into Milton’s mind and heart and lets you watch the man “ *thinking himself into the Bible* ” with all his store of classic knowledge as his mould of thought. He deplores the fact that Milton is nowadays more “ read about than read,” and tells how his own early home training in Milton helped his development.

In Durham Abbey on Founders’ Day (January 27), as revived by Dean Henson, Milton’s paraphrase of Ps. cxxxvi., “ Let us with a gladsome mind,” is sung by the assembled chapter and choir in a procession all round the great Cathedral. Six special verses were added by Bishop Moule, which show how much he had caught of Milton’s inspiration :

“ He of old, like shepherd kind,
Did in the waste our fathers find;
For his, etc.

Here he sped, their want to feed,
Christlike Aidan, good at need,
For his, etc.

And to bless a later hour,
 Cuthbert's spell of love and power,
 For his, etc.

He bade his men a temple rear
 Rock on rock, by winding Wear,
 For his, etc.

Vast and fair, a matchless frame,
 Through nine ages still the same,
 For his, etc.

Outward sign of heavenly truth,—
 CHRISTE'S LORE HATH ENDLESS YOUTH,
 For his, etc."

To his friend, Mr. Oakeley, he writes :

" No one before Milton wrote ' blank verse ' (strange term !) aright, and after Milton no one like Cowper, who *me judice* commanded it to perfection. He was a rare person, unless I am wrong. He also had the very spirit of Horace in him. And then he could touch the Christian harp in some of the purest and most noble of hymns."

He also wrote a valuable paper on Cowper, in which he records an important tradition that must be handed on here. Cowper, as is well-known, was constantly oppressed, holy man as he was, with an awful consciousness that God had eternally cast him off, the most awful type of mania. At last it was removed, but only at the very last :

" I possess a precious tradition of Cowper's last half-hour, on his death-bed at Dereham. His nephew, John Johnson, told the story to William Marsh of blessed memory (afterwards Dr. Marsh of Beckenham) some eighty years ago. Marsh told it to his daughter, my saintly and venerated friend, Miss Catherine Marsh, who told it a few years ago to me.

" Cowper lay in extreme weakness, dying; there had not come to him one gleam of hope, and now he was without power to speak. Johnson (' Johnny of Norfolk'), his nephew, was watching by him, and with thoughts strongly tempted towards a blank infidelity, by the sight of such goodness seemingly so deserted. But now, on a sudden, there came a change. The dying face was irradiated as with a surprise of joy, ' unspeakable and full of glory.' William Cowper lay speechless, motion-

less, but enraptured, for the last half-hour before the ceasing of his breath. Then did the nephew clasp the dead man's Bible to his heart, saying, 'His faith shall be my faith, and his God shall be my God.' "

Thus after seventeen years of spiritual despair this true man of God, as he crossed the threshold of death and entered into life, experienced and exhibited to his hesitating nephew the profound truth of his own pathetic hymn :

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Bishop Maltby, preaching before the newly-founded University of Durham in 1837, is said to have taken as his text, "Canst thou speak Greek?"¹ But Dr. Moule was no Greek-play Bishop. In his sermon before the same University on "The Christian Student and his Mind," he revealed the motive of all his own scholarship :

"The Holy Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding is the Author of the Intellectual in man : the Soul, whispering to the Intellect its suggestion of a godly fear, bids it look upward, as from its knees ; and assuredly it loses neither in range, nor in vision, nor in truth of vision for that look."

¹ See Acts xxi. 37.

CHAPTER XI

THE MAN HIMSELF

MULTITUDES all over the world who love him as a teacher will be glad to know something of Bishop Moule in his personal and private life.

Foremost of all they should consider well the noble, life-like portrait of him by his successor, Dr. Hensley Henson, uttered in his enthronement sermon—a sermon that, apart from the reference to himself, would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Moule. As Dean and Bishop they had worked together on the most cordial terms :

“ As I take up the great office which my predecessor has invested with the unearthly charm of personal sanctity,” said the new Bishop, “ it needs not that I should remind a great assembly of Durham folk of his many claims to their respectful and affectionate remembrance. None could be brought into personal contact with him without perceiving the dominance of purely religious influences in his character, speech and manner. He was naturally gentle and gracious, but these good gifts of temperament had been hallowed and exalted by personal piety. It is natural to apply to him that profound and luminous phrase of the Scripture, ‘ *He walked with God.*’ To the rich and varied tradition of this great See he has contributed the memory of a sanctified character, unworldly and yet most winning, which drew men’s homage by the subtle power of the Spirit, and placed them under the beneficent coercion of transparent goodness.

“ There is much that might be truthfully and fittingly said about the late Bishop. He was a fine scholar, the master of a dignified and lucid style, one of the most eloquent of English preachers. His knowledge of literature, ancient and modern, was wide, and his literary judgment sound and discerning. But these gifts,

natural and acquired, were wholly subordinate to the master purpose and business of his spiritual ministry. It has been given to few men to wield so large an authority as a director of souls. His devotional writings, both in verse and prose, were read and treasured by multitudes who had never heard his voice or seen his face. When I was in Sweden a few weeks ago, I was assured that some of these writings, translated into Swedish, were widely read by religious people in that country. His Evangelical convictions he maintained without compromise, and expressed them without bitterness. No man could doubt either the strength of his faith or the largeness of his charity."

Dr. McCullagh, his medical attendant at Bishop Auckland, writes :

" He was a man of extraordinary physical vigour, with a chest measurement some inches above the average, and his muscular development was very good. He was a fast and enduring walker, and I often noticed how springy was his gait, and how easily he vaulted the rail fence at the golf links in the park. For a few years, under the tuition of his Chaplain, Mr. Eddison, a scratch man, he played occasional games of golf, and with more time and practice he would have become a good player. Up to the end of his life he retained his muscular strength, and regularly practised gymnastic exercises. He never had any of the ordinary signs of old age; his eyes were always bright and clear, and his skin and complexion were those of a man of less than middle age. In temperament he was cheery and buoyant. Fits of depression would come like a cloud sometimes, but soon passed away. Otherwise he was a thorough-going optimist. He was very easy of approach. Several of the poor clergy were regularly helped by him."

As a young man at Cambridge he had been an expert strong swimmer and used to row in his College boat. In later life he rode a bicycle, and kept to it when he could, after he became Bishop. He was very particular about regular exercise, and often maintained that he owed his good health in later life to the habit of daily walking till he had broken out in perspiration. To the

end, if he had only a short time for exercise, he would walk very quickly, or run in the garden, or up and down the steep hill in the hall meadow. And his testimony that he could do the full work of life at seventy-four, thanks to Muller's exercises, loomed large on the advertisement page of *Punch*, to his great amusement.

He kept a curiously methodical Diary. A thick octavo book, with two columns to the page, was divided into four spaces, in which four years ran parallel right through many volumes. Thus on any given date he could see at a glance what happened on that exact day on the four previous years. The space for each day, scarce two inches square, is filled with minute careful writing. He noted the weather, and often his observations of the stars, etc., as well as business and family affairs, and war news, and constant notes of spiritual life.

His life was very full, but he was never hurried, chiefly because of his extraordinary regularity.¹ His day began on the stroke of 7 a.m. Before 8.30 chapel he always had a time of devotional Bible reading in the study, followed by a time of prayer, walking up and down the North Walk of the garden. Often when it was cold or wet he would come round to the chapel door with his grey shawl round his shoulders, sometimes powdered with snow. This early morning "walk with God" was most characteristic. Canon Lillingston recalls among early impressions, in 1887, at Ridley Hall, "the sight of Mr. Moule walking in his garden every morning from 7 to 7.30 a.m. with eyes closed, and a shawl on his shoulders, saying his prayers." The silence of nature helped him in his devotions, and he found he could pray best as he walked. He also found it an aid to thought and meditation to speak aloud to God in prayer.

Thus, morning by morning, he went through his thirteen Rural Deaneries, taking one each day, and

¹ In this he was greatly assisted by his most methodical chaplain, the Rev. E. H. Maish, to whom he refers as "the best helper I ever had."

mentioning every one of his clergy by name in fervent prayer, as he paced to and fro in the old-world garden path, bordered with alternate rose and lavender bushes, planted a century ago by one of his predecessors. A new fragrance now haunts its pleasant shade. As Magdalen prides herself over Addison's Walk at Oxford, and Pembroke cherishes the lingering memory of Ridley in her "Orchard" at Cambridge, so henceforth Durham will love to gaze with wistful, unforgetting eyes along "Bishop Moule's Walk" (which was also "Bishop Butler's Walk") in Auckland Castle garden.

Another great secret of his saintly life lay in his ceaseless devotional reading of the Bible—apart from his work at it as a student. It was his practice to retire in good time and to rise early to read it in private. Like Bengel's midnight watcher, we would fain "wait behind the arras to see the saint alone with his God." He lets us into his secret in his little tract on reading the Bible:¹

"A friend wrote to me, 'she often found the Bible dull.' I quite understand. Ay, I have often felt so myself. . . . It may easily become mechanical, so we must not let 'reading a portion' run by itself. We must look also from other sides at the interest and charm of the Bible. It took centuries to produce, longer than from King Alfred's days to our own King George's. Its parts are quite different, yet it is one. Great lines of thought run through it, the same in essence always, about God: man: sin: judgment: mercy: about this world, and a world unseen."

"Remember it (the Old Testament) was Christ's Book. It will help you to go to it again, and always, with a reverent and exploring curiosity, to remember that this, alone of all books, was read, quoted, trusted, honoured, loved by our Lord Jesus Christ.

"My life is a full one, but I keep time sacred each morning for some careful reading of the New Testament. I use a large copy, and I keep a pencil in hand to make notes in the margin, or to draw lines of connection across the page. I don't make it a duty to read a fixed

¹ *Reading the Bible.* Everybody's Booklets, No. 6. R.T.S.

quantity, such as a chapter, but to read *some portion* carefully, as it comes in order.

"At night with the Old Testament I do the same. About two years on the average carries me through the Book. My mother taught me to read it through, and I have done it all my life, till my reading seems as natural a thing in the day as my meals.

"Such reading often has a direct and precious spiritual power upon me. But at least it does this—it makes me intimate with the Bible in its largeness; it secures my familiarity with its general spirit, and, so to speak, with its dialect, and it promotes, of course, my ease and rapidity of reference, so that much oftener than not I know at once where to turn for any passage.

"There are other ways to find the charm and interest of the Bible. . . . I commend from my own experience. Narratives often get a wonderful vividness by paraphrasing them into your own language, as is done in Dr. Weymouth's *New Testament in Modern Speech*. But I strongly advise you to do the paraphrasing for yourself. You will be richly repaid in a greatly increased sense of the living reality of the passage. But take care the alteration only affects the phraseology, leaving the sense absolutely unchanged.

"Another method: from my own experience. Use a little imagination, and say, 'I will suppose this Book has only *just been discovered*, a new and unexplored treasure. I will see what it has to say about God, about the soul, and sin, and pardon, about mercy and judgment.' If it is an Epistle, 'I will work out everything it has to tell me about the Lord Jesus Christ, as if it were new information about Him.' Personally I have found this a very helpful way of reading. Many years ago I got much interest, and light, while putting together out of the Epistles all the notices or hints they give of the life of the Lord Jesus in His sojourn upon earth. I was delighted to find how much I could thus collect: it amounted almost to a fifth Gospel on a small scale.

"Do you realise how, practically, we owe to the blessed Book, and to it alone, all we really know about the Lord Jesus Christ, and all the truths of His great salvation? For all our certainties concerning the historic and glorified Christ we fall back always ultimately on the Book.

“That Book, to be sure, is no substitute for Him. . . . Greater even than the Written Word is the Living Word. The soul’s vital touch and union with the Lord is direct, mystical, ineffable, it is ‘in the Spirit.’”

“And the old familiar Gospels, as He becomes increasingly my all, so far from seeming too familiar to be interesting, are always proving to me more alluring. In the course of my life I dare say I have read them all over attentively at the very least fifty or sixty times. But when I come down of a morning to my reading I find myself often opening the pages with the question asked in reverent simplicity: ‘What is to-day’s news from Palestine?’”

“Yes, indeed, the story is in no fantastic sense like ‘news from the Front,’ of that campaign which He Who loved us and gave Himself for us fought and won against the whole forces of darkness.

“As I thus read the dear sacred pages first spelt out at my mother’s side, not only their holiness and divinity come over me anew, but their profound interest and charm. . . .

“And then I reflect, with a much moved soul, how on that real ground really stood and walked and worked the real, the infinitely real, Lord of the Blessed Book.

“And He is mine.”

He says all this again in few words to Peggy Tulip, who had won a Bible as the Good Conduct Prize he gave each year to the Girls’ High School at Sunderland:

“For me, my Bible seems more wonderful, more living, more full of messages for both to-day and the eternal to-morrow, every time I finish it again—as I do about every two years.

“I am seventy-eight to-day. But it seems still not long ago when my mother taught me to read the Bible. Here in my study I keep *her* Bible—almost falling to pieces with age.”—December 23, 1919.

His delight in children has left us with many a pretty story. Soon after he became Bishop, when over sixty, he played a game of hockey in his episcopal gaiters with some young friends, and did it with great zeal and vigour, and in the last August of his life he competed

with a boy of twelve at a game of ducks and drakes and beat him.

He is robing at All Saints' Vicarage, Monkwearmouth, and hears that the children, gone to bed, are anxious to see him in his robes. Two tiny mites had crept out of bed and peeped over the banisters. Down they had to come, for the Bishop sent for them. He took them on his knees and counted their pink "toties."

Three small persons in Auckland took great interest in "Ish," as they called him. When they heard of Mrs. Moule's death they prayed that he might soon join her in heaven. The Bishop wrote that he was much touched by the "dear little intercessors' request for 'Ish's speedy translation."

They told him in a letter about their visit to the Zoo. He answered, "I am very fond of the Zoo myself. I particularly like looking at the lions and tigers and panthers, and I'm sure they like looking at me exactly as hungry little street boys like looking at the nice things in a confectioner's window, and only wishing they could eat them."

Margaret, who "wanted to know why he was made Bishop" in our first chapter, has a sixth birthday, and gets a poem "from her Bishop."

" Some gentle touch my memory pricks,
Some whisper speaks like watch that ticks,
' To-morrow Margaret is six.'

So let me find my pocket pen,
Put on my thinking cap, and then
Greet Margaret, again, again.

God bless you, child, and make your Day
A golden milestone on the way
By which you travel, good and gay :

Gay with the joy of home and love,
Good by the Grace of God above,
As robin brisk, and kind as dove;

Through glad obedience learning still
That nought with light our lives can fill,
Like self forgot, and loving will.

But now your Bishop's pen will rest ;
Short poems are the Birthday's best ;
With my poor Blessing, dear, be blest."

And his great-niece Joyce Barton is the proud possessor of several letters :

“ I am so pleased you call me *your own Bishop*. I ought to be down in the Clergy Lists as the ‘ *Bishop of Durham and Joy*.’ How splendid it is of your dear father to go patrolling at night. You say it’s ‘ to see no German ship lands.’ Think if it did, the great mischievous thing, and came stealthily creeping up the hills, and tried to carry off Joy. I’m sure it would not have a chance. Father would catch it on its wicked way before it was out of the water.”

“ July 24, 1915.

“ MY DARLING JOY,

“ I love your letter, and I love the texts, they will be fastened up in my room; God will talk to me through their sweet words and your love.

“ Let us thank Him and bless Him that dear Aunt Mary has now been ten whole beautiful days in the house of the Lord Jesus. And as she is with Him, and He with us, she is with us too, is she not ?

“ I am your own Bishop,

“ UNCLE HANDLEY.

“ Give my true love to your father and mother, and take a quantity for yourself.”

He had a very accurate and retentive memory, and when with literary people he often quoted freely from the classics or poets. On long walks he often repeated poetry from some favourite author, as he tramped mile after mile, and to the end of life he kept his mind fresh and supple by constantly learning more. During the last year or two he was studying Italian grammar and learning by heart almost every day. In July 1916 he wrote to Mr. James, a Cambridge contemporary, and former Master at Eton :

“ I have within the last two years got the 119th Psalm by heart (I can’t be always sure whether *statute*, or *precept*, or *judgment* is the word). It is a great *κτῆμα*, I find : infinitely remote from monotony, rather impressing the soul by a constantly varied iteration of the two ideas, the Word and the Will.”

He met anyone's trouble with a sympathy and insight which touched the source of the trouble with unerring instinct and a faith which lifted it at once to a higher sphere, sometimes dispelling it at once, and always giving new courage. This was because he was no saint who knew no temptation, but the far greater saint who was constantly tempted; and overcame. Those who only knew him slightly thought he lived in an atmosphere of calm and peace that was rarely ruffled. In reality he was extremely highly strung and naturally irritable. To the end of his days he knew and felt this weakness. That he conquered was shown by the increasing serenity of his face as years went on. One Chaplain writes, "He was a man of quick temper, which he kept under control. If he spoke irritably or sharply he would most humbly apologize in the most touching way." Another says, "He was such a gentle, loving nature that I have never forgotten the surprise he once gave me by the vigour and strength that flashed forth over some apparent want of courtesy that had been shown to Mrs. Moule."

His joy in music was very great. Mrs. Moule's playing, and latterly his daughter's singing, rested and refreshed him. He never gave much time to the study of music himself, but sometimes he would play from memory on the Chapel organ, or on his harmonium, and he composed several hymn tunes at various times.

Evidences of his keen sense of humour have been seen in most of our chapters. Mr. Causton, his first Chaplain, writes :

"I remember lighting upon a copy of *Verdant Green* at a wayside station, and I used to entertain him during our journeys by reading extracts, and many a laugh he enjoyed over the humorous bits."

A Roman Catholic lady writes :

"I knew him in his home and daily life as a 'servant of Christ,' a title he delighted in. His scholarly attainments and Evangelical views made me a little afraid of him, but his great simplicity and modesty soon put me at my ease."

"We had most interesting talks in the park. In addition to the great attractiveness of a scholar's mind, he had great insight and understanding of a point of view opposed to his own. In fact he would sometimes use an illustration of such a view that was like a flash of light in a dark place. Our talks ranged from Higher Criticism to the Fathers of the Church, from British early Christianity to Irish monks."

Of a later visit she writes :

"It was a time of great and charming intimacy, one of life's oases, that one travels back to in moments of discouragement. I realized his great piety and fine qualities. I shall always think of him under the designation he liked best, 'Gilla-christ.' The words he used to me when I was leaving are the most encouraging I have ever known."

Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, of the Salvation Army (called La Maréchale in France), was a great friend of the Bishop :

"My visits," she writes, "to Auckland Castle cover some ten years, and will ever shine out in my memory as times of refreshing for spirit and body. There I realized the Communion of Saints. One could not but be struck with the Bishop's profound humility and spiritual knowledge, while his childlike simplicity and joy in the Lord uplifted and rolled away care."

She attended one of his latest Confirmation services :

"He preached on 'I am Thine, save me.' I wished every young man and woman in England could have heard that sermon."

She had many letters from him, in one of which he gives a definition of "patience," as "the soul's persistence in submission and trust 'under the mighty hand.'"

He was the first Bishop of Durham to possess a motor-car. The Austin car he bought in 1908 carried him well over 100,000 miles, and was in use to the end. The car made a wonderful difference. He could visit out-lying corners where the clergy had seldom seen a Bishop.

He could stay late to the end of meetings regardless of trains. He could get home the same night, having a thermos flask and sandwiches to refresh him on the way. Mr. David Hubbins was coachman and chauffeur all the Bishop's time. He knew the map of the county from A to Z, and made himself at home everywhere. He has been known to be left in charge of a large Vicarage while the whole household went to the Confirmation. Once he found that the Vicarage cook had her home close to Auckland, and wanted to go and see her mother. He suggested that she might be allowed to ride in the car. As soon as the Bishop heard he consented readily,—“Would she not ride inside with him?” But Nellie was shy and sat by Hubbins. When they came to the corner of the pit-row the car stopped, and out jumped the Bishop to open the door to the maid. Next day in his letter to his hostess “he hoped that Nellie had not caught cold.”

“No man is a hero to his valet.” So it is said, but see what Mr. Alexander, “Ernest,” his faithful butler and close companion as body servant, writes at the close of his diary of the visit to Windsor and last days at Cambridge :

“It will always be an everlasting and thankful remembrance that I shall look back through the years I lived in his service, from October 5, 1905, to 1920 (nearly the full time he was Bishop). He was always the same kind, loving and gentle master, nay, shall I not say loving father to his household, for he certainly was all that to me. When my own father passed away in 1913 I shall never forget during the three weeks I nursed my father, how the Bishop through the busy Confirmation duties would write to me every other day, and what a help and comfort those letters were to me and mine during those dark days we were passing through. Again in August 1913 he wrote a fatherly letter to me upon my marriage. I shall always thank God for all the Bishop has been to me, and for the many happy years spent in his service, and for the great privilege of being in such close touch with him through his illness to the last.”

CHAPTER XII

THE BISHOP AT AUCKLAND CASTLE

NONE of his predecessors entered into the historic associations of Auckland Castle more than our Bishop. Lightfoot was said to have “caused a resurrection of the Northern Saints” by his “Leaders of the Northern Church,” by dedicating many of his forty-five new churches to their memory, and by the windows which he placed in Auckland Chapel.

And his pupil and successor, in a little book¹ dedicated “to the dear and venerated name of Joseph Barber Lightfoot,” has so peopled the old home in imagination that it seems enchanted ground. Writing as though sauntering round, and through it, with friends, he tells its history in conversational style. The various parts of the building recall great names, and threaded together they proclaim a noble continuity. Pages might be quoted, but the tale is best summarised as a “Diary” and a “Visitors’ Book.”

“*The Diary*” of the Castle through the Ages records :

A.D.

- 875. Probably the place was a Bishop’s possession older than the time of Eardulph, Bishop of Lindesfarne.
- 995. Certainly Bishop Aldhun owned “Aclet,” as it was then called.
- 1183. The Boldon Book describes life in the Bishop’s Manor at Auckland.
- 1190. Bishop Pudsey built his Banquet Hall, now the Chapel.

¹ *Auckland Castle* (S.P.C.K., 1918), “the product of vacation intervals” in September 1917, at his daughter’s home, Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick.



AUCKLAND CASTLE, FROM THE GARDEN



A.D.

1283. Anthony Beck, the warrior Bishop, built a Chapel (whose ground-plan can still be traced in snow-time), and added dignity to Pudsey's Hall. He also built the great "Common Room," now the State Room, and kitchen beneath.

1300. The three-storied part in the centre contains relics of medieval Bishop's rooms.

1346. Bishop Hatfield first calls it Auckland "Castle" instead of "Manor," when the Scots were beaten at Neville's Cross. "Possibly the new name was suggested by war conditions."

1400. Bishop Skirlaw built "Scotland," a walking Gallery, with dungeons below for Scotch prisoners.

1509-35. Bishops Ruthall and Tunstal built the Long Dining-room and chamber below, now Library.

1523. The rushes, smelling like cinnamon, which fringe the pond behind the Chapel, were identified by Bishop Westcott as similar to those at Hampton Court, known to have been planted by Cardinal Wolsey to furnish the "carpet" for his banquet room. This is the only link with the great Cardinal Bishop of Durham at Auckland.

1647. The Castle sold to Sir Arthur Hesilrige, who designed a complete structural revolution.

1660. Bishop Cosin transformed the Banquet Hall to the present Chapel, built state entrance, etc.

1700. Lord Crewe built deer-house¹ in park, and erected Father Schmidt's organ in Chapel.

1740. Bishop Chandler made "Scotland" into bed-rooms.

1751. Bishop Butler built the Terrace Wall in garden, and suggested the beautiful south rooms,—

1760. —which Bishop Trevor built. He also erected the gateway with Clock Tower.

1791. Bishop Barrington, great educationist and inventor of co-operative stores, built the stone screen before the south front.

1888. Bishop Lightfoot restored the Chapel, with its reredos, and wealth of windows recording the

¹ Some pitmen, in Bishop Westcott's time, being shown this deer-house, a beautiful sight from the garden terrace, "supposed his Lordship had an 'occasional licence.' " They could only think of a *beer-house*!

A.D.

history of the Saxon church, and arms of all the Bishops since Pudsey emblazoned round the walls.

1901. Bishop Moule transformed the servants' hall (Ruthall's chamber) into a Library, and restored and enlarged Father Schmidt's organ.¹

"*The Visitors' Book*," so to say, of the Castle contains the names of—

King John, who occupied the house as his own during the vacancy of the See in 1209.

King Edward III was entertained by the great scholar Bishop, Richard de Bury, in 1333.

King Charles I, with Archbishop Laud, stayed here as Bishop Morton's guest.

Coming to more modern times, the Bishop "loved to recollect" that the present State room carpet,² laid down by Barrington, was trodden once and again by

Sir Walter Scott,³ with whom Barrington, though seventy-eight years old, rode on a spirited horse towards Rokeby.

Queen Victoria, as a young Princess, slept in the great State Room in the North wing, on a tour in the North.

Bishop Crowther, the liberated slave, came among the fifty-seven Bishops from beyond the seas, to Lightfoot's re-dedication of the Chapel.

And in the Bishop's own time the Castle was honoured by the presence of *Queen Mary and her suite*. He also welcomed *Bishop Oluwole* of West Africa, *King Daudi* of Uganda, and the memorable gathering of the *Continuation Committee* of the Edinburgh Conference.

¹ Mr. H. S. Harrison, of the eminent firm of organ builders (Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, Durham), in sending the note on this restoration, at the end of this chapter (p. 331), remarks on the Bishop's "delight in music" and "keen historical interest," which prompted him to undertake it.

² Lightfoot, coming as Bishop, allowed it to be sold, but bought it back on learning its history.

³ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Chap. XXV.

He showed with pride the bow-windowed ground room in the South wing, that was Lightfoot's study, and also his own, and the room above¹ looking out on the park that was Westcott's, and the window whence the signal, "five fingers held up," proclaimed to the vast expectant crowd of miners that Westcott had settled the coal strike of 1892.

To his keen delight, Dean Kitchin discovered that the "Marriage of Cana" picture by Paul Veronese (one of the many art treasures brought by Bishop Trevor) was no copy, but the artist's own study for the great painting in the Louvre. He has a word to say about all the paintings, especially the collection of portraits of the Bishops in the State Room, shorn of its grandeur by Wyatt, but made better for the sound of music.

Among the many heirlooms he would point to the large blue velvet faldstool used by Queen Victoria at her Coronation in 1838. Maltby as Bishop of Durham was her right-hand supporter, and the faldstool was afterwards given to him. "I saw," says our Bishop, "a singularly beautiful tribute here to the memory of the glorious and beloved Queen; a miner's wife, to whom I explained what it was, stooped over it as I spoke, and kissed the cushion." And in the Chapel, so full of associations of Northern Saints, he refers with loving reverence and pride to the graves of "three Bishops eminently great":—Cosin's in the centre, Lightfoot's at the foot of the Sanctuary steps, and within a few paces the grave of Bishop and Mrs. Westcott.

This little book, which should be read by every lover of Durham, is a perfect description of Auckland Castle. But it also reveals the Bishop himself in his extraordinary power of poetic imagination. Reminding us that the present glorious Chapel was for more than five centuries a medieval Banqueting Hall, he visualizes two scenes in those far-off days so vividly that we almost find ourselves part of the historic companies. Glancing up at the arcades in the Nave, the same then as now, he

¹ The present Bishop's study.

points out that the carving gets richer towards the west,—so the present east end with its Sanctuary was then the humbler end of the Hall :—

“ We will imagine ourselves viewing it at two distinct dates, the first between its building (by Pudsey) and the episcopate of Beck [who altered it]. Let it be about 1230, in the time of Richard le Poor.” [The Arches are the same as to-day, but one roof covers all and rests on lower side walls. Under the western window is the Bishop’s chair of state under a fixed canopy on a platform.] “ In the centre of the vast chamber is a brazier of charcoal fire—such as I remember in my early days in the Hall at Trinity, Cambridge, with a louvre above to carry off the smoke. The walls are hung with curtains rich in stuff and colour.

“ So the Palatine sits at meat. His clerical and military retainers and his guests are beside him and before him, the honoured few at the High Table, the greater number seated at long tables in the length of the Hall. And the music makes the roof echo over the animated scene, while the servants hasten up and down with dish and flagon, trampling the rushes as they go.

“ Now let us look again into the great interior, and at a later day. A long hundred years have gone since the first visit.” [And Bishop Beck has come and gone, having added dignity to Pudsey’s Hall, by raising the walls and side aisles, and leaving its masonry much as we see it to-day.]

“ It is the year 1336. Richard de Bury, once tutor to the Prince who is now Edward III, is the present successor of Aidan. To-day the illustrious pupil and patron, on his way to the Scottish border, is his old tutor’s guest. We watch them seated in the Hall, at noonday dinner, a banquet of solemn state; the Bishop in his great chair, his face alive with mental and social charm; the King, a man of four-and-twenty, placed at his right hand. Edward looks his great part magnificently well, a regal figure of free and natural dignity, crowned, clad in tunic, and super-tunic flowered with gold. The bearded face is handsome, masculine, refined, not yet shadowed with the melancholy of later years: it is not yet the Edward of Crécy, a decade further on,

whose portrait Morris has finely drawn in the Prologue to his *Earthly Paradise*.

“ The Hall is thronged with Churchmen and Knights of high degree, the laymen gay with many colours, and quaint fashions of attire. The music swells and rings above the feast.

“ So we quit the vast and thronging Hall, with all due reverence to the brilliant host and mighty guest within; closing thus our imaginative glance,

“ *through the waves of Time
on the long-faded glories they cover.*”

Within the same historic walls the Bishop describes very different scenes¹:

“ Never, I think, have I seen the dear Temple full, with a deeper emotion, than at three Garden Parties (1910, 1911, 1913) for Aged Miners. From seven to eight hundred assembled each time; and it is not too much to say that each was an occasion of joy. And the Chapel, far too small to hold all at once, was visited by all with a sense of personal interest and possession. Those who could find room at the hour of prayer seemed to consecrate the place again by their spirit of reverence and love.”

Such being his home, and such the spirit in which he played the host, let us watch Dr. Moule among his guests. “ The Chapel is the glory of Auckland,” he writes, and we certainly should first watch them as they “ took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God in company.”

The services there were a daily inspiration. Everything seemed to combine to make the worship of God a living reality: the age and dignified, simple beauty of the building, the beautiful windows and carving, the exquisite organ, and above all the Bishop’s voice in prayer and lesson always read by him, if present. He would give, at times, a brief running commentary, such as “ ‘ Mammon ’ is the world, with all its gain and all

¹ *Auckland Castle*, p. 84.

its getting"; or on St. James i. 13, "Let no man say, I am tempted of God"—"God's temptations are trials, Satan's temptations are baits;" or on verse 18, "With whom is no variableness," etc.—"He is not like the sun which, as it rises and sets, casts a different shadow upon the dial; with Him it is always noon."¹ Miss Bothamley writes:²

"The life at Auckland Castle was full of inspiration and help, for the Bishop and Mrs. Moule were both filled with the highest ideals of the use to be made of such a position. The place was in the widest sense the home of the Diocese, and the Bishop its true father in God. While health lasted, and until the war made much entertaining impossible, the house was rarely without visitors, chiefly from the Diocese.

"At breakfast he was the leader in the talk, sometimes serious, often merry, as he told anecdotes, discussed the newspaper, or touched on subjects of interest. No unkind gossip was ever heard, though there was constant fun and laughter. . . . After dinner he always gave himself up to his visitors, and put them at their ease, making them feel they were wanted, and that he was interested in what they had to say. He believed the best of people, so, unconsciously, they were at their best with him, and wanted to be so afterwards.

"In addition to the Ordination times and Quiet Days and Retreats for Clergy, there were Quiet Days for clergy's wives and daughters, when the Bishop gave all the addresses.

"Social gatherings of all sorts were constantly held, for clergy and their wives to stay a day or two, and Drawing-Room Meetings for every kind of Diocesan Organization. The Annual Sale of Work for Medical Missions was a great institution, and Sales and Garden Fêtes often took place. Another special function was the Annual Day for members of St. Peter's Guild of Primary School Teachers; and the Auckland Gathering of Chaplains and Students from Bishop Lightfoot's time

¹ Noted by the Rev. G. Foster Carter.

² Miss M. H. Bothamley, Mrs. Moule's secretary and great friend, has recorded her Recollections of Auckland Castle, 1905-1920. From her descriptive pages many sentences have been taken for different chapters in this Memoir.

was perhaps the most delightful of all, when sixty or eighty came with the spirit and freshness of student days.

“ To the students in his hostel he was a real father. They breakfasted with him daily after Chapel, and came to supper on Sundays. They were not all of one ecclesiastical colour, and their temperaments were particularly varied, but all alike had unfeigned admiration for him, and he took the utmost interest in each,—as when he daily ministered at the sick-bed of one who had a serious illness. He lectured to them once a week as a rule.”

The Castle also received the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference. Dr. Eugene Stock writes :

“ The World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910 had issued in the appointment of an International Continuation Committee, to carry on the influence and work out the plans of that memorable gathering. Thirty-five members were chosen, namely, ten each for Great Britain, North America, and the continent of Europe, and one each for India, China, Japan, South Africa, and Australasia; Dr. John R. Mott being Chairman and Mr. J. H. Oldham, Secretary.¹ It was arranged that they should meet in England in the following May, 1911, and as the time drew nearer a letter was received from New York asking if it were possible to secure for the meeting one of the principal episcopal residences,

¹ The British members were Bishop Talbot, then of Southwark, now of Winchester; Mrs. Creighton; the late Sir Andrew Fraser, K.C.S.I.; the late Sir George McAlpine; the late Dr. Robson, and Dr. Ogilvie (Edinburgh); Dr. Eugene Stock; Dr. Ritson (Bible Society); the late Dr. Wardlaw Thompson (London Missionary Society), and Dr. Hodgkin. The Canadian members were Mr. N. W. Rowell (the eminent Dominion statesman) and Canon Tucker. From the U.S. came Drs. Barbour, Barton, Brown, Goucher, Watson and Bishop Lambuth, representing different missionary bodies; Dr. Mott and Dr. Silas McBee, now editor of the *Constructive Quarterly*. Among the Continental members were Professors Richter and Haussleiter, from Germany; Count Moltke, from Denmark; Dr. Karl Fries (President of the World’s Student Federation), from Sweden; Dr. Dahle, from Norway; Bishop Hennig, of the Moravian Church. Bishop Pain, of Gippsland, was appointed for Australia; Professor Marais for South Africa; and India, China, Japan, were each represented by a native minister.

Lambeth, Fulham, Bishopthorpe, Farnham and Auckland Castle being named. It did not seem possible that either of the first two could be available in the month of May, so application was first respectfully made to the Archbishop of York. Dr. Lang responded warmly, and would have gladly received the Committee, but in the week named the house was already engaged for a meeting of clergy. Thereupon the Bishop of Durham was written to, and his reply promised a cordial welcome to Auckland Castle, provided that the members came entirely as his and his wife's guests. In the issue, twenty-eight of the representatives came. All the Americans and Canadians crossed the Atlantic again; and France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland were all represented; Great Britain only by eight out of ten, Bishop Talbot (then of Southwark) and Dr. Robson of Edinburgh being ill; while Asia and the Southern Hemisphere were unrepresented.

“ The meeting lasted from Monday to Saturday. Concerning the business done, it need only be mentioned here that plans were arranged for Dr. Mott to visit India and the Far East—which journey issued in important steps being taken to combine the various Missions in fellowship and united work, with very happy results, especially in India; also for the production of the *International Review of Missions*, which has since taken its anticipated place as the leading periodical on the great enterprise.

“ But what the members have ever since delighted to recall was the generous kindness and hospitality of the Bishop and Mrs. Moule, the deep interest they took in all the proceedings, the daily services in the Chapel, the historic associations of the ancient Castle, and the arrangements for their visiting at Durham the greatest of Norman Cathedrals. The whole week was one never to be forgotten.”

The Bishop says : ¹

“ They represented many nationalities and many Churches, and I wondered a little whether the services of the Chapel would prove attractive, or edifying to all. But long before the week was completed, our Matins

¹ *Auckland Castle*, p. 83.

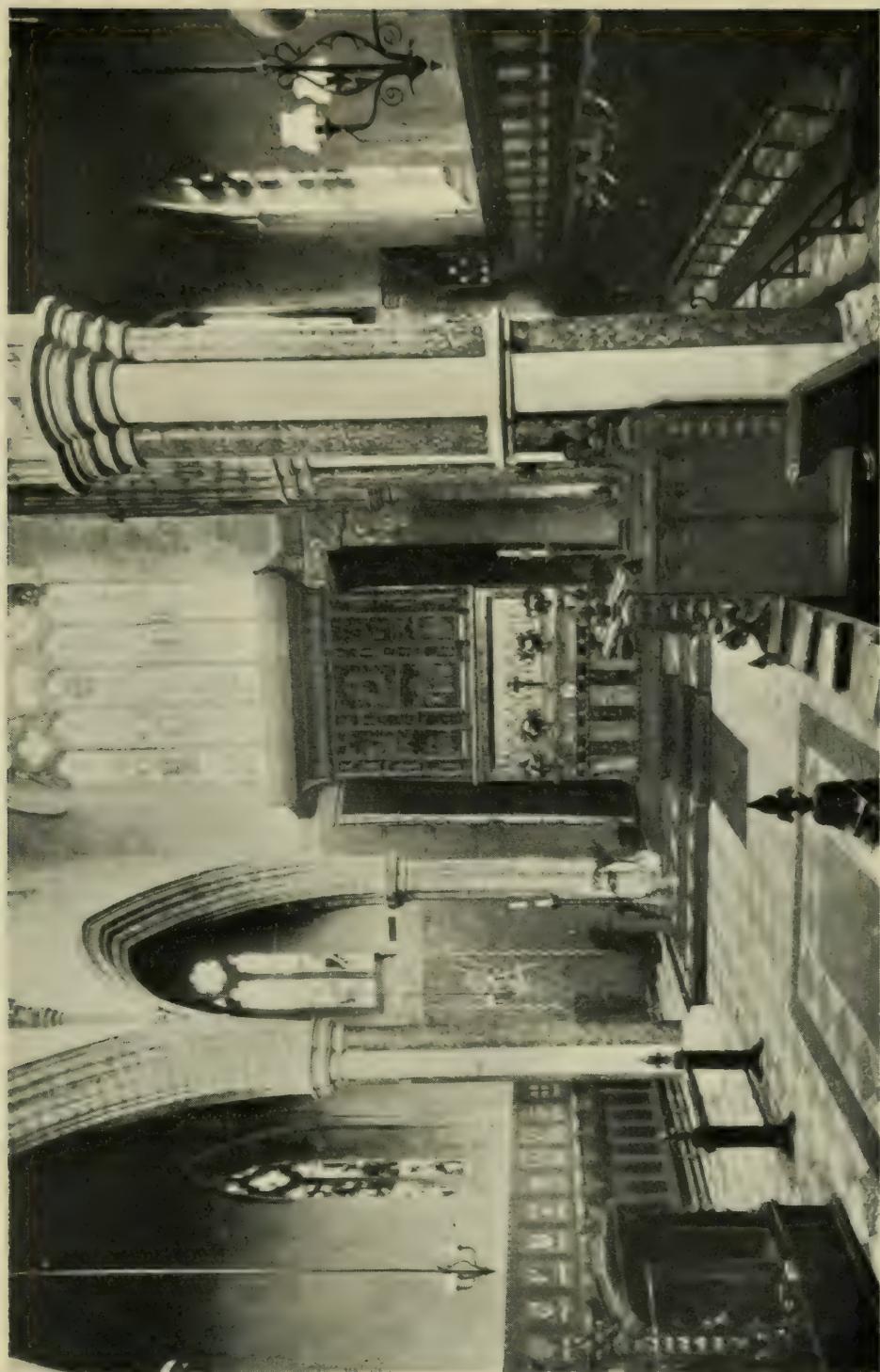


Photo. Valentine.

S. PETER'S CHAPEL, AUCKLAND CASTLE.

Grave of Bishop Cosin in foreground, with his Prayer-desk and Reading Pew right and left.
Grave of Bishop Lightfoot, with wreath of flowers.

and Evensong had become the most welcome and the most compelling of daily events to a large circle. Many a Committee meeting was expedited by the resolve to be in time for prayers in the Chapel of Lightfoot and Cosin."

Dr. Mott wrote from R.M.S. *Caronia*, May 23, 1911, to thank the Bishop and Mrs. Moule

"for your abounding kindness during the never-to-be-forgotten days at Auckland Castle. . . . I told the Archbishop of Canterbury all about our meetings, and said we should never be able to overstate the service you had rendered to the Continuation Committee, and the cause it serves, as a result of the most blessed unifying and fusing work accomplished because of the influence of your home life, of the hours in the Chapel, and of your personal ministry of love and spiritual sympathy. What may it not mean through all the coming years, that thus early in its history this gracious work was accomplished in the life of the Committee? . . . I had a most helpful interview with Sir Edward Grey, and he, like the King, manifested the most lively interest."

The photograph of the Committee, taken at Auckland, reminds one of "Parthians and Medes and Elamites." There was indeed an atmosphere of Pentecost throughout the whole week, and the Bishop would fain have celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with all the members of the Committee, but he wisely abandoned the idea in view of possible misunderstanding outside. The mere suggestion, however, is evidence of the conscious Presence of the gracious Spirit of unity, mightier than any uniformity of method.

In the summer of 1913, DAUDI, the young King of Uganda, staying with Bishop Tucker, drove over to Auckland with his chiefs to lunch. The Bishop and Mrs. Moule were greatly interested in the presence of their visitor in his long blue royal robes, who listened keenly to the Bishop's story of the historic interest of the place, and joined in a short service in the Chapel. His English tutor told how King George had

presented a beautiful English carpet for the Sanctuary of Uganda Cathedral, at Daudi's recent Confirmation. And one of the chiefs described days of his boyhood, when his own companions were martyred for the faith by King Daudi's grandfather. Others spoke of the work of missionaries who had been the Bishop's students at Ridley Hall.

Her Majesty, Queen Mary, who was staying with Lord Durham at Lambton Castle, honoured the Bishop and Mrs. Moule with her presence on November 25, 1913 :

“ In the late afternoon the royal lady arrived, and spent a long hour in the Castle, keenly and unweariedly interested in its features and its history, delighting everyone by her frank kindness.”¹

Her Majesty was attended by Lady Eva Dugdale (lady in waiting), the Marchioness of Ripon, the Countess of Derby, Lady Anne Lambton, the Marquess of Soveral, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and the Chief Constable of the County (Mr. W. G. Morant). The Queen took intense interest in everything, especially a miner's safety lamp, found close to one of the victims of the West Stanley disaster, and given to the Bishop. The procession of cars came and went through the park, to the disappointment of the crowds waiting in the market-place. The private route, however, in front of the Castle, was thronged with people who gave the royal visitor an enthusiastic reception. Lady Eva Dugdale wrote :

“ The Queen wishes me to say how much she enjoyed her visit, and how interested she was, and desires me to thank you very gratefully for the photographs as a souvenir of her delightful visit, especially the one of *that beautiful screen*, which she so much admired.”

Thus by the visits of her Majesty, and other distinguished guests, much was added in his own day to the long roll of historic and spiritual traditions of Auckland

¹ *Auckland Castle*, p. 51.

Castle which the Bishop has unfolded for us. Let us hear his conclusion of its story :

“ I recall the motto, ‘ *Ut migraturus habita.*’ But I give God thanks for what the old house has been to me, and for what it is. And I sincerely trust that, uncertain as all peaceful prospects are now [September 1917], my successors in the ancient See may still have the solace for themselves, and the resource for others’ happiness and help, which Auckland Castle has so long given to me.”

Note :—Early in 1902 the Bishop decided to have the organ in the Chapel, which was in a ruinous condition and quite unusable for services, restored and enlarged. A careful examination resulted in the discovery of five sets of pipes showing every indication of being the work of Father Schmidt, and therefore being part of the organ built by him in 1685 for Lord Crewe during his occupancy of the See. The beautiful oak Case of the same date, with Lord Crewe’s arms painted on it, was found capable of satisfactory reparation, and a keyboard with ebony naturals and ivory sharps, and some very small unlettered stop handles were also found. It was decided, for historical reasons, to preserve everything which might appear to be part of the original organ, and incorporate it in the building of a two-manual and pedal instrument suitable for the demands by present-day services in the Chapel. When the work was completed, early in 1903, it became possible to play the original five stops, using the old keys, and controlling the stops by means of the little unlettered stop handles. The five “ Father Schmidt ” stops were an Open Diapason of wood, a Stopped Diapason, a Principal, a Twelfth and a Fifteenth. The new work consists of a metal Open Diapason, thus completing the Great organ; a Swell organ of five stops, and a Pedal organ of two stops. The new work was, of course, carried out on the best modern methods, and no attempt was made to copy in any way the seventeenth-century portions.

CHAPTER XIII

MRS. HANDLEY MOULE

WITHIN a few days of her death on July 14, 1915, the Bishop wrote a short memorial of Mrs. Handley Moule for her friends, from which the following chapter is compiled.

The details of her birth, childhood and education, on which he dwells so lovingly, have already appeared in Part I, on page 84. So we need only take up the story here as she is leaving Cambridge for Durham. She took the liveliest interest in the 501 students (twenty-one of whom have become Bishops) who came during Dr. Moule's time to Ridley, and it was no small personal pang with which in August 1901 she prepared to quit the familiar scene of Cambridge.

For four and a half years at this period she resolutely fought, at home and on the Continent, the pulmonary trouble, discovered before they left Cambridge, in her eldest daughter, who died in August 1905. The following year the surviving daughter was married to Mr. Stephen de Vere, of Curragh Chase, County Limerick, and left England for the Seychelles Islands with her husband.

For the rest of her life she lived for the Diocese—

“a life very full and loving, in such works as fall to the hand of a Bishop's wife. To all Missionary interests she was deeply devoted. The Church Missionary Society, with which both her husband and she had many close personal links, and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, were very near her heart, though by no means to the exclusion of other agencies. The Girls' Friendly Society, and even more the Mothers' Union, called out her ardent efforts. She greatly delighted in addressing members of the 'M.U.' And how happy she was to hear that one of them had said,

‘Mrs. Moule speaks as if she had lived in a cottage all her life !’ One Diocesan work in particular, the Preventive and Rescue Association, with its Maternity Home, St. Monica’s, at Bishop Auckland, largely owed its origin (1908) to her strong and loving initiative. It was ‘written on her heart’ to the very last.

“It was her joy to use the ample spaces of house and garden at Auckland Castle for the pleasure of others. The most recent of these gatherings was held on the very day of her unexpected death.

“Her personal interests were many, and helped to refresh her for the life of multifarious duty. She was at home with French, German and Italian. She had a great love of poetry and of history, and delighted in occasional ‘readings aloud’ while she worked. She rejoiced in flowers, but music was perhaps her best-loved pleasure. Her memory for classical music, particularly for Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Bennett, was wonderful. When Archdeacon Price was Vicar of Auckland, it was her delight, and his, to open the piano, and his noble tenor voice seemed always inspired to its best by her accompaniment.

“She spent Easter [1914] with her husband in Cornwall. The time was all happiness till there came a bad attack of influenza at the close. That insidious mischief left a sad sequel. Bronchial trouble set in, and never quite left her. Many were the fluctuations, and many the hopes, and nothing less than heroic was her frequent fighting with weakness. But last October, and again last March, she was very ill. Yet the two months just past, strange to say, brought her so much improvement that she began to resume active work, and was full of happy purpose to do more and yet more. It was a surprise as complete as it was terrible when the collapse came on July 14.

“Without one uneasy fear, just for a word of greeting, the writer entered her room about 8.15 in the evening, only to find her supported, speechless, by her devoted maid. Very grave haemorrhage had suddenly come on. Dr. McCullagh hastened promptly to the Castle, but he could only tell the awestruck watchers—her husband, her maid, and her dear friend and secretary, Miss M. H. Bothamley—that life had fled.”

The dignity and reserve of this account, written by

the bereaved husband in the first few days of his greatest sorrow, will be better understood after reading Dr. McCullagh's account of the same scene :

“ When Mrs. Moule died suddenly from rupture of a blood-vessel in the larynx, I found him standing by her under the impression that she had fainted. When I told him she was dead there was no scene. He looked at her for a minute or two, said, ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,’ and quietly walked from the room.”

Surely never since St. Paul wrote the words was there a nobler or more moving example of being “ stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.” Other stories have been told of his wonderful self-control, but not till this sudden overwhelming trial did the Bishop reveal in its fulness what it is to be “ strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.”

“ He was devotedly attached to her,” continues Dr. McCullagh, “ idolized and idealized her, but he accepted her departure as though she had merely preceded him on a journey. He was always talking about her after her death. I should think he rarely spoke or preached or wrote without some reference to her.”

The Bishop adds in his Memoir :

“ Her beloved mortality rests now in the green Bow Cemetery at Durham, close to her child, and near her venerated brother-in-law, George Moule, Bishop in Mid China, who died under her roof in 1912. To her chief mourner, and to their daughter, and to the near and dear friends around them, the sympathy of the congregation in the Cathedral and at the graveside, the gracious kindness of the clergy of the Diocese, and of the Cathedral body, and the knowledge that the mourning for the Departed was filled with a genuine honour and affection for herself, were a solace unspeakable.”

A memorial window was placed in Auckland Chapel, of which the Bishop writes¹ :

¹ *Auckland Castle*, p. 81.

“ Last year (1916) there came into my hands, as a moving surprise, a generous gift of money, contributed by the women of the Diocese, to be spent, as I might decide, upon a memorial of my dear wife, whose life at Auckland had been devoted, lovingly and persistently, to such work for her sisters as a Bishop’s wife can do. This Chapel was inexpressibly dear to her, and I chose with little hesitation, as the desired memorial, the partial filling of the unoccupied principal window. To her, a Mary, the words spoken of old in the Garden of the Resurrection had always been sacred. ‘ MARY ’—‘ MASTER.’ I called in the help of eminent painters in glass, and the result of our consultations and their art is yonder. The woman, awakened to vision by her name, reaches out a hand to feel the sacred feet of Him Whom she ‘ supposed to be the gardener.’ He tells her that there is no need; He lives; He is there indeed. The two angels watch the interview from the open cavern of death and life.

“ Above in the upper lights, three Maries appear, the Holy Mother with the Infant Lord—Mary of Magdala to the east—Mary of Bethany to the west. A slight reminiscence is given in the two latter faces of two Maries dear to me: the Magdalen recalls my wife; the sister of Lazarus my daughter.”

Some months later he wrote to the Rev. P. Y. Knight, Vicar of Ryhope :

“ I stayed at Grasmere ten years ago, with my most beloved wife, long enough to know the wonderful surroundings well; and more recently we paid a very delightful visit from Rydal to Patterdale, a great joy.

“ Now she dwells in a better country, ‘ very far better,’ where the Lord shines unveiled as the Sun of its sky and of its happy fields.

“ My eyes are famished for her. But HE who took her is with me, and she with HIM, so we are together still in the nearness of the Spirit.”

CHAPTER XIV

HOLIDAYS

AFTER supper at one of the Auckland gatherings the Bishop had made a delightful speech to the assembled “sons of the house,” and the Bishop of Wakefield, responding, happily applied to him the Greek poet’s line, *γέρων τρίχας μέν, τὴν δέ καρδίαν νέος*, “old in appearance, but young in heart,” and this youth of heart was fostered by his holidays, into which he threw himself heart and soul. He would give the whole morning and a long spell after tea to literary work or necessary letters. But he could put aside all anxiety about work in his free hours, and bring his whole mind to enjoy his recreation, whether walking, reading novels or poetry, or sketching, or swimming, or the telescope. And he came back to the Diocese as keen as a boy about all he had seen and enjoyed. Besides excursions to Switzerland, etc., he spent many holidays in Scotland, Norfolk, Teesdale and at Humshaugh, and best of all at his daughter’s home in Ireland. His great recreation was walking, or occasionally cycling. He would carry field-glasses, and he always took sketching materials. His beautiful small sketches, chiefly in sepia, fill a large book. The last of these, dated October 1919, was of a corner of the Chapel at Auckland from the hall meadow.

One of his most remarkable characteristics, of which several instances are recorded elsewhere, was his extraordinary power of self-control, and an amusing example of it occurred while staying at Barnhill, Scotland. They were all assembled at family prayers, and were singing an unaccompanied hymn, when one of the dogs of the house joined in with an almost exact treble. The

whole party collapsed with laughter, but the Bishop, suppressing his strong sense of humour, kept gravely on, and sang to the end of the hymn, a devout duet with the dog.

At Felixstowe he had the odd experience of having to get passports, as it was a military area. On the police noting in the form that he had "no distinguishing marks whatever," he said with amusement that he would now be well known to the police. In spite of the presence of sentries, he went out with his field-glasses, looking for the new star "Nova," which he located. He was much interested in the military preparations shown him by the Colonel. But his chief delight here was increasing his acquaintance with Mrs. Allenby—a distant connection of his own, and mother of General Allenby. At eighty-five she was keenly interested in following her son's campaign, with the aid of maps, which she discussed with the Bishop. Later he wrote to her about the General's entry into Jerusalem.

The mother of Nurse Cavell was another Norfolk friend of later years whom he visited with the Bishop of Norwich, and with whom he was an occasional correspondent to the close of her life.

He first made the acquaintance of the aged Miss Taylor and her nieces the Misses Lowry in 1894, when he was Principal of Ridley Hall, and he frequently stayed with them at Humshaugh House in Northumberland. "Few places," he wrote, "are so dear to me; no place, I think, excepting my own old homes." The old-fashioned home, the quiet country, and Willimoteswyke Castle, the traditional birthplace of Bishop Ridley, all appealed to him, no less than the great camp at the Chesters on the Roman Wall, and Heavengate, where Oswald set up the Cross before going into battle. Here he wrote his essay on Bishop Ridley, and his last literary work—the Life of Bishop G. E. Moule of Mid China—was also done here. His venerable hostess, ninety years of age, was blind, and he read to her *Puck of Pook's Hill* with its vivid description of the Roman

Wall, as well as conducting daily Bible readings for her and her household and friends.

Edmundbyers is a lonely hamlet in the wild moors at the west of Durham County, with a quaint little Norman church hidden in the heather, and the Rectory hard by. The Bishop often rested here for a few days, walking briskly on the moors, and climbing Bolt's Law, the adjacent hill. He delighted in the children of the Rev. A. R. and Mrs. Dolphin. He would read to them, and was much amused at one of them addressing him "Mr. Lordship," and a moment later as "Bishop, Bishop." He enjoyed Mrs. Dolphin's reading to them *Masterman Ready*, which he had never read, though as a boy he had revelled in the novels of Jules Verne. The Rector and Mrs. Dolphin are musicians, and charmed him of an evening with Chopin and other pieces that recalled Mrs. Moule's playing.

During his later years he paid several visits to Forest, the most remote of his parishes, bordering on Westmoreland. Two Confirmation services there were remarkable for the number of men presented, and for the close friendship established between the dalesmen and the Bishop. They would crowd from remote corners when they heard he was to preach. He visited the day schools, and in his long excursions with the Vicar, the Rev. A. T. Randle, he paid many pastoral visits, going far out of the way, if need be, as he seemed to love seeing the people in their homes. He was interested in their dialect also, observing that many Anglo-Saxon words were in living use which were obsolete elsewhere. The Vicarage and church are 1500 feet above sea-level, and the air is most invigorating, so he took great walks. Once he watched a glorious sunset, the light of parting day gleaming on the tops of the mountains as it gradually crept along their slopes. The colouring was indescribably beautiful, and, raising his hat, he was heard to murmur, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Many years before, he had seen Cauldron Snout, one of

the glories of the North, where the Tees rushes down a rugged stairway of rock, and he was eager to visit it again; so, though warned that the road was rough and all uphill, he was nothing daunted and set off with Mr. Randle, who writes :

“ When we left the road and took to the rough foot-path across the moor, all signs of human life were left behind, and we only heard the weird cries of the moor birds. Nearer the great waterfall the scene became wilder and grander, with higher hills and Westmoreland mountains beyond. The Bishop was enchanted; ‘ the walk had more than fulfilled his expectations.’ When at length we reached Cauldron Snout we were well rewarded. The sheer descent of High Force¹ is grand, but the raging turmoil of Cauldron Snout is as impressive, for here the river dashes down innumerable broken shelves of basaltic rock and in less than half a mile descends three times the height of High Force.

“ The Bishop found no difficulty in descending the steep, slippery rocks to the foot-bridge, which he crossed, at some peril, and stood in Westmoreland. Sitting on the edge of the rocks and looking down at the surging waters, he said he would have been sorry to miss what was a more wonderful sight than he had thought when first he saw it.”

By the time they reached the Vicarage they had travelled eleven or twelve miles of very hard walking, but he said he had thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon and only felt “ healthily tired.”

The poet in him took special delight in Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, his son-in-law’s ancestral home, which had been the haunt of *littérateurs* since the days of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the great-grandfather of the present owner. The Bishop had been the friend and contemporary of Sir Aubrey’s eldest son at Trinity, Cambridge. Tennyson had often stayed at the place, and relics of him, of Wordsworth and others, were a never-failing interest. He would sit at work in the bow window of his octagon bed-sitting room; and on wet days he rejoiced in the

¹ The Fall lower down the Tees, one of the grandest in England.

library, and used laughingly to say it was to him like a great strawberry bed from which he was constantly plucking ripe strawberries. He made himself thoroughly at home, taking short bicycle rides about the woodland paths, and visiting the people in their cottages. And he was the life and soul of merry picnic parties. On one of these excursions, at Mount Shannon, a lovely and remote spot on Lough Derg, the old post-mistress happened to say she had a daughter in Durham "at a place called Spennymoor—had he ever heard of it?" He smiled and told her he passed through it every time he drove into Durham, and promised to see the daughter on his return—a promise soon redeemed. The old woman complained that her daughter preferred Spennymoor to Mount Shannon—a preference at which he was rather astonished!

Another day he set off early with Mrs. de Vere and her friends by car for the famous Gap of Dunloe, where they took horses and rode the five miles over the Pass. A photograph was taken, in which he appears on his horse, brisk and full of enjoyment. As they reached the head of the Pass, the wonderful range called "the Top of Ireland" came into view, when he repeated a favourite hymn, "My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made the earth so bright." Then, having crossed to the island and back in a rowing boat, he set off to walk the five miles home.

The many reliques of early Christianity in Ireland, "the Seven Churches," the Round Towers, etc., and the gorgeous scenery, the long line of the Galtee Mountains (white with snow on one visit), and the woods, and everything about the place, made it very dear to him. At the close of one of these visits he wrote :

" When from so beautiful and kind a home
 We pass, a pang at parting needs must come ;
 Yet with us goes the beauty and the love,
 Giving a sense of presence tho' we rove.
 Still we shall see your sunshine as it fills
 The radiant round of waters, woods and hills,
 And inward, where that wide south window looks
 And lights the quiet paradise of books."

The beauty and the love certainly went with him. In his last letter to his son-in-law, March 24, 1920, he wrote :

“ I dwell on the surpassing loveliness of dear Curragh. How I seem to see it, with that intimate acquaintance with its every region and corner to which you have so welcomed me.”

CHAPTER XV

GOING TO STAND BEFORE HIS KING

“AMID the multitudes,” in the Abbey at the Coronation of King George, the Bishop had written, “the absorbing consciousness was the immediate presence of the King,” and he adds in parenthesis, “Was it a parable of greater things?” Assuredly the final act of his career in going to preach at Windsor was an earthly story with a heavenly meaning. He left his Diocese to go and stand in the presence of his earthly King, but in truth, though he knew it not, it was also to go and stand in the Presence of the Heavenly King.

He had been staying over Easter for a fortnight’s much-needed rest at Kirkby Fleetham, with his old Ridley pupil, Canon David Walker, and there he had preached his last three sermons. On Good Friday his text was 1 Thess. v. 10, “Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who died for us that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him,” a truly significant verse in view of what was before him. For Easter Day and the following Sunday he chose two favourite passages, the Walk to Emmaus and Supping with the King, Rev. iii. 20, “I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with Me.”

On April 17 he travelled to Windsor, though in such great pain from sciatica that his devoted servant, Ernest Alexander, begged him to return home. But he had been summoned by his King, and nothing could turn him back. “No,” he said, “it must be conquered, it may do me good.”

At Windsor he was lodged in the York Tower. He thankfully accepted the use of a wheeled chair to take

him to the drawing-room to await the arrival of the King and Queen. He had quite a long talk with their Majesties. Sitting at the Queen's right hand at dinner, Mr. Bonar Law being on her left, Her Majesty talked much of Auckland Castle and her visit in 1913. The King sympathised with him, as he had had sciatica when visiting his troops at the Front. "After coffee," the Bishop says, "the King had a long gossip with me about old ages known to him, and I capped his stories."

On Sunday morning he was wheeled to the Private Chapel. Ernest Alexander, in a touching account of the whole visit, writes :

"I followed him to the Chapel, and was put in a seat just below the pulpit and the Royal pew. I was thankful I could see the Bishop all through the Service. The Dean of Windsor took the prayers, and the Bishop preached from 1 Pet. ii. 4, 5, 'To Him, coming as to a living stone, ye also, as living stones, are builded up.' On entering the pulpit he looked very pale and tired, and he said afterwards that he had pain as he stood and preached. But he spoke with a stronger voice than I ever heard him before. Once or twice I was afraid he would break down, but then, as through his illness, he seemed to have wonderful patience and strength given him."¹

In the afternoon he was wheeled along the galleries to see the pictures. At tea the Princes joined him, after which he read till dinner. He went to bed early, delighted at the thought of "Cambridge to-morrow."

He left the Castle at 9 a.m. and walked quite comfortably, but at Paddington he was again bent with pain, and could scarcely walk along the platform. After a tedious journey he arrived at Cambridge, and took delight in showing E. A. the Colleges and Ridley Hall, as they drove to his brother's house in Cranmer Road.

There is a mystic tenderness in God's providence leading him to end his days in his beloved Cambridge,

¹ See *Cathedral and Other Sermons*, XVII.

and at the house of his brother Charles, of whom he had said in 1913 : ¹

“I know no man who more harmoniously blends the two loves of ancient and English literature. My debt to his influence cannot be told. It is only one great instance of his benefits that, at a time when my father would have found it impossible to send me to Cambridge, my brother, a newly elected Fellow of his College, made it possible.”

And now at the end of life the home of that same dear brother (President of the College) was to be the threshold of the Home beyond. They walked together in his garden the first afternoon, and each evening Mr. Charles Moule read *Paradise Lost*, etc., aloud. Thus with reading and other companionship the President cheered the Bishop in his daily increasing illness.

During the three weeks from April 18 to May 8 he gradually sank, being slowly brought to the haven where he would be. He took drives on two days to see the Backs and Trinity and other loved haunts. On Wednesday, April 21, he dictated letters as he lay in bed, and next day he was busy looking out trains for his return North, but as he was preparing for another drive he looked so ill that his temperature was taken, and found to be 103·6. The doctor was sent for again immediately. Perfect quiet was his only chance. Being begged to put away thoughts of his Diocese he said, “It is impossible, my whole heart is in it. It is my life.” When told he must do so, he was silent, and then said quietly, “I will do it.” On Saturday, when he had hoped to institute the Rev. E. W. Bolland as Rector of Southwick, he sent him a telegram, “Earnest prayer and blessing. Dunelm.”

His last letter, written with infinite difficulty, as stated below, was to Her Majesty the Queen.

On Sunday, April 26, Mrs. de Vere, who was at Sun-

¹ *My Cambridge Classical Teachers*, p. 21.

derland, was telegraphed for; and the narrative of the last few days shall be given in her own words :

“ I motored the whole way from Sunderland, owing to the difficulty of Sunday trains, and reached Cambridge in the early hours of Monday the 26th. I found that he had rallied from the sudden attack, and although still seriously ill, the doctors were hopeful; his constitution was, they said, so remarkably strong, and his desire to get well and return to work was all in his favour. But I saw at once that there was a great change, and it seemed as if he had ‘let go’ all ordinary interests and problems. This was so entirely unlike one who had been always keenly interested in everything. He showed no surprise at seeing me, or in hearing that the car and his faithful chauffeur Hubbins were there. Although too weak to talk over his Windsor visit, it was on his mind that he had promised the Queen a copy of his little book, *Auckland Castle*, in remembrance of Her Majesty’s visit there in 1913. The gracious messages of inquiry and sympathy which had been sent by the King on hearing of his illness had greatly touched and pleased him, and when, with infinite difficulty, he had written a message in the little book, for the Queen, the delightfully kind and prompt telegram of acknowledgment cheered him much.

“ For he needed cheering, and I think it may be helpful to know that he was allowed to pass through a time of great nervous, mental and even at times spiritual depression, probably caused by the nature of his illness. One day he said in connection with this, ‘Ask everyone you can to pray that this cloud may be lifted.’ He lay in great weakness, very quietly and patiently, through the beautiful days of early summer, and just opposite his window the Trinity tennis courts were full of cheerful sounds. One Trinity man whom he knew told us afterwards how constantly he thought of him as he played. It seemed fitting that one who had been a devoted son of Trinity, and himself a lover of the open air and exercise, should have lain within sound of Trinity undergraduates at play in his last days.

“ Especially during the first stages of illness there were hallucinations. These were almost entirely connected with his lifelong interest in missionary work.

At one time he thought himself a missionary in India, talking to missionaries he knew or had corresponded with; at another, he was anxiously inquiring whether all was ready for an imaginary Sale of Work. 'What is the latest news from the Mission Field?' he would ask. 'Tell me of conversions—of those brought to Christ.' We could generally cheer him by reading such books as the *Life of Sadhu Sundar Singh*, or *Mary Slessor*, or some of the missionary magazines which he had always called his 'Sunday newspaper.' He liked other reading too, though weakness forbade any but the shortest mental effort.

"One week-day he said, 'I don't want Sunday reading to-day, let it be something quite different.' *Cranford* was suggested and approved.

"So suddenly did the illness become serious, that only a few hours before my arrival was a trained nurse necessary, another following within a couple of days; both were admirable. For the first few days he had been splendidly cared for by his sister-in-law, and by E. A., both of whom helped the nurses to the end with the greatest care and understanding.

"Mrs. Charles Moule writes, 'It was a wonderful time . . . the Bishop was very weak and ill . . . but never once did we hear a murmur or an impatient word; we all loved to be with him and to do anything for him. One of the nurses said to me, "I have never been in such a sick-room, I shall never forget it." What was the secret? Instead of an impatient word, it was a word of prayer constantly day and night. He prayed, knew that he was heard, and was helped and comforted. And what seemed to me so wonderful was the simplicity of the prayer—"O blessed Jesus, may I rest and live in Thee and love Thee."—"Lord, make me patient."—"O God, help me." When given food, "Lord, bless it." This had evidently been the habit of his life, and it was the wandering and fever and the intense weakness that made him say it aloud. I believe that everyone of us in that room has said how much we want to live by prayer as he did. God did not fail him in his hour of need.'

"His day nurse wrote afterwards—'My personal recollections of him are: his humility and extreme patience during a very trying and wearying illness; his wonderful gratitude for the least thing done for him,

and his smile when he said, "Thank you, Sister"; every night he used to bless me. He was very fond of flowers, and appreciated the little bunches of wild flowers brought up by his brother each morning. He used to love to hear the Scriptures read, especially the Psalms, or a whole Epistle, such as 1 Thessalonians or Philippians, and as we read them, so he would repeat word for word and comment on them.'

"It was thought that a change of room might cheer him, and on Monday, May 3, he was carried into a sunny room next to his own, where he could see the lilac in full bloom and all the beauty of the May garden. Here, too, as it was her own room given up to him by my aunt, he was surrounded by familiar photographs, and the mysterious shadow of depression which had been allowed so often to fall upon him seemed to be lifted. Next day, with us around him, he was able to receive the Holy Communion from the Rev. E. S. Woods, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, an old Ridley student and a very special friend. Very earnestly he followed the Service, responding in a firm voice; when it was over he begged Mr. Woods to come and administer the Communion to him again. 'This has done me good,' he said, and certainly there seemed to be a temporary revival of strength. But although the doctors still gave hope, the bad symptoms did not lessen, and on the night of Wednesday I begged to be allowed to sit up with him—this had so far been discouraged, as in any case it was expected that the illness would be a lingering one, and that all our strength would be needed later, but these proved to be the last three nights, and deeply thankful I was to have spent them with him.

"The first night he was brighter, and he said in the morning what a 'happy night' it had been. He dozed, less uneasily, and in the long intervals of wakefulness we read passages from the Psalms, Gospels and Epistles and sang hymns. Some may care to know what were his favourite hymns at this time. In the evening, 'The sun is sinking fast,' 'Sun of my soul,' 'Abide with me.' Early in the morning, 'Jesu, Sun of Righteousness,' which had always been our morning hymn at Auckland on Saturday. Others were, 'Praise to the holiest in the height,' a hymn which he had always spoken of as 'profound'; 'How sweet the Name,' 'Jesu, Lover

of my soul', Father Ignatius' beautiful hymn, 'Let me come closer to Thee, Lord Jesus,' 'In the shadow of His Wings,' and 'My Saviour, Thou hast offered rest,' to his own tune. He would try to join in some of the old Fordington hymns, set to his father's tunes or his own. Whittier's hymn, 'Rest,' he always cared for, and one of the last, if not the very last, which I sang to him was 'None other Lamb, none other Name,' from *Church Hymns*.

"Very early on Thursday morning he asked me to see if the light was coming—he always longed for *light*. He then prayed, 'Lighten our darkness,' going on to 'O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Who has safely brought us.' But in spite of the better night, Thursday proved to be a very suffering day. Difficulty of breathing, dryness of the mouth and the effort of eating, besides the painful nature of the illness, made every hour a trial. All the time he showed great patience and willingness. Until the very last days, I do not think there had been any wish for death. He had, as I think will have been seen all through the Life, a wholesome love of life and work, and a remarkable power of enjoyment which did not seem to grow less with increasing years; he knew, too, how much his presence on earth meant to us. Now and then there would be a word which showed indirectly that the thought was with him during the closing days; but the doctors had urged us to discourage all but thoughts of getting better. By Friday—a very lovely day, I remember—his breathing was at times very distressed, but the doctors, though grave, still gave us the hard task of encouragement, even when he said to my aunt, 'I thought I heard a voice saying to-day, "You are very tired, the time of rest has come."'; Mr. Woods came again, and his visit cheered him, but he was too weak for more than a brief prayer and blessing. My uncle, because of his deafness and the consequent difficulty of making him hear, could be but little with him—a trial to them both—but this afternoon they spent an hour together, my uncle reading aloud their favourite Rogers' *Italy*. So difficult was my father's breathing, and so weak his voice, that I was supporting him all the time and passing on his remarks to my uncle,—yet it was a really happy time, and it seemed fitting that what proved to be their last afternoon on earth should be spent in the enjoyment of their beloved Rogers.

After they had said Good-night, and as it proved Good-bye, my father asked us to fetch him a volume of Lodge's Portraits, and sitting up in bed, with a sudden access of strength, he turned the pages and commented with keen interest on the various portraits—Nelson's especially.

"Later, after reading to him about Sundar Singh, I sang him 'The sun is sinking fast'; he stopped me at the verse 'Dead to herself and dead, In Him to all beside,' and said, 'That exactly describes Sundar Singh.'

"So we came to the last night. His faithful servant, E. A., who had been a comfort to him from first to last, insisted on staying up and was with him at the end. His niece, Mrs. Bosanquet, and I asked for his blessing, and he prayed for blessing upon us, our husbands and the children. Later, when he was alone with the nurse and myself, he prayed again, ending with the words, 'and God bless Sister Marshall,' now beginning her work in Uganda.¹

"During the night he asked me to read 'large portions of St. Mark's Gospel,' and by early morning we had gradually got to the eleventh chapter with hymns interspersed. Before long his breathing became very distressed; my aunt, who had joined us, asked if she should read him some hymns. He said, 'No, the Bible only,' and she read him Rom. viii. and St. John xvi. By 7 a.m. we sent urgently to the doctor to give some relief to the breathing if possible, but by the time of his arrival there was less active distress and he was already sinking. The doctor assured me that he was already unconscious and not suffering; I whispered to him, (among words of love and what I thought would cheer him) 'The Lord Jesus is with thee,' and he whispered back very firmly, 'I know it.' So he had not lost consciousness of the great central Fact of his life.

"Lately someone said to me, 'When the Life is written, I hope this will be brought out—the fact that he was always bringing home to others, 'CHRIST, Who is our LIFE.' And here, in the Valley of the Shadow, He Whom he had faithfully preached as LIFE did not fail him. Just before nine o'clock, his head, which I

¹ Miss E. Marshall, who had nursed him through the serious operation in 1913, had since become a C.M.S. Missionary, and had sailed recently to be Matron of the Mengo Hospital.

had been supporting, sank on my shoulder, and very peacefully at the last his spirit returned to God—so peacefully that we hardly knew when the last breath was drawn.

“Afterwards there was a look of triumphant and quiet happiness and peace on his face, such a contrast to the look of great suffering of the last hours. One who looked at him said, ‘This helps me to believe in eternal life.’ There was a smile too, as of perfect contentment.

“He lay in the same rochet which he had worn when preaching at Windsor three weeks before. We had the Holy Communion round his bed that evening, taken by his nephew, the Rev. A. C. Moule, Vicar of Trumpington, and the service has never probably had a deeper significance for any of those who were present.”

On Monday evening “all that could die of him” was removed to Ridley Chapel, where the students watched all night. On Tuesday there was Holy Communion at Trinity Church, and in the early afternoon the first part of the funeral service in Trinity College Chapel. “The coffin had been brought along the Backs and the Great Avenue of Trinity College, and it was striking to see the numbers of silent and motionless tennis players on either side as this devoted son of Trinity came back for the last time to his beloved College. After the Service the choir stood beneath the Great Gate, singing the *Nunc Dimittis*, before the long motor journey North began.”

So he was brought to the Chapel at Auckland Castle, and lay there near the graves of Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Westcott till next morning, Ascension Day, when after the early Celebration the coffin was taken to Durham.

Seldom did Durham Cathedral in all its long history witness a more wonderful service than the funeral of its eighty-fifth Bishop, on Ascension Day 1920, “Holy Thursday” as it once was called, and a new and special reason recalled the ancient name.

The whole service was a witness to the triumphant

ending of a life that amid all the busy distractions of his Diocese had been hid with Christ in God.

The Archbishop of York, in his May Diocesan Gazette, aptly expressed what people felt :

“ Few men in our time have had more right to sum up their life’s meaning and purpose in the words of St. Paul, ‘ To me to live is Christ.’ Whenever he spoke of his Master and Saviour there was an unfailing note—sincere and indeed passionate—of personal love and thankful adoration, which was a moving witness and proof of the reality of Christ’s presence in the life of man. Saint he truly was, and also scholar, and it was the scholar who was able to express the love and loyalty of the saint in language singularly apt, and rich and musical. Saint, scholar and friend—he had a special grace of friendship, and helped his friends to understand what is meant by ‘ fellowship in Christ.’ ”

It was this sense of fellowship that was the life and inspiration of the funeral service. There was an intensely real consciousness of the closeness of the unseen and eternal all through. The Dead March in “ Saul ” (magnificently rendered) interpreted one aspect of it. The weird diapason music rolling round the storied aisles of the silent crowded “ Cathedral, huge and vast,” sounded like a tempest on the edge of the abyss, yet the triumphant melody spoke of glorious hope even there.

And the unbroken transit of the great silent procession across the deep gorge of the river seemed to tell of fellowship in Christ. The long double row of white-robed figures of choir and clergy stretched right across the Prebend’s Bridge and up the steep incline on both sides—“ part of the host had crossed the flood ” ere part had left the Abbey gate.

On, up they went through the woods, men of all ranks and all views, made to realize their fellowship by their Bishop’s death in the Lord. They laid him to rest in the quiet corner of Bow Cemetery beside the graves of his wife, daughter and brother, the Bishop of Mid

China, to the strains of a hymn he loved, “ How bright these glorious spirits shine.”

And everything in nature told of joyous life—the budding trees, the cawing rooks, the lonely song of the thrush, the sigh of the wind blowing where it listed, and the glorious sunshine flooding the world with light; each and all proclaimed in varied ways life, real life, in different spheres.

St. Luke ends his Gospel showing the Lord’s Ascension as the end of His life on earth, and opens the Acts showing the same story from the other side, the beginning of His work in heaven.

So it is with members of Christ. The solemn funeral service speaks of faith and hope—in the case of our Bishop triumphant hope. And John Bunyan paints in true colours the upper side of such a death as the Bishop’s—when he went to stand before his Heavenly King—to be followed, a few short months later, by his brother Charles.

“ Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo, as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells of the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them,

ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD.

“ I heard also the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying,

BLESSING, AND HONOUR, AND GLORY,
AND POWER,
BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE
AND UNTO THE LAMB
FOR EVER AND EVER.”

MAGNUS ILLIC NOS CARORUM NUMERUS EXPECTAT ;
PARENTUM, FRATRUM, FILIORUM,
FREQUENS NOS ET COPIOSA TURBA DESIDERAT,
JAM DE SUA IMMORTALITATE SECURA,
ET ADHUC DE NOSTRA SOLLICITA.
IN HORUM CONSPECTUM ET COMPLEXUM VENIRE,
QUANTA ET ILLIS ET NOBIS IN COMMUNE
LAETITIA EST !

St. Cyprian, *De Mortalitate.*

APPENDIX

THE POWER OF THE PRESENCE AND ITS RELATION TO THE HOLY COMMUNION

This address was delivered by Bishop Moule in 1917 at a meeting of the London Clerical and Lay Union. It is printed here, not only as expressing his views on a great subject, but as an example of reverent treatment of a controversial question. See Letter from Lord Halifax, p. 288.

WITH a peculiar sense of responsibility I respond to-day to the invitation to address you. Our subject in itself is gravely sacred, to be approached with reverence and godly fear. And it connects itself, particularly at present, with debates and controversies within our Church life which inevitably add anxiety and difficulty to the treatment. In my long lifetime I have had something to do, now and again, with controversies upon doctrinal ideals. I think those efforts were on the whole called for by duty. But I confess that, as the years gather upon me, the fatigues of time, including the experiences of grief, compel me to feel a personal dread of the process of controversy. This does not imply weaker convictions, but it comes of a sense of the inevitable peril which controversy, as such, brings to the soul, and of a growing longing, for the needing heart's own help, after the upholding and cheering power found only in the simplest and mightiest certainties of the Word and the Spirit.

But I could not decline an invitation at once so kind and so important, and I am here to do the little that I can upon this great theme. May He who, beyond a doubt, is present here with some special grace, for we are met in His name, mercifully rule us with the peace and power of His presence.

I.

A little may be said first, in outline only, about the general fact of the Lord's promises of Presence with His Church and with His disciple. The blessing of the personal proximity of the Eternal Friend shines out already, radiant and large, in the Old Testament. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest"; "In Thy presence is the fulness of joy"; "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence"; "The angel of His presence saved them"; "I will

fear no evil, for Thou art with me." One sacred incident after another gives substance to the words; the walk of Enoch with God; the colloquy of Abraham with his divine Friend; the converse of Moses with Him, mouth to mouth; the visions, preluding the Incarnation, granted to warrior or to seer in the temple, by the winepress, in the field. Everywhere appears a God infinite and inscrutable on the one side, but on the other supremely personal, and delighting, yes, delighting, out of the inmost secret of His nature, which is love, to focus into companionship His affection and His care. Little do they know the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, who say shallow and irreverent things about the God of the Old Testament, as if He were a glorified Sultan, ruthless and aloof. May the Lord of the Fathers, blessed for ever, forgive such talk; for surely they know not what they say.

Then appears, in the fulness of time, the holy Incarnation. For a period of measured years the Eternal gives His presence openly to man under the conditions of manhood in its fulness, body, soul and spirit. He walks among men as indeed the great Companion. Amidst the pain and burden, inconceivably heavy to Him, of mortal surroundings with their sin and grief, amidst incessant contradictions and misunderstandings, He yet seeks and loves human company. He not only deigns but greatly cares to have men about Him: "Will ye also go away?" He lavishes on His disciples His company, familiar and habitual, not least in His own dark hours. Then came the Cross and the Resurrection. And in this respect also, as well as in others, it was "the same Jesus" that reappeared from the unseen. He gravitated to the disciples who had forsaken Him. His first day of supreme victory was spent in free and affectionate fellowship with them, singly and together; in the garden, on the road, in the chamber, at the meal.

He passes at last out of sight. But He leaves a wealth of promises of Presence, perpetual, intimate, ubiquitous. "I am with you all the days," "*all the days and all day long*," for so we may develop grammatically the Greek of St. Matthew. "Where two or three meet in My name, I am there"; "My Father will love him, and We will come to him, and make Our abode with him"; "I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me." Mediated by the Spirit, yet none the less personal and near, the Presence is always assured. As Lord of the Church Christ walks in the midst of the golden lamps. As Shepherd He is always with the flock. As Bridegroom He is one in an ineffable intimacy with the Bride, and also with the person of her member: "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." He lives and moves only just behind the veil of sense, and some-

times He lifts it, as if to remind the soul that it is so. Saul hears His actual voice, uttering a homely proverb of the farm, from within the sudden glory. Then again at Corinth, and in the castle at Jerusalem, his Lord is with him. And at last, before the bar of Nero (2 Tim. iv. 17), the servant is sensible of the Master's Presence : " The Lord stood with me and strengthened me."

Take the New Testament as a whole, and does it not shine and move all over with the word *Immanuel*, " God with us " ? God, incarnate God, absent normally to sense, is yet always and everywhere present with His Church and people, by the Holy Spirit who effects the contact. Inscrutably but surely He is with us.

And this is not fact only. To us it is light and life. To Him it is love and joy. His " delights are with the sons of men," whom He has redeemed, and to whom He has manifested Himself.

It is to us life. The withdrawal of the Presence would leave the Church a body without a soul, without a spirit. It would leave the disciple unutterably alone, with his enemy and with himself.

It is not too much to say that a sure grasp upon the promises of the Presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, with a watchful use of them, gives us the inmost secret of peace, patience, and success, in the individual Christian life. The often-quoted experience of Brother Lawrence, a precious and luminous illustration of Gospel principles from within the shadows of the Church of Rome, is an experience of the widest application. The deliberately formed and developed recollection that *the Lord is here*, wherever the *here* may be —the temple of worship, hushed and solemn, or the noisy kitchen with its stir and scolding—was that man's talisman for a quiet and happy state of soul. He lived by the recollection put into use; by the fact of the Presence turned into power through its active application to the heart in faith. That record is a lesson for every Christian man at every turn of his existence. Which of us does not know something of the validity of it? Which of us does not long to know it more, and ever more? The Presence of the faithful Christ, of the whole Christ, the all-blessed God Incarnate, one with the Father, one with us, with me, with thee; never divided, never a part of Himself but always all; this, recollected and used in worshipping faith, transforms the outlook, inspires the surroundings with a breath of heaven. This makes the lonely hour, be the loneliness physical or spiritual, full of infinite companionship. This lays the temptation dead beneath the faltering or the weary feet. This sheds a nameless brightness from beyond the sun on our happiness of heart.

and home. This can not only soothe and solace sorrow but can transfigure it, by giving the stricken soul an initiation into "the fellowship of His sufferings," till the heart-broken pilgrim can even love the wound that would be mortal if the Presence did not turn it into an avenue of life hid with Christ in God.

The recollection and application of the Presence will surely prove withal the inmost school of the spirit of Worship, without which true religion can never for a moment be itself. For such is the Lord, the Christ of the written Word and the revealing Spirit, that precisely with the growth of experience of His radiant proximity, with the intimacy of the soul with His love, grows its passion for adoration. The nearer to Him, in spirit and in truth, the more the happy and wondering disciple finds rest only at His feet, under His feet, awed before His unutterable bitterness, His absoluteness of goodness and of glory, while yet, and only all the more, he reposes upon His Saviour's heart.

As with the man, so with the Church, the spiritual organism of true discipleship. For it also worship, adoration, the holy fear which means holy love upon its knees, is absolutely vital to its true life. Let the Church grow slack and cold in her principle and practice of adoration, and the mischief will be felt through all her faith and all her life. Let the maxim *laborare est orare* be misinterpreted, as if the mechanism and bustle of Church activities were the main thing; let the simplicity of faith and the liberty of sonship be so travestied as to allow the Bride to forget to adore as well as to embrace the Bridegroom; and experience tells us that disasters to faith itself are sure to follow. The spirit of humblest worship is vital to the Church. And this is best assured by a perpetual recollection of the Presence. A God far off may be talked about, may be an interest, may perhaps be a dread. It is the Lord very near, robed in His promises, laying His right hand upon us, who draws out all the hallowing bliss of adoration.

II.

From these more general reflections on the Presence, and on the relation between the Presence and worship, I pass naturally to some great questions more limited and particular. I mean, as you will anticipate, questions connected with the great Sacrament of our Redemption by Christ's Death; if I may denote the Holy Communion in the words of the XXVIIIth Article.

With reverence and fear I approach this theme. With reverence, of course, for here is the holy institution of the dying Lord. With fear, lest words on such a theme should

only bewilder, or only divide. But the fear itself prompts prayer and hope.

It is very widely taught and held, and the tradition of the teaching is old, that one supreme purpose and function of the Holy Communion is to effectuate a Presence of the Lord with His Church, peculiar, of its own kind. Whatever else it was given for, it is held that it was given for this. It was to procure and secure, by its due celebration (I omit on purpose all extreme refinements of statement, which would confuse our present quest), such a Presence of the Son of God in His full incarnate glory, in mysterious connexion with the hallowing and the presence of the elements, that it should be the believer's duty to think that the whole Christ is then and there present in a manner in which He is not, not so fully, not so magnificently, certainly in a normal way, otherwise and elsewhere. So strongly by some devout Anglicans is this held that they allow themselves to speak at times as if the glorious Presence were not to be had at all otherwise. One good man, pleading, during the War, for a full provision of great Celebrations for our soldiers on their return, has said that they will think little of Morning Prayer, for they will not find there the Presence of Christ.

A further step of doctrine, as we well know, takes men to the position that consecration so identifies the elements, or the element, with the Lord in His Presence, incarnate and glorified, that the identification lasts while the element is preserved intact, apart from the occasion of consecration and reception. The Presence, in an ineffable speciality, is bound up with the hallowed object. The incarnate God, inscrutably but really and uniquely, is there. To be near the sacred Thing is to be near Him, in a sense apart and infinitely important. To pray before it is, accordingly, in a sense apart and infinitely important, to pray to Him in an intense and prevailing proximity.

No Christian who has learnt anything large from life's work and sorrows, from its temptations and its failures, its immeasurable need of the Christ, whole and near, will bear to think or speak hardly about such beliefs. Probably he personally knows amongst those who cherish them such humble and holy disciples of his Lord that he has a great fear of "offending the generation of God's children." Yet in all love and candour we may ask, for ourselves, for our own faith and our own responsibilities, whether the words of the Lord and His apostles really give such convictions the ground which their gravity and importance demand for the full assurance of faith.

Approach first the more general and far more widely-held tenet that the Holy Communion is emphatically the Sacra-

ment of the Presence. With all reverence for the thought and faith of my countless fellow-Christians who so think, I am constrained to say that I cannot find, after earnest study, followed through many years, that this belief is either "read in the Scripture or to be proved thereby" (Article VI.). I may quote, with respectful agreement, some words of my illustrious predecessor at Durham, whose vast knowledge was held and used by a mind singularly detached from "party." The sentences are quoted from his *Memoir* in my friend Dr. Tait's recent book, a book of whose high and distinguished value I can hardly speak too warmly, *The Nature and Function of the Sacraments*. Bishop Westcott writes: "One grave point I am utterly unable to understand—how 'the Body broken' and 'the Blood shed' can be identified with the Person of the Lord. I find no warrant in our Prayer Book or ancient authorities for such an identification. . . . The circumstances of the Institution are, we may say, spiritually reproduced. The Lord Himself offers His Body given and His Blood shed. But these gifts are not either separately (as the Council of Trent), or in combination, Himself. It seems to me vital to guard against the thought of the Person of the Lord in or under the form of bread and wine. From this the greatest practical errors follow. . . . (The elements) represent His human nature as He lived and died for us under the conditions of earthly life."

I venture to add, on my own part, what has long seemed to me eminently true and significant, that the whole action and utterance of the Lord at the Institution connect the eucharistic Rite with the sacred Death as the immediate and supreme matter of reference. The elements are kept apart, not blended. The one is broken, the other is poured out, before consecration and reception. They are thus, first, the Body and the Blood separate from each other; that is, in the death state. They are, further, the Body as broken and the Blood as shed; that is, in the state of the Crucifixion hour. The Cup is the New Covenant, in the life-blood, say, the death-blood, of the most holy Covenanter. The ordinance "spiritually reproduces" an hour, a state, which, while its effects are for ever, has for ever ceased to be.

The Holy Communion, as to what is for certain read in Scripture and can be securely proved thereby, without importations into the matter from quite other sources, is thus precisely this, the Sacrament of our Redemption by the Death of Christ. As such, assuredly, our Consecration Prayer regards it.

The divine Ordinance, with all its grace and power, is thus emphatically a Rite of Covenant, rather than a means to effectuate a unique mode of Presence. As we will presently

remember, it is a holy occasion full of the certainty, joy, and glory of the Presence. But the Presence on that occasion is not a something effected by the Ordinance. Rather it is just that propinquity of the Lord which He promises to His people in *all* their holy gatherings. (Matt. xviii. 20.) Only He is present *there* for a special purpose of blessing—to make, as it were, His whole covenant of grace over again concrete, tangible, vitally and vividly real, to all His own; to make it, as it were, a thing which they can feel. It is, in brief, a Sacrament. And a Sacrament, when we come to think of it calmly and anew, what is it? I venture to say, with Dr. Tait, as he reiterates the point in his admirable book, that Sacraments are things given not to add to the mysterious element of religion, but on the contrary to clear thought, and quicken imagination, and aid faith to lay a direct and simple hold on the eternal verities. They are given to assist the believing spirit, by outward and visible signs and seals related to the hidden things signified, and, true to a common law of human language, called freely by their names. They are Signs, so as to help the worshipper to treat the invisible as veritable. They are Seals, so as to validate the grasp of faith upon its possession, under the “better covenant,” of all that is ours through the Incarnate and Crucified Redeemer.

Of course, this is no mere matter of natural perception, of common sense. The Holy Spirit alone is able to give thought and faith their true direction and to reveal to them the glory of their object. But as He uses the Word (for it, without Him, is only words), so He uses its sacramental Seals, never to be dissevered from it, to the uplifting and the assuring of the soul.

It was, I believe, Archbishop Temple who said that the work of the Holy Communion is not to effect a Presence, but to seal a Promise.

May we not fairly expect that, if the effecting of a unique Presence were the Lord's purpose in the Institution, the Acts and the Epistles would contribute unmistakable illustration of it, not in teaching only, but in incident? But I cannot for myself trace such illustration anywhere. In one memorable incident I seem to see a negative to it. St. Luke, as we all feel, in the Acts, records not only events, but selected and significant events. One such is given us in that prominent narrative of immortal beauty, the conversion and baptism of the Ethiopian. The man, taught first by Isaiah, then by Philip, who for him is the New Testament, believes, rejoices, is baptized, and then goes on, utterly alone of Christian fellowship, to the African mountains. He needs, if human being ever needed it, the Presence. How is he

to enjoy it? Not, on any strict Church theory, through eucharistic means at all. He is but a layman, just baptized by a deacon. His sole external means of grace are Isaiah, Philip's words, and baptism. Must he not turn back to Jerusalem, and get the Apostles somehow to make good the tremendous need? Nay, he goes on his way rejoicing. He has the whole new-found Christ with him. Neither Philip nor Luke is, it would seem, disquieted about his spiritual provision.

This means no dishonour to the Passover of Christ. But it seems to me silently to suggest that the Presence has not that unique connexion with it which so many earnest Christians take for an article of faith.

III.

Upon the further question, the Reservation of the consecrated Bread for worship, I will speak but briefly. The late Mr. Freestone, of the Mirfield Community, has shown, in his book *The Sacrament Reserved* (a book which appeared after his brave death in Mesopotamia), that such a practice was not known in Christendom for a thousand years. And the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) has handled the subject, in the like direction, in an essay of characteristic power. He writes from his own point of view—a point far different from mine. He emphasizes as a great function of the Eucharist that it is ordained to convey into the Christian the glorified humanity of the Lord. But none the less weightily he warns Anglicans of the tendency of the Adoration of the Host to blur and distort the fulness of faith in the Lord's indwelling in His disciple—whose being is the one true pyx or tabernacle of the sacramental Body. (The title of the Essay precisely is *The Theological Bearings of some extra-liturgical Uses of the Blessed Sacrament*; it is reprinted from the *English Church Review*, and published by Longmans.) There are some great premises in the Bishop's masterly discussion with which, as I have said, I am quite unable to go; while fully recognizing the amount of ancient (I cannot think primeval) belief and teaching which is with him. But I find it the more impressive that he should thus urgently insist upon the spiritual risk, as well as the unhistorical texture, of the tenets which would find a divinely given help to faith and prayer in acts of worship, collective or single, offered in the presence of the reserved and tabernacled Sacrament of the Body—used as it is, in such a case, without the very least evidence that this was a use intended by the Lord.

The tendency of this whole type of teaching, so I feel reverently convinced, does not run with the main stream

of New Testament truth. More or less it goes to make less sure, less luminous, less restful and strengthening to the believer, the certainty of the unfailing and *ubiquitous* Presence, entire and perfect, of the crucified and risen Lord Incarnate, in all the glory of His Person, in all the grace of His Deity and His Manhood. It goes to put out of the foreground that truth which flows like a river of life through the Apostolic teaching, the truth of the work of the “other Comforter,” who was to supply, and more than to supply, the loss of the amazing gift of the literally corporeal companionship of the Christ. In the Scripture it is by the Spirit that we have the Son, in all His life and power. The manner is inscrutable; it transcends infinitely alike analysis and imagination. But the fact is simplicity and certainty to faith. “He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit.” The bridal bond of the soul and the Saviour, in which the disciple is not only with but in the Master, and He in him, is by the Holy Ghost given to us. It is such that, at every moment and in every place, the Master is closer to the man than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.

As to the public worship and life of the Church of God, a serious tendency of the teachings in question seems to me to be, as we have seen, a discredit of extra-sacramental worship, such that the traditional treasures embodied in Morning Prayer, for example—the Lessons, the Psalms, the *Te Deum*—are becoming unfamiliar to many churchpeople. Surely the glory of the Sacrament should rather be shed over all other times of worship and of the Word, as the seal of covenant blessing upon them all, than be supposed to depress them and leave them in the cold.

IV.

But now I close. I have tried, imperfectly, but to my best, to give reasons against certain misuses, as I think them, of the glorious sacramental Institution, the holy Passover of our Redemption. Let me conclude all the more gladly upon the positive note. For all that it is given to be, as the divine memorial, in the soul and in the Church, of the Atoning Passion—that central fire and light of the Faith, that supreme magnet to the believing sinner’s worshipping love—let the Holy Communion be always more to us than ever, always more gracious, beautiful, venerable, dear. For all that it is given to us to be, as the imperial seal of Heaven upon the whole eternal Covenant of abundant pardon and victorious holiness, for all that it is as the authentic and certifying adjunct of the Word, from which it is never to be parted, let it seem always more desirable to us, more light-giving,

more life-giving, to receive in worshipping wonder the hallowed Bread and Wine, as from the hands of the blessed Christ Himself, that so the better, in the heart, by faith, we may feed on HIM. Let our conduct of the great Rite, and our use of it, be steeped in the tranquil but profound reverence of faith and love, and also in the glory of that blessed hope of which it is full. For we "shew the Death" with a perfectly definite *terminus ad quem* in view; "till He come." So let us go forth from it strengthened and refreshed in our whole being, pledged anew to an unreserved surrender to our once surrendered and suffering King, and better able to recollect, to adore, and to use, everywhere and every hour, "all the days and all day long," in the assemblies of the Church, and in our own most solitary or most crowded time, the entire and real Presence, living, life-giving, human, divine, of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Copies of this address can be obtained at The Church Book Room, 82 Victoria Street, S.W. 1., price 2d., or 10s. per 100 for distribution.)

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The following abbreviations have been used :

B.	= Bemrose & Sons.
C.	= Cassell & Co.
C. B.	= Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.
C. G. T.	= Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges.
C. M.	= Charles Murray (Home Words Office).
C. M. S.	= Church Missionary Society.
D.	= A. P. Dixon, Cambridge.
D. B.	= Deighton, Bell & Co., Cambridge.
D. T. D.	= Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling.
E. S.	= Elliot Stock.
H. & S.	= Hodder & Stoughton.
H. R. A.	= H. R. Allenson.
K.	= J. Kensit & Co.
L.	= Ling, Dorchester.
L. G.	= Longmans, Green & Co.
M.	= Methuen & Co.
M. B.	= Marshall Brothers.
M. & S.	= Morgan & Scott.
N.	= Nisbet & Co.
N. C. L.	= National Church League.
O.	= Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier
P.	= S. W. Partridge.
R. S.	= Robert Scott.
R. T. S.	= Religious Tract Society.
S.	= Seeley, Service & Co.
S. & C.	= John F. Shaw & Co.
S. P. C. K.	= Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
T.	= Thynne.

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(see pp. 168-172)

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(see pp. 172-176)

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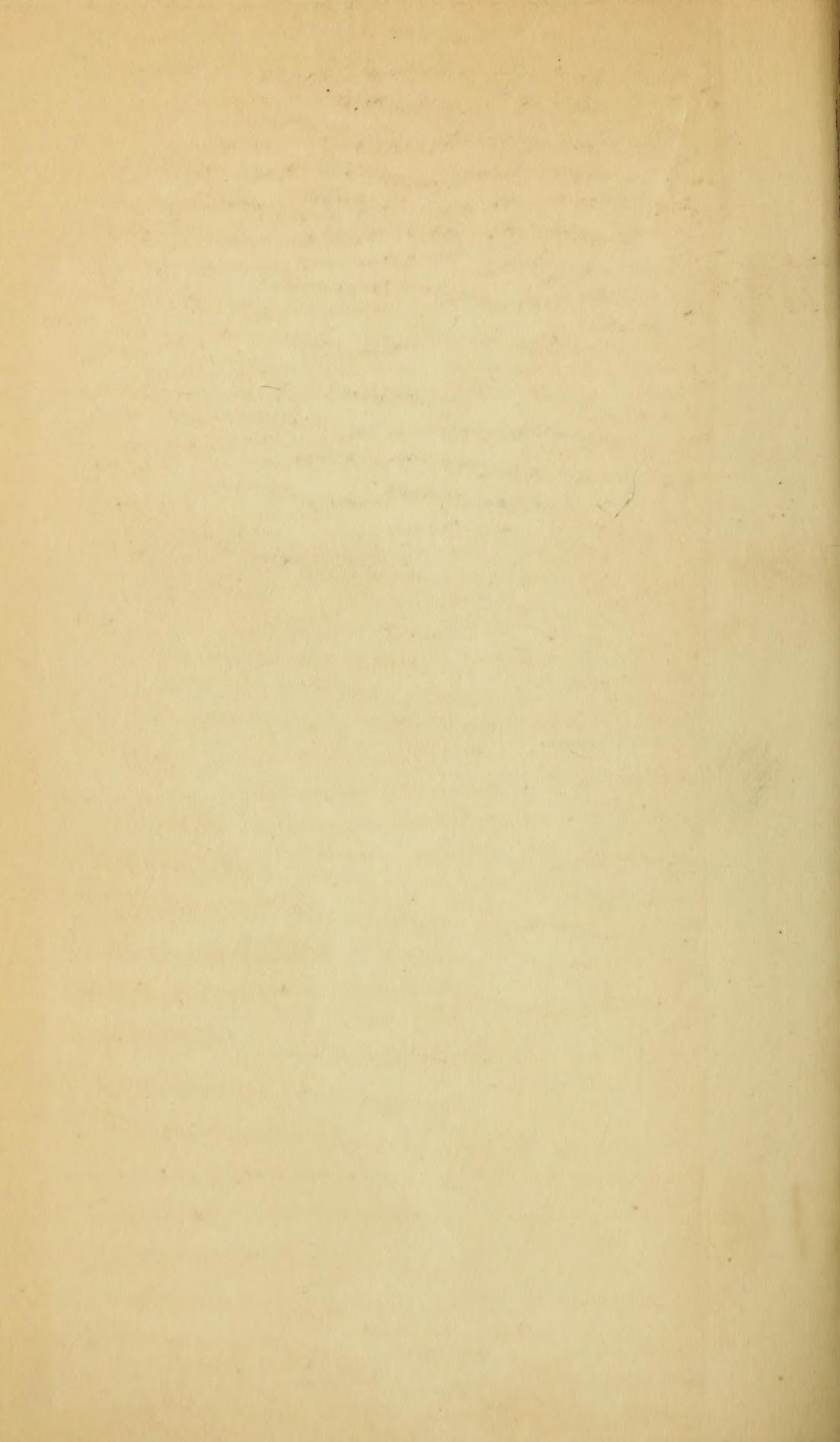
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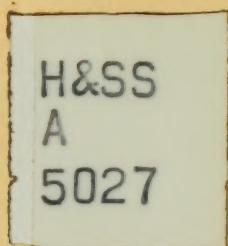
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